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CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING.

I.

THE YOUNG AMERICAN HOUSEKEEPER.

"MY dear," said I last autumn to a young married lady friend, whom in the spring I had seen brilliantly blooming and handsome, "it strikes me you are looking a little careworn."

"I *am*," returned she, with great animation, "and I have been giving it as my opinion that quite too much is expected of women. First, I had all the packing and moving of going down to the sea-shore to attend to. Then, my house was full of visitors all summer; and I had to take breath as well as I could between hurrying a cake into the oven and being in the parlor to receive or entertain them. Of course there was any quantity of sewing to do; and, as if all this were not enough, Mr. —— would come in daily to know if I had learned my French lesson, and whether I had given my regular hour to my piano; and now I have just got through with the pleasant experience of selling and stowing our furniture preparatory to going to Europe. So it is no wonder if I have grown a little thin; and, in fact, as I said before, I have come to the conclusion that *entirely too much* is expected of women!"

Whether the conclusion be just or otherwise, nothing could more perfectly represent the plight of a multitude of intelligent and ambitious young matrons of moderate means than the lively complaint of my beautiful friend. For in these days of strain and struggle and desire, who of us is there that understands how to live? who that possesses a domestic machinery so perfectly balanced, so nicely adjusted, so exquisitely oiled and polished, that every duty and every pleasure glide from it noiseless and complete as do the separate marvels that fall from, the crafty wheels and lathes of this modern era?

THE OLD-FASHIONED HOUSEKEEPER.

That the art of living, so far as the body and its surroundings are concerned, can be, and often is, carried to a very high degree of perfection, the superlative housekeepers we all have known are ample proof. My whole girlhood was spent just across the street from the greatest genius in this

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respect that I have ever met. The fresh exterior of her square white dwelling, with its immaculate board walk crossing her greenest sward, and its shining windows, through which smiled her roses and carnations upon the passer-by, gave pleasant promise of the absolute spotlessness of everything within. She was not one of that dismal type of housekeepers who exclude the light and muffle everything into shapelessness lest damask and carpets should fade. On the contrary, her house was flooded with the brightest sunshine, challenged to find a speck of dust if it could. The air, laden with the perfume of cut flowers or house-plants, seemed purer than that outside, and, whatever the weather, its temperature was perfect. Nothing was for show, and but little for pure ornament, but everything was the best of its kind and in true taste and keeping. As for her table, "never, till life and mem'ry perish, can I forget" the vision of that tea-cloth, far whiter than snow, with its gleaming silver and glass and china, displaying incomparable viands, whose delicacy and perfection were all her own, — that sweet and solid cube of golden butter; the foam-light and foam-white biscuit, each a separate thought; the cake, crowned with every ideal attribute that cake can possess; the ruby and topaz of her preserved strawberries and plums; and O, O, the flavor of that deep-red tongue, — the meltingness of her cold corned-beef!

At this ambrosial board she sat, a lady of sixty or seventy, upright as an arrow, wearing no cap, nor needing any, with her beautiful chestnut hair braided in almost as thick a tress as a quarter of a century ago; low-voiced, intelligent, self-contained; with a comprehension in her eye, a firmness in her mouth, a concentrated and disciplined energy speaking from her whole quiet person, that convinced one that she could have administered the affairs of an empire with the same ease and exactness that she did those of her household. With one elderly servant she did it all; and as she was never in a hurry, nor ever unprepared, she seemed to accomplish it with no more effort than the glittering engine which one finds stowed away in some lower corner of a great building, playing easily and noiselessly as if for its own pleasure, while in reality it is driving with mighty energy a hundred wheels, and employing ceaselessly a hundred hands.

The Influence of the Age.

Now, such housewifery as this seems to me perfect, but I seldom observe any approach to it in the homes of my young married friends, nor, though it worries me, and in my secret mind often makes me unhappy, do I attempt anything like it myself. Yet what a contrast appears in the success of two women, both of whom were perhaps equally endowed by nature with talent, ambition, and the artistic sense! The one rushing in feverish haste, overtasked, inaccurate, anxious; the other walking in cool quiet, her whole life stretching behind and before her in fair order and freshness, milestoned with gracious duties remembered afar off and beautifully finished with love and care, each in its own time and for its own sake. The contrast cannot be explained by the difference in years and temperament, for in sketching one I have meant to typify us all. It is the CENTURY that speaks as loudly in the transformation of us young matrons as in any of its more obtrusive revolutions; and all our domestic imperfections are chargeable upon the modern feminine education, which differs so entirely from that of fifty years ago, that the housewifely devotion of our grandmothers is as difficult and disagreeable to us as our accomplishments and extravagance would be impossible to them. In a general way, we feel that we ought to look after our households, and, since we earn nothing for our families, to save what hired labor we can. But our fragile American physique, as well as the fastidious taste born of school-day studies and fanciful young-lady pursuits, makes us shrink from kitchen and storeroom; nor can we bear to lose our hold, feeble

as it may be, upon the music, the drawing, the varied culture of books, travel, and society, that made the interest and happiness of our girlish years. Pulled one way by necessity and another by inclination, we try to pay an equal homage to opposing and jealous gods. But we have not reconciled the quarrel between mind and matter. Our smattering of the arts and sciences does not emancipate us from the old feminine slavery to manual labor. Cooking, sewing, dusting, arranging, it still stands there to be done; and, slight it as we may, we are yet compelled to attend to it just sufficiently to prevent our doing anything else *well*. So we accept superficiality in everything, and, as a consequence, find ourselves at many a turn unequal to the situation. Goaded by her aspirations and fretted by her imperfections, it is no wonder that the young American matron grows thin, nervous, even prematurely old; for she hurries along in the general rush, thorough neither as cook, seamstress, musician, student, or fine lady, but a patch-work apology for them all!

The Problem of the Hour.

Thus the feminine paradox remains, that, though never before our time were so many privileges and advantages accorded to the sex, yet never was feminine work so badly done, never was there so much frivolity, so much complaint, so much sadness, anxiety, and discouragement, among women as now. Easy as modern housekeeping, modern child-rearing, and even (owing to ether) modern child-bearing are, compared with those of former times, women seem to hate them and to want to get away from them more and more every day. The evil is so great that men are growing afraid to marry even in this country, while those that are married are so uncomfortable that they have begun to talk in the papers about the necessity of establishing cook-shops and laundries, in order to rescue the delicate American wife from the unequal conflict with pans, and kettles, and impudent servants!

But shall men do *all* the work of the world? Are we indeed come to be made of porcelain, that we must be shelved from all practical utility, and stand like the painted figures of the mantel-piece, looking down from our narrow perch at the toiling and earnest multitudes at our feet? It is time that faithful women ask themselves these questions, and try to find out what is the matter with our work that we cannot do it well, with ourselves that we cannot take delight in it. We seem to have allowed the grand and simple outlines of the old feminine idea to escape us, and now toil confused at a meaningless and elaborate pattern of existence whose microscopic details develop ever faster than the hand can follow or the weary spirit master them.

The Housewife in History.

What was the old feminine function, and what was its value? — for how immensely the condition of women in these latter days has changed from the immemorial woman-life of tradition and history, few of the sex know or realize. Throughout long millenniums the feminine duties, occupations, and surroundings were the same, — the ideal woman of every successive period of the old bygone world being still found in the masterpiece of character-painting for all time, — the "virtuous woman" of King Solomon.

That wise and gracious lady is represented not only as "bringing her food from afar, rising while it is yet night, and giving meat to her household and a portion to her maidens," but also as spinning and weaving at home all the clothing of the family, and such a surplus besides of "girdles" and "fine linen," that with the sale of them she can buy fields and plant vineyards. "She is not afraid of the snow for her household; for all her household are clothed in scarlet" woollen, dyed, spun, and woven under her direction. Her own garments were rich and beautiful as became her state and dignity. "She maketh for herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple";

while the conspicuous elegance of the robes worn by her husband makes him "known when he sitteth among the elders in the gates." Five hundred years after the date of this description, we hear of a fearful tragedy at the court of Persia, that grew out of a magnificent robe made for Xerxes the king by his chief queen Amestris; and still five centuries later, we find the Emperor Augustus, lord of all the wealth of Rome, refusing to wear any stuffs excepting those woven for him by his wife and daughters. The ancient kingdoms and nations crumble into dust; but as the new peoples spring up, we find the women, from the queen to the peasant, still at the distaff and the loom. The four sisters of the Anglo-Saxon King Ethelstan were famous for their skill in spinning, weaving, and embroidery; and the Saxon ladies in general were so accomplished in needle-work, that it was celebrated on the Continent under the name of *opus Anglicanum*. Mr. Wright, in his History of the Domestic Manners and Sentiments in England, informs us that, down to about the close of the sixteenth century, "women as a rule were closely confined to their domestic labors, in spinning, weaving, embroidering, and other work of a similar kind; a hand-loom was almost a necessary article of furniture in a well-regulated household; and spinning was so universal that we read sometimes of an apartment in the house especially devoted to it, — a family spinning-room. Even to the present day, in legal language, the only occupation acknowledged as that of an unmarried woman is that of a *spinster*. The young ladies, even of great families, were brought up not only strictly, but even tyrannically, by their mothers, — who kept them constantly at work, exacted from them almost slavish deference and respect, and even counted upon their earnings."

Finally, we may complete the picture by glancing at our own countrywomen of only a hundred years ago as sketched by the Rev. Lyman Beecher in his account of his boyhood. Among their other crops, he and his uncle raised "an acre or two of flax, though it was impossible to keep Aunt Benson and niece in spinning for the winter." "In June we sheared the sheep; the fleece was washed, carded, and spun; Aunt Benson spun it in the house. Flax in winter, wool in summer, — woman's work is never done." "They made all sorts of linen-work, table-cloths, shirting, sheets, and cloths. If it had n't been for this household manufactory, we never should have succeeded in the Revolution." "I can see Aunt Benson now as plain as I see you; she and Annie got breakfast very early. Our living was very good, rye-bread, fresh butter, buckwheat cakes, and pie for breakfast. After the dishes were washed, Annie and I helped aunt milk. Then they made cheese, and spun till dinner. We dined on salt pork, vegetables, and pies, corned beef also; and always, on Sunday, a boiled Indian pudding. We made a stock of pies at Thanksgiving, froze them for winter's use, and they lasted till March."

Now the various industries that "Aunt Benson and niece" thus carried on alone were, before the Reformation, the common occupations of all women; and not only the farmer's wife, but every noble lady, every gentlewoman, in her own house, was a manufacturer on a scale proportioned to the number of her servants. She probably could not read or write; and in those perilous days she never dared to travel unless for the solemn purpose of a pilgrimage. Before the age of Henry VIII., ladies never even went to court; hence there was no great centre of feminine fashion, and one or two handsome gowns lasted a woman of rank a lifetime, without change of cut or ornament. The rooms of her hall or castle were so few and so gloomy, and their furniture so scanty and uncomfortable, that a modern housekeeper would be frightened almost at the description of it, while the single neighborhood in which she lived generally contained all her interests, and bounded all the sphere of her ideas. Nevertheless, in spite of

her ignorance, her limitations, and her deprivations, the woman of all those twilight generations lived a life of beneficent activity. "Lady," that is, "Loaf-giver," because from the time when the Princess Sara, Abram's wife, baked cakes for his guests, down to the age of the great Elizabeth, to prepare and distribute food was one of woman's noble trinity of industrial offices. She superintended the salting tubs of beef and pork; she brewed great casks of ale; she saw to the making of butter, cheese, soap, and candles; she directed the spinning and weaving of linen and woollen fabrics, from carpets and wall-hangings down to shifts and kerchiefs; she distilled essences and flavors, and compounded medicines and ointments;* she delighted her guests with the fantastic elaborations of her cookery; and the splendors of her intricate embroidery shone on holy altar and priestly vestment quite as often as on her own person.

Woman in history, then, appears in general as preparing the food, making the clothing, and ordering the households of the race. The practical value of these vocations will be taught us by Political Economy.

Society as classified by Political Economy.

This science separates mankind into two chief classes, viz. those who *produce* the wealth and supplies of a community, and those who *consume* them. Consumers are divided again simply into productive and unproductive consumers, but producers† are of various types, the three principal being as follows: —

1st. Agricultural and mining producers, or those who obtain from nature the raw materials of food, clothing, and shelter.

2d. Manufacturing producers, or those who prepare these materials for human use.

3d. Distributing producers, or those who convey the raw material to the manufacturer, and the manufactured article to the consumer, — comprehending the commission merchants, wholesale dealers, importers, grocers, butchers, and shop-keepers of every description; their vast machinery being the ships, railroads, highways, wagons, horses, and men by which this distribution is effected.

Place of the Historical Housewife in Political Economy.

Such is a rough classification of the great army of workers by whom all mankind are clothed and fed and sheltered, and some made rich; and from what we have just seen to have been the former occupations of women, it is evident that production, of the second of these types, — namely, manufacturing production, — once constituted the TRUE FEMININE SPHERE, for throughout unnumbered centuries woman assumed and adequately fulfilled the task of preparing the food and clothing of the race, out of the raw materials that man laid at her feet. It is true that this domestic manufacture was carried on in the privacy of her own home, and in a rude and simple way; but that does not alter the value of the performance. Human knowledge and human needs go hand in hand. Our ancestors knew nothing better, and wanted nothing better, than what their wives and daughters could do for them. In that day, therefore, women must have created nearly half the wealth and supplies of the world, because they did one half of its necessary work. Hence every woman in her own house was *self-supporting*, that is, earned her own living there by virtue of her indispensable labor; not only so, she contributed with her husband to the support of their children, and, if she chose to extend her enterprise, was able, like the virtuous woman of King Solomon, to exchange the fruit of her hands for fields and vineyards, and so help to make her family rich.

The Feminine Producers of To-day.

Now the women who do all the cooking, washing, and sewing of their fami-

* In those days it was not "unfeminine" to heal the sick.

† I endeavor to follow Mr. Mill here.

lies, the wives of small farmers, mechanics, and laborers, as well as those who hire out their time, servants, mill-hands, shop-girls, seamstresses, etc., are still self-supporting, still producers, because they perform a large part of all the lighter manual labor needed for the sustenance and well-being of the community.

THE FEMININE CONSUMERS OF TO-DAY.

But the whole class of women who keep servants, — a class which is intelligent and refined, and many of whose members are cultivated, accomplished, and intellectual, — this immense feminine host, I say, has sunk from its former rank of manufacturing producers into that of unproductive consumers, i. e. of persons who do not pay back in mental or manual labor an equivalent for the necessaries they use or the luxuries they enjoy. Children, the aged, and the infirm are the only persons that in a well-regulated community by right compose this class, — the first, because, if nourished and educated during their period of helplessness, they will grow up producers of material or intellectual values; the others, because they may have once been such producers, and, were they not disabled, would still be so. But for healthy, educated, intelligent adults by millions to be supported by the extra toil of the rest of the community, as educated women are now, is a state of things entirely contrary to the natural division of labor, — is one of the monstrous defects of modern civilization, and perhaps the most fruitful source of disorder, suffering, and demoralization that could possibly be devised.

If the mere necessaries of life were given to us, as to an army of soldiers, even this would be a heavy burden upon society, as we learned during our war, when it cost the North one or two thousand millions to provide our troops with coarse food and clothing and rude shelter for four years only. But upon us are lavished the wealth and luxury of the world from generation to generation. The expensive residences, the costly furniture, the rich jewels, silks, and laces, the dainty or dashing equipages, the delicate tables, the thousand articles for comfort, convenience, or delight that one sees in even every modest home, — for whom are they created, by whom are they enjoyed, so much as by the women of the middle and upper classes? And the only return that the most industrious of us know how to make for it all is to *sew*, — a few hours out of the twenty-four! That is to say, after our education has cost the country millions, we sit down amid surroundings worth hundreds of millions, to compete with the illiterate Irish needle-woman to whom we only give a dollar and a half a day. For plain sewing we will allow her but seventy-five cents, scarcely enough to pay her board in an Irish tenement, and yet few of us will pretend to accomplish as much as she does, since, even if we would, our countless interruptions and distractions prevent us. If, then, we value so low the continuous toil of our sewing-women, what should we be willing to pay for our own fitful industry? It would indeed be curious to know what one lady would give another for the actual labor performed between Monday morning and Saturday night, and yet even this little we are losing. Hitherto men have allowed us at least to make up, if we would, the fabrics they sell us. But this last corner of our once royal feminine domain they are determined now to wrest from us. They have invented the sewing-machine, and already it takes from us not far from five hundred million dollars' worth of sewing annually. Our husbands are clothed entirely from the shops, and in all the large dry-goods firms they have marshalled the pale armies of sewing-girls to ply the wheel from morning till night in the production of ready-made garments for feminine wear also. Those who set the fashions are in their league, and help them to put down private competition by making the designs more and more complicated and artificial, so that professionals only can perfectly execute them, while they have so mul-

tiplied the "necessary" articles of dress and housekeeping, and so raised the standard of their adornment, that no woman who does all her own sewing can do anything else. Glad and almost forced to save ourselves time and trouble, we purchase at our husband's expense, as usual, and put not only the profit of the cloth into the pocket of the store-keeper, but the profit also that he has made on the wretched wages of his seamstresses. Meantime, our daughters are scarcely taught sewing at all, and in fifty years the needle will be well-nigh as obsolete as the spinning-wheel.

Masculine Prejudices on this Subject.

One might think that men would reflect on what they have done by their machinery in thus degrading women from the honorable rank of manufacturing producers into the dependent position of unproductive consumers, and, seeing the exhaustive drain that such an army of expensive idlers must inevitably be upon society, that they would be glad to encourage them in every way to find new paths for their energies that might replace the old. Instead of this, however, they all by common consent frown on our attempts to support ourselves, or on our being anything whatever but "wives and mothers." The egotism of the French king who said to his subjects, "I am the state," is far surpassed by that of educated gentlemen toward the ladies of their families, — "Be contented at home with what I can give you," say they all, — which, translated, means, — "As far as you are concerned, I am the universe, and whatever portion of it you cannot find in me, or in the four walls wherewith I shelter you, you must do without," and they manage very adroitly to keep the feminine aspirations within these bounds without appearing to exercise any coercion whatever. Does a young girl love study or charity or art better than dress or dancing? The young men simply neglect her, and she is deprived of social enjoyment. Has a wife an eager desire to energize and perfect some gift of which she is conscious, her husband "will not oppose it," but he is sure that she will fail in her attempt, or is uneasy lest she make herself conspicuous and neglect her housekeeping. Or if a daughter wishes to go out into the world from the narrow duties and stifling air of her father's house, and earn a living there by some talent for which she is remarkable, he "will not forbid her," perhaps, but still he thinks her unnatural, discontented, ambitious, unfeminine; her relatives take their tone from him; nobody gives her a helping hand; so that if she accomplish anything it is against the pressure — to her gigantic — of all that constitutes her world. If her strength and courage fail under the disapproval, they rejoice at the discomfiture which compels her to become what they call a "sensible woman."

Consequences of this Prejudice.

Thus the strongest influence in the feminine life, the masculine, combines with our own timidity and self-distrust to make us cherish the false and base theory that women always have been, always will be, and always ought to be, supported by the men; and hence the perfect good faith with which even the noblest women trifle away their time in shopping, visiting, embroidering, ruffling, tucking, and frilling, and spend without scruple on dress and furniture, pleasure and superficial culture, all the money that their husbands will allow them. From early girlhood we are told that "to please is our vocation, — not to act"; and so we have come to believe and to live as though personal adornment were our only legitimate ambition, personal vanity our only legitimate passion.

In England and France, owing to the multitude of trained servants, and their low rate of wages, the baleful work seems completely accomplished of rendering the educated part of the sex, from the princess to the shop-keeper's daughter, thoroughly useless.* And

* See Miss Ingelow's story of "Laura Richmond,"

having driven every noble ambition out of women's minds, and crowded them all into the narrow arena of social competition, the lords of creation are turning round upon the victims of their own encroachment and selfishness with the most frightful abuse. It is horrible to read that article in the Saturday Review called Foolish Virgins; and malicious satire or contemptuous rage against the sex seem to be the only utterances possible to a formidable portion of the most brilliant writers of Europe. Judging from the newspapers and reviews, however, the practical position of European gentlemen toward women is greater wrong and contumely still. Men, by the forces and influences themselves have put in motion, have made women vain, they have made them frivolous, they have made them extravagant, they have made them burdens to society, and now they are repudiating them.† "Unless you possess a fortune that will support you, we will not have you. The perquisites and privileges of wifehood are too great for such expensive fools. We prefer to take mistresses from the humbler walks of life, who will be less exacting." Such is said to be the tone and practice of large classes of men both in France and in "Christian England"; to-day, over a million of the marriageable ladies of the latter country are living in enforced celibacy, while for every one so deprived of her birthright of wifehood, some girl in a lower rank is given over to dishonor.

Thus the evil takes root frightfully downward and spreads correspondingly upward. Nor is it with us, even, a thing of the future. It is here among ourselves. The respect and deference so long accorded by American men to their countrywomen is perceptibly on the wane. It is an inheritance which came down to us from the religious devotion, courage, and industry of our grandmothers and great-grandmothers who encountered with true feminine fidelity the perils of wilderness and war by the side of the fathers of the nation.* But like every other inheritance it must be kept up by effort similar to that which created it, or it will be lost forever to us as it seems now to be lost to the women of India, of Greece, of Rome, of Gaul, of Germany, of England, who can be proved to have once possessed it proportionally with ourselves, and from the same causes, — the virtue and high spirit of the primitive maidens and wives of each nation. As they emerged from barbarism into civilization, however, all of them in turn have made the fatal mistake of trying to fashion themselves after the wayward masculine fancy, instead of striving to be true to the eternal feminine ideal, and hence in the end they have largely become but slaves and panders to masculine passion. God gave unto woman grace and fascination wherewith to allure man, her natural enemy, into her homage and allegiance, but these alone cannot suffice to keep him there. Feeble and suffering as she often is, for this the very highest qualities of human and of feminine nature are necessary; and there is now too much in the lives of American women that is false both to God and to womanhood to cause any surprise should men waver in their loyalty. That they are thus wavering, the unrebuked and increasing immorality of the young men, their selfish luxury, their later marriages, the thinly veiled sarcasms of the press, the licentious spectacles of the stage, all proclaim loudly enough. The English club-house, stronghold of intensest egotism, built of women's hearts and cemented with their tears, — the living tomb of love, — is beginning to rise against us all over the land; so that,

where it is kept as a profound family secret, and felt as a family disgrace, that one of the daughters of a village widow lady, on the diminution of her mother's income, should choose to take care of the silver and glass and china, and to clear-starch her own and her sister's muslins, rather than go out as a governess. One does not wonder that the authoress rewards such astonishing virtue with a rich husband, when it is impossible to discover from their novels what Englishwomen are born for except to sketch, play croquet, ride, drive, dress for dinner, and read to the poor.

† See the opening chapter of Michelet's lamentable book "La Femme."

* As an example, read the heroic history of Mary Nealy in Harper's Monthly for February, 1868.

utterly excluded as we are from their business and their politics, men may shut us out also from their pleasures and their society, and even from their hearts, — for club-men, as is well known, easily dispense with matrimony. In short, all the signs of the time are against us, and the question simply is, Shall we float blindly down the current of unearned luxury and busy idleness, as our Asiatic and European sisters have done, until we find ourselves, like them, valued principally for our bodies? or shall we determine by earnest effort to keep at least the relative positions with which the sexes started in the American wilderness, — to catch up quickly with our winged-footed brother, and render ourselves so dear, so indispensable to him, that he not only cannot, but would not, leave us behind?

If this latter, what then is the real root of the matter?

An Answer.

It is that the times are changed and women are changed, but the Old World masculine and feminine prejudices and conventionalities have not changed with them. Because women once found an ample sphere and an absorbing vocation within the walls of their homes, it is believed that they can find them there still, though that vocation has been taken almost entirely away, and to their larger mental growth that sphere is narrowing fearfully round them. A great revolution has come about inwardly in ourselves and outwardly in our surroundings, but we have not attempted any adjustment of the new conditions. Hence society has lost its balance, and everything is dislocated. There is no well-ordered and comfortable arrangement for us, no definite and necessary work at once suited to our taste and commensurate with our ability. The favorite theory of our nature and destiny, and the one on which the current unsystem of feminine education is principally based, is that "a true woman" should be a harmonious *mélange* of everything in general and nothing in particular, — a sort of dissolving view, which at the least adverse criticism from the masculine spectator can softly melt into something exactly sympathetic with his particular requirements. Social opinion hardly leaves one a choice between eccentricity and triviality. Thus every year it is harder for thoughtful and earnest women to find their true places in life, and half the time they are discouraged, and wonder what they were made for.

A Protest and a Search.

For one, I say that this state of things is no longer to be endured. There must be some work in the world for educated women! Why, then, do we not search for it day and night until we find it?

Ah, if the finding it were all, we should not have very far to look; for let us consider only the three great types of production before mentioned, — agricultural production, manufacturing production, and distributing production.

It is evident that the first of these affords no sphere for educated, nor indeed for any women. Out-of-door labor, except a little of the least and lightest, — gardening, — destroys womanly beauty and delicate proportions, and with these the very essence of the feminine idea. Not brawny strength, but subtile grace, harmony, and skill, contain the secret of our influence; and hence, in those countries where women work in the fields, they are observed to receive but little masculine respect and consideration.

The second type of production, though once our own, ought also to be out of the question; for though all women who sew are in so far manufacturing producers, yet, as sewing cannot possibly employ the higher faculties of the mind, for an educated woman to make herself a factory operative or a seamstress is as great a waste as if an educated man were to devote his life to digging or wood-sawing. The most precious labor to society is brain la-

bor, because thought alone can energize matter and muscle, and wield the forces of nature for the increase of human comfort and happiness. The man or woman, therefore, who from talent or education is capable of giving brain labor to the world, and chooses instead to give the muscular or manual labor that ignorant persons can perform equally well, robs society of the thought-power that it needs, and the great unthinking mass of the only work that it can do. Educated women, then, should seek to produce, not with their hands, but with their heads, by the better organization of the millions of ignorant women who are already manufacturing producers, — the factory operatives, seamstresses, and servants of the civilized world. It should be a social axiom, that, wherever women work, there certainly is a feminine sphere; and in accordance with this idea all the feminine productions of the farm — butter, cheese, the canning, preserving, and pickling of fruits and vegetables, and the making of domestic wines — should appropriately be superintended by women, because women are the workers. The same is true of sewing in every department, and also of much of the spinning and weaving in the large mills. The melancholy deterioration observable in the women operatives of England and the Continent could never have taken place if the refined and Christian wives and daughters of the mill-owners had, from the beginning of the system, watched over the moral and physical welfare of these poor workers as they should have done; moving among their roaring looms and spindles, a beneficent presence of wise and tender charity, and weaving bright glimpses of comfort and a golden thread of beauty in the sordid pattern of their toilsome lives. But educated women have at present no capital wherewith to start farms or manufacturing enterprises, nor money to buy stock in those already established, sufficient to enable them to gain any control over the management of the operatives; and so manufacturing, like agricultural production, is, for the moment, out of our reach.

Distributing Production looks more Encouraging.

We need not fold our hands, however, nor devote them to the futilities of worsted work, because into two of the great armies of the world's wealth-makers we can find no admittance. That division of productive labor which consists in direct distribution to the consumer will afford "ample room and verge enough" for the energies and powers of most of us, if we only have spirit to undertake it. The Retail Trade of the world is, in my opinion, and at this present stage of its progress, the true and fitting feminine sphere, the only possible function open whereby the mass of educated women may cease from being burdens to society, may become profitable to themselves and to their families, and, above all, helpful to the great host of women-workers beneath them, whom now their vast superincumbent weight crushes daily more hopelessly to the earth.

Arguments for and against this Solution of the Difficulty.

"The *retail trade!*" I think I hear the two millions of American ladies protesting with one voice, "why, even in the country, the wives and daughters of the village shop-keepers think it beneath them to stand behind the counter, and are those of our city merchants, of our professional men, to condescend to the sordid employment?"

Yes, and for various reasons.

1st. There is nothing else that we can do.

2d. It requires much conscientiousness, accuracy, tact, taste, and prudence, — all eminently feminine characteristics.

3d. It is a peculiarly feminine employment because it needs little physical strength, and because the immense majority of retail purchasers are women.

4th. It now withdraws from the true fields of masculine effort an immense number of men who would otherwise

be forced to add to the supplies and wealth of the community by agricultural and other productive enterprises. Thus the community loses enormously in two ways: it is deprived, on the one hand, of an army of producers (the retail merchants and their clerks); and on the other it has to support an army of unproductive consumers, — the women who might, but do not, carry on the retail trade.

5th. While it is a vocation wholly suited to women, it is just in so far improper for men, taking them from their natural vocations, herding them together in towns and cities where they live unmarried on small salaries, shrink physically and mentally amid their effeminate surroundings, and degenerate morally through the lying and cheating they unblushingly practise, and the dissipation that is often the only excitement of their vacant hours.

Finally, it is to be remembered that by so much as we pay the retail traders and their clerks for doing expensively what we could do cheaply, by so much we deprive ourselves and our families of the comforts and luxuries of life and of its higher influences and pleasures as connected with education, with art, and with beneficence. Why can many of us not have the beautiful dresses and surroundings that our fastidious taste longs for? Because we cannot earn them. Why are the colleges shut against us? Because we cannot knock at their doors with half a million in our hands. Why do the churches and charities that we love languish? Because we have no means of our own wherewith to sustain them. Why are working-women only paid half as much as working-men? Because it is impossible for men to furnish the whole support of one half the feminine community and pay the industrial half justly too. Why is our vote a matter of contempt and indifference to the country? Because we are poor, dependent on our fathers and husbands for food and shelter, and our vote, therefore, could represent neither physical strength nor *money*, — the two "powers behind the throne" that uphold all governments, and the only two that give the vote its value or even its meaning. I am not one of those who desire "manhood suffrage" for women, but I confess I am painfully impressed with the impotence and insignificance of my sex, when I see that "laughter" is all that generally greets the discussion of its enfranchisement, even in the graver hall of Congress!

If now there are any out of our two million "ladies" who are convinced from these reasons that it would be well if they could carry on the retail trade of the country, it is probable that several difficulties will present themselves to their minds as tending to make the thing impossible: —

1st. The want of capital wherewith to start retail stores;

2d. The want of time, for daily household duties, trifling as they individually are, would wholly interfere with business;

3d. The social prejudice, felt equally by both sexes, against women's publicly engaging in trade, even if in its present demoralized state it were desirable that they should do so.

Where there is a Will there is a Way.

There is only one method of overcoming these objections, and of making the transition at once practicable and agreeable.

This method is by an entire reorganization of the domestic interior on the basis of the great modern idea of Co-operation, — in short, by Co-operative Housekeeping.

The Rochdale Equitable Pioneers.

Nearly all the world now knows the story of the twelve poor weavers of Rochdale, England, who twenty-four years ago met together to consult how they might better their wretched condition. Their wages were low, provisions were extravagantly high and adulterated besides. One man thought that voting was what they needed to right them, — another, that strikes would do it, and

still other theories were propounded, when one immortal genius of common sense suggested that they should not strive for what might be out of their reach, but simply try to make a better use of what they had. They decided to pay each twenty pence a week into a common stock, until they got enough to buy a few necessary groceries at wholesale. It took them nearly a year, and then they elected one of their number as clerk, and opened the first co-operative store. Their stock in trade consisted only of about seventy-five dollars' worth of flour, sugar, and butter. Their plan was, First, to sell to each other and to outsiders at the usual retail prices, but to give a *good article*. Second, to sell only for *cash down*. Third, to make a quarterly dividend of the clear profits to the subscribing members, or stockholders of the association, the share of profit being determined in each case by the amount the stockholder or his family purchased at the co-operative store. Thus, whatever a man's household consumed, whether much or little, he got back the third that would otherwise have gone to enrich some cheating grocer. Co-operative stores and societies of all kinds have been started in many parts of Europe, and are springing up in this country also in every direction; but this one of the "Rochdale Equitable Pioneers," as they called themselves, still stands at the head of the movement, and is the most signal instance of its success. Its stockholders now number six or seven thousand, its capital is over a million of dollars, and the yearly profits of its business between three and four hundred thousand; it has clothing, dry goods, and shoe stores, as well as groceries and butcher-shops; it carries on a farm, a cotton-factory, a corn-mill, a building society, a life-insurance and burial society; it owns a reading-room, and a library; it has lately taken a conspicuous part in the public improvements of the town of Rochdale, and as its proudest monument can point to a whole community raised in morals and intelligence no less than in comfort.

The Weak Side of Co-operative Stores, and its Cause.

But there is another side to the picture. The opponents of the movement can tell us of many co-operative stores and associations that have *failed*. The members have lost their interest; their agents and clerks have been dishonest, careless, incapable, etc. But this is not surprising. The only reason that retail traders find business at all is, that they save the working community trouble by collecting, from the different places where they are produced, the silks, woollens, cottons, the meats, vegetables, and grains, that it needs for its food and clothing. If the retail trader, either singly or in league with the manufacturer, adulterate his goods, or if he make an intolerable profit upon them, the community, as in the case of the Rochdale Pioneers, may combine against him and supersede him. But the attempt is contrary to the modern idea of the division of labor. The men who compose the working community have each their particular craft or profession to attend to. One is a carpenter, another a doctor, etc. To organize and look after a co-operative store is, in fact, to undertake another business, and most men would rather pay the difference than be distracted from their own pursuits, and have the trouble of thinking about it. Thus, I think, that, in the long run, co-operative store-keeping will fail, and things come round again to just where they are now, unless co-operative *housekeeping* steps in to take its place, and to carry the idea to complete and noble fulfilment. Our husbands and fathers are already overworked in this mad American rush of ours. They cannot stop, too, to mend the holes made in their pockets by the relentless family expenses. But the wives and daughters, who enjoy the fruits of their thought and toil, can do it for them most daintily, if they will only lay their white hands together, and give to it a few hours of every day.

How this can be done I shall submit to the judgment of practical women in the next number of the Atlantic.

WHAT FIVE YEARS WILL DO.

I.

I KNOW of no one in this unrhythmical age who can better play the part in a love-story, taken by the chorus in the Greek plays, the *Deus ex machinâ* in the old epics or the fairy godmother in the legends of the Middle Ages, than a single-woman of forty or fifty, or thereabouts (not even here will I tell the exact *whereabouts*), who has done with love and sentiment in her own person, but has not quite yet lost her sympathy with such childishness or her faith in it.

It is not, however, necessary to my *rôle* of Chorus to tell you where I got the letters I send you. Was it Grandmamma Shirley, who played false to Miss Harriet Byron, and gave up the secrets of her darling's heart to the editor? We shall never know, and no one will ever know, how I came by Horace Thayer's letter to his brother. One thing I will say, it was not Isaac Thayer who gave it to me. He is as reticent and as *retinent* as a sensible man — a middle-aged Yankee farmer — always is, and ought to be. I don't believe he showed it even to his Lucy, who loves a bit of romance and a little mystery as well now as she did twenty years ago, when she read Hawthorne's Twice-Told Tales and wondered over Emerson's Lectures.

Horace wrote the letter in the summer of 1860, when we were both down on the Northern Neck in Eastern Virginia; he as a tutor to Major Johnstone's two boy-cubs, and I governess to Colonel Ridgeley's only daughter, Ida, a brave, pretty girl of seventeen, who, though in my eyes not exactly the angel that the letter makes her out to be, was, and is yet, the darling of my heart, who watched every look from her father's eyes, and who petted, like all the rest of us, her foolish, kindly little goose of a mother.

It was in the early summer, before the ground began to tremble beneath my feet, before the storm of electioneering passion arose, which made Colonel Ridgeley advise me to take my vacation earlier than usual, and to make no plans about returning till things looked more settled. I laughed at his gravity. What had I to fear? — an inoffensive old maid, a Northern woman to be sure, with my own notions about slavery, but I had never talked of them except to him, to whom everybody told everything. As to the comparative claims of the general and the State governments, about which the gentlemen of the neighborhood seemed to be crazy, what were they to me, who had no vote to give and no husband to influence?

Why should a woman have a political theory when she has no political practice? For my part, I shake off the useless responsibility, and I have fairly passed through the last five years without knowing exactly where State's rights end and our duty to the central government begins. And yet, in spite of my eminent neutrality, I never went back to the Northern Neck, never saw, and never shall see again, the pleasant house of Ridgeley Manor, with its wide porches, its grand old avenue of trees, its cheerful negro-quarters, and its neglected, worn-out "old fields." Nor did I ever get my big chest of winter clothing that I left behind me; but that was not Colonel Ridgeley's fault, nor poor, darling Mrs. Ridgeley's either. It gives me pleasure to think that some aguish Confederate soldier made a blanket out of my quilted petticoat, and covered his blistered feet with the woollen stockings that my aunt Mehitable knit for me, and that I never could find a time to wear. But the Chorus is getting garrulous, and you are anxious for the entrance of the *dramatis personæ*.

RIDGELEY MANOR, June, 1860.

MY DEAR BROTHER: — I leave here for Boston next week, and shall be with you in Keene on the farm the week

after. This is rather sooner than I expected, but circumstances have somewhat hurried me.

That three years have passed since I saw you seems to me almost incomprehensible. But I shall realize the changes that time has made when I see you in your own home, with your wife and baby by your side. Tell Lucy to prepare for a troublesome guest, for I shall pass my opinion on everything, — on her management of my little nephew, and on your management of house and farm. I shall argue with Joel as I did in old times, and I promise him that he shall find me as disputatious as ever; and I shall demolish as many of good Mrs. Partridge's pumpkin-pies as I did long ago when I was the troublesome boy whom Lucy used to pet. I never understood till lately why Lucy used to take so much notice of me. There is no knowing how long you may be troubled with me, for I have pretty much made up my mind to give up my situation here. I have done Major Johnstone's boys some good since I have been here, and might do them more, but there is something here that I do not like, — an indefinable something oppressive in the air.

In short, a Northern man is not in his place here now, unless he is an older man than I am, — a man with something at stake, with some interest in the country, and then, indeed, he has a great work before him. I fancy, too, that Major Johnstone does not care for my return; on all hands things look strange, politics run very high; in short, there is a good deal that I must talk over with you.

You will know how sorry I shall be to leave Colonel Ridgeley and his family. Colonel Ridgeley is unchanged, the same noble, considerate, and generous friend, the same true gentleman and chivalrous protector, that he always was. With him, at least, the chivalry of Virginia is something more than a name.

What do I not owe him for his constant kindness, and for the generosity which has allowed me, so much younger, so inferior to him, to call him friend, and to find him unchanging in his friendship? What contempt would be too great for me if I abused his generosity?

But of Mrs. Ridgeley I have only sad news to tell. She is feeble and worn, a little thing tires her, I see every cause to be anxious for her health; and when I think of her gentle and loving nature, of her constant kindness to me, to all, I could almost lay down my life for her sake. Her husband evidently does not realize her situation; he is harassed by anticipations of the election, — more harassed than I see any reason for him to be; then he sees her every day, and cannot mark the change in her appearance, and Ida is so young, so inexperienced —

My dear brother, my almost father, you to whom I owe all that I am and all that I ever shall be, and you who have a right to know my inmost heart, do you know that I am not writing truly to you? I would gladly go on, sending page after page of current news or pleasant remembrance, merely to put off the moment when I must speak the truth. I did not know I was such a coward; I will force myself to be brave, and speak at once.

I love Ida Ridgeley. It is said. And now what do you think of me, my dear brother, — you who judge me so gently, so lovingly? I can speak the whole truth now. I love her with a strength, with a passion, that I never dreamed my nature was capable of. How or when this love began I cannot tell; it seems to me that it has sprung full-armed in my breast. And yet, on looking back, it seems that I have loved her always.

I remember the merry, dancing, happy girl whom I first saw three years ago, bringing light as if from Heaven upon my dreary homesickness, the kindly welcome I met from her eyes and hand. I remember what I wrote you about the almost idolatrous affection with which she regarded her father, the watchful care with which she studied his happiness, and then — holiest, most beautiful of all — her shielding

and hiding her mother's weaknesses with that tender love, like an elder sister's in its protecting kindness, like a daughter's in its true-hearted reverence.

I feel now that I must have loved her then, and yet, looking back, I seem to see myself almost regardless of her presence. Still in these happy years, when I have seen her every day, and did not know how happy I was, have been sown the seeds of that great love which has taken root, sprung up, and blossomed without my knowledge. Now that my eyes are opened, I see her, not changed, but glorified, idealized, — the loving girl, — grown into the gentle, dignified woman. There are the same laughing eyes, but so deepened and darkened in their glorious light; the same dewy lips, but — in short, I am a fool and you will think I have gone crazy. I only know this, — that I love her with my whole soul and with my whole mind; with a strength of love which I did not think was in me, with a reverence of her womanliness which sometimes takes my very breath from me.

And now what right have I to love her? How could I lift up my eyes to her father, and tell him that the boy whom he took into his heart and home, the youth whom his teachings, his honored friendship, has lifted from a rough, uncultivated country boy, inflated with the conceit of his own little learning, into — well, at least into one who feels himself a man among men; that that boy, that man, has stolen into his house with the ungrateful longing to take from him the very heart of his heart, the daughter who makes his life bright and holy to him.

You know what Ida is to Colonel Ridgeley, what she has always been. I do not believe the thought of her leaving him has ever been allowed to cross his mind; but if it should be forced upon him, as it will be, is he not justified in being ambitious for her? With his wealth, with his position, with his influence, would he be satisfied with anything short of the most brilliant marriage for her?

I believe Colonel Ridgeley respects me, — even more, has a true and earnest friendship for me; but I am simply a young man with my way all to make in the world, not a little indebted to him for my present position; and for my family, dear as they are to me, antl justly as I am proud of them, I know that Colonel Ridgeley, from the force of birth, education, and circumstance, could not prevent himself from looking down upon them.

But these are idle words; you know as well as I do what is the course that honor, that gratitude, that justice require me to pursue, and I hope you know me well enough to be sure that I shall not shrink from it. I shall leave here at once. I shall come to you, and be happy in your happiness. I will spend with you the few months that must pass before I can establish myself in my profession, and it cannot be but that I have sufficient command over myself to overthrow this love which has seized upon me "like a strong man armed," and to put again in its place the tender, brotherly friendship which has made these three years in which she has been daily before my eyes, in all her heavenly goodness and beauty, the happiest of my life.

For Ida herself, — thank Heaven! (yes, I am strong enough still to thank Heaven for it,) her feelings towards me are the same that they ever were. She shows me the same frank kindness, and almost sisterly affection. She still looks up to what she pleases to call and to think my stronger judgment, and my superior knowledge; she still comes to me with the difficult passage to translate, the knotty question to unravel; she still talks freely to me of her little cares and anxieties, still lets me watch her father's moods with her, still calls upon me to rejoice with her in his happiness, to grieve for and soothe his anxiety, still looks to me for help to hide or to gratify her mother's little unreasonablenesses, and still shows me as freely as ever that frank and loving but most strong and noble heart. And I have strength enough to meet all this without shrinking, to give her the sympathy she asks

for, and which in time it will again satisfy me, make me happy, to give.

I have had strength for all this, but I do not know how long it will hold out, — indeed, I feel that I must go at once. Will you take me home to your heart, my dear brother, after I have shown you how weak I have been, how weak I am? Let me come to you; let me stay with you and with Lucy till I am strong again. I promise you that you shall hear no weak complainings; let me throw my heart and mind again into your labors and cares, let me work for you, let me think for you. For the few months that remain before I face the world for myself, take back to his old place in your heart

Your brother

HORACE.

I shall be sorry that this letter has gone out of my hands, if you have lived long enough to forget the times when heaven and earth seemed falling apart because our little loves did not meet. We know now that it made no great difference how it all turned out. We are, even in this life, half convinced that all is for the best; we acknowledge with a languid acknowledgment that we should have been no happier, no better now, had all gone as we would have had it; but how whole destinies apart seemed the difference then! Looking at Horace Thayer's letter in the perspective given by my quarter of a century's removal from *those times*, I see that his magnanimity was a little too grand for the occasion. But none the less was it great and good; he will be a better man for it.

Let him go, and let us wait quietly for what the future may bring. I, the *Deus ex machinâ*, the fairy godmother, will not lift a finger to help him, though I know that Randolph Ridgeley could do nothing better for his daughter than to trust her to the care of this brave and honest son of a New Hampshire farmer. But he would not think so. The blood of the Randolphs and the Ridgeleys, of the good-for-nothing Charles the Second cavaliers from whom he traces his descent, would rise up against his own common sense. "Blood is stronger than water," though the Swedenborgians tell us that water corresponds to truth. I, with my Northern lights, laugh under my breath, and wonder that Thackeray did not put all the old Virginia families in his Book of Snobs; and yet no one ever sits down in the clumsy wooden chair, with the carved arms, that stands in our wide entry at Newburyport, but I want to tell him that this chair came over in the Mayflower, and this, too, when I don't quite believe it myself; it is such a queer chair to have on shipboard.

Well, Horace Thayer has gone away from us, and the Manor seems dull to me. Colonel Ridgeley looks worn and anxious, poor Laura Ridgeley is half frightened about her health, so frightened that she will not see the doctor, and greets me every morning with, "I am a great deal stronger to-day, Miss Gardiner!" Mammy Clary wonders why her "young missus," her "chile," does not get well with the pleasant weather, and "what Massa Randolph think of, that he not see she grow weak as a baby." I wonder too, and ask myself if it be not my duty to speak to him about his wife's health. I shall go in August, and I must say a word before I leave.

For my little pupil, her merry face is often clouded now, but I do not think that Horace Thayer has anything to do with the clouds. I was wicked enough, the day after I read his letter, to ask her if she missed him, and her answer came very frankly: "Certainly, I miss Horace; but I think I miss more the good times we all had a year ago, we are all so sober now. Everybody seems to have a weight hanging over him; even Major Johnstone's broad, jolly face looks half anxious, half important; and papa — dear Miss Gardiner, what do you suppose is the matter with papa?" So I may thank Heaven, with Horace, that Ida's love troubles are all before her, like the trials of the young bears.

Poor, happy, little child! I have half a mind to say that I *will* come back to

her, to stand by her and help her, if her mother's health is really failing; if Colonel Ridgeley is right in foretelling mysterious political troubles here this winter. But all that is nonsense. This country has been on the brink of ruin before every Presidential election within my memory, and this one, go as it may, will leave us comfortably reconciled to its results. Will there not be cakes and ale whether Douglas or Lincoln head the squabbles in Washington?

It is a week since I wrote this last sentence, and I have changed my mind about the cakes and ale. Colonel Ridgeley last night did me the honor, — I am right to use that word, for a confidence from him is an honor, — he did me the honor, I repeat, to hold a long confidential conversation with me. It began by my talking of coming back. I said that Ida's education was not finished, that I could still do a great deal for her, and that, while Mrs. Ridgeley's health was feeble, I could be useful about the house; it was too much for Ida to have the whole charge of the house and the servants.

"Walk down the avenue with me, Miss Gardiner," said he; "let us talk this over where we are sure not to be interrupted."

We stopped under the glorious old horse-chestnut, and as I looked in his face I thought I should hear how anxious he was about his wife's health. He took away my breath, when he said: —

"It is not on our account, on Ida's, that I think it would not be well for you to come back, but it is on your own. You may hardly be safe here next winter."

"Safe!" I exclaimed; "what could possibly hurt me?"

"Nothing while you were in my house, under my protection, but I might not be always able to give you that protection. I am going to repose great confidence in you, Miss Gardiner; I am going to say to you that the feeling of jealousy of Northerners has reached a terrible height here; you are better away, — at least, until this election is over. If it goes for us, all may be well, and we may welcome you back again; but if Lincoln is elected, there are politicians among us mad enough in their blind ambition to hurry the South into some irretrievable step, perhaps even to try to separate us from the North. It is in speaking freely of this chance in the future as something not impossible that I show my confidence in you. Should such a thing be attempted, and the North refuse to accept it quietly, you should be with your own people."

"But you, — what would become of you in such a case?"

Colonel Ridgeley answered in that deliberate manner which showed that the question was no new one to his mind.

"There are occasions in life, and very sad ones they are, when a man perceives and has to choose between several duties; I hope no such occasion is coming to me but, if it comes, I must follow that course which seems to me to involve the least wrong."

"There cannot be two rights," said I.

"It has always been my curse in life," he answered, "to see a great many rights. Every party, every opinion, has some right on its side, and while I am weighing their different claims the time for action has generally passed for me. But this time, if the crisis comes, I shall be forced into action."

"I cannot believe it will come, but if it should, in so terrible a matter, so vital, you need not decide; you could leave, go North, go to Europe."

"No, that I could not do, because there are some clearly defined duties that keep me here. My duty to my people, ignorant and helpless as they are, is very plain to me. If troublesome times come, my responsibility to them will be even greater than it is now, and you know how great I have always felt it to be. You know, Miss Gardiner, that I am not a man of action; looking back at my past life, I see many duties neglected, some things left undone that it is too late now to mend; but at least I am not a coward, I will not desert my post. I trust this conversa-

tion with your good judgment. Do not let it go for more than it is worth, but believe that I feel it my duty to give you this advice this morning."

I left Colonel Ridgeley, and, walking directly to my own room, sat down by the window, determined to think well of what I had heard, and to decide my course of action. I began by watching the trees as they moved their leaves lazily in the wind, then wondered what chance there was that those two little negroes would succeed in driving that obstinate little pig through the hole made in the fence by the broken rail, and then fell to dreaming about those duties which Randolph Ridgeley had left undone. Of course, my mind ran off to his married life. About what else does a single-woman speculate when she thinks of her married friends? I had tried before to measure the disappointment of a man of earnest, thoughtful character, when he finds that the companion whom he has chosen for life is capable only of a childlike affection, — pure and beautiful, indeed, so far as it goes, but satisfying so little of his nature. And yet who had he to blame but himself? He has everything he asked for. Is a man to complain that his wife is after marriage just what made her so charming before; that she is too young, too gay, too gentle, too amiable, too yielding, too ready to be pleased? I suppose Laura Christie was lovely in his eyes just for these very things, and perhaps it is his fault as much as hers that she is nothing different now. I see how it has all been. He had six months or so of a fool's paradise; and then perhaps six months more of struggles to find a woman where there was only a child; and after that he threw the whole thing up, and contented himself with being very kind and very just to her, for he piques himself very much on his justice. At any rate, she does not grow peevish and fretful in growing old, as most silly women do. No, indeed, she is a darling, loving, kindly little thing; and I shall go and sit with her all the evening, and admire the pretty fancy-work which she calls sewing.

So that was the end of my careful thinking over my plans, a quiet, merry chat over Mrs. Ridgeley's light-wood fire. What a thing a light-wood fire is! the nearest approach to sunshine that human hands can make. I see Sam now laying the pieces of wood artistically across each other; then one touch of the candle sends a sharp tongue of flame shooting up between them, crackling and leaping from piece to piece, until the whole chimney roars, and the room shines out into cheerfullest light. I agree with the settler on the Carolina pine barren, the despised "Cracker" who says, "Well, stranger, I reckon you call this a poor country, but there 's not such a district for light-wood to be found for miles around." But it is idle, all this lingering; the 1st of August is here, and I must go. I pretend it is only for a longer vacation than usual, say till the Christmas holidays; but since my talk with Colonel Ridgeley I have grown nervous, and fancy I feel thunder in the air. I wish Mammy Clary would throw a shoe after me for good luck, instead of saying, "'Pears like things is all changing, Miss Gardiner."

II.

It is the early summer of 1862, and I am still in Newburyport, cut off from my Virginia friends by an impassable wall of struggling, fighting men. McClellan's army lies between us and Richmond, and the Northern Neck is only a camping-ground for his soldiers.

Since we cannot see into the future, like the old gods of Olympus, let us never dream of meddling with their province.

Suppose I had told Colonel Ridgeley to secure Ida's happiness by giving her to a brave, manly fellow like Horace Thayer, who would be everything to her that a man should be to a woman, — a shield, a support, a tender and reverential guide. It was in Colonel Ridgeley to feel this, and he might have followed my advice. Suppose I had

wakened up Ida's heart by giving her one hint — just a little one — of Horace's feelings towards her and turned her great admiration and affectionate friendship into a trembling, maidenly love which would have leaped up into strength like the flame through my crossed sticks of light-wood. — Why, since those quiet days they have been separated as far as in a lifetime of common years!

Horace is Major Thayer of the —— Massachusetts, in the —— division of the Army of the Potomac; and Colonel Ridgeley, we have heard, is commanding a regiment of Virginia soldiers under Lee. I know nothing of Mrs. Ridgeley or of Ida, — a little note a year ago, and nothing more. My own occupation has gone too, and that of a large class of women like me. There are no calls for private governesses at the North; all learning and all teaching is done in the public schools and the academies, and one look at the list of studies was enough to make me despair. What do I know of the Higher Mathematics, of Logic, of Electro-Chemistry? I claim only a tolerable knowledge of English, a moderate grammatical proficiency in French and Italian, with an accent not quite shocking, a facility in sketching any pretty bit of landscape that catches my eye, and music enough to detect my pupils' mistakes. What should I do in a High School? The A grade would look down upon me. So I have stayed quietly at home and made "havelocks" and needle-cases for the soldiers. Lately, as their wants have seemed more pressing, we have worked hard on their summer clothing, and by August we shall begin on their winter socks and shirts. It is a wearying, anxious time, — nothing but eating your heart out with waiting for news; and I do not wonder that the women around me look old, that I feel old and worn myself. I almost wish I had gone into the hospitals, it would have kept my heart and mind alive; but what did I know of nursing sick people? One must have a genius for it, like some women I know, or else be apprenticed to it by such an experience of whooping-cough, measles, scarlet fever, and so forth, as does not naturally come in the way of an old maid schoolmistress. But I shall rust out here. I must hear something, know something. I shall write to Lucy Thayer, and tell her that I am coming to spend a week with her. Isaac promised to send me news of Horace, — does he never get any? I believe I am too old to change interests as I used to do in the days when a year was long enough for a school engagement; when a winter as governess in Georgia, a school session as drawing teacher in that humbug of an academy in Alabama, was my way of seeing the world, — the only way open to a poor Yankee girl. Then it was great fun to see new people, to make new friends; but somehow I am tired of it all now. The three years' care of Ida Ridgeley makes me feel as though I had a claim on her which cannot be broken by all the storms of rebellion and war that have come between us. And Horace Thayer too, — have I given him so much laughing advice, so much friendly consideration, so much really admiring respect for nothing, that he should drift away from me into a life that I know nothing about? I shall go to Keene next week.

All this grumbling in my little room, the hall chamber, up stairs, where I sat with my feet up, and a shawl drawn close over my shoulders, looking out on an easterly storm which made the streets look gray and dreary. "If it would rain something like rain," I said, "and not drizzle, drizzle for three whole days. I shall go wild with restlessness; and what a nervous noise that door-knocker makes! I suppose it 's the butcher."

I fairly jumped when Margaret opened my door, a handkerchief over her head, dust-pan and brush in one hand, and a letter in the other.

"From Washington, from the army, I do believe, Mary; open it quick; there 's no bad news, I hope."

"It is from Horace Thayer, from the Manor. How could he be there? Sit

down, never mind the sweeping, let me read. At any rate," I continued under my voice, "this letter comes to me legitimately."

THE MANOR, June, 1862.

MY DEAR MISS GARDINER: — Colonel Ridgeley asks me to write to you by the express that goes up to Washington to-morrow, to tell you the sad news that our dear, kind friend, Mrs. Ridgeley, is dead. She died last night, — just quietly sank away without any suffering. Thank Heaven, she had all that she loved around her, — her husband, her daughter, her old "Mammy Clary," and even the best attendance and nursing. She sent a message to you a few days ago. It was that she wished this horrid war had never taken you away; she wished you were here now; and so do I, though I know how impossible it is. I wish you were here for Miss Ridgeley's, for Ida's sake. You will wonder that I should be here. I was ordered a week ago, with a company of men, to the Green Spring Station, to remain there and forward army stores. You know the station is only ten miles from Ridgeley Manor, yet it was two days before I had time to ride over, or even any chance to inquire about them. But on Tuesday evening, Sam, Colonel Ridgeley's own boy, you remember, came to my quarters. The negroes know everything that happens, and he had found out that morning that I was there, and came to ask for me. He told me that Colonel Ridgeley was at home, having passed our lines with a flag of truce, bearing a letter from Lee himself to the commanding officer of our division, requesting permission for him to visit his home, where his wife was dying. Sam said that Mrs. Ridgeley could live only a few days, and that they wanted everything, — medicine, wine, but especially some one to take care of her. Their house-servants had left them, except Mammy Clary and himself, and her long illness had worn out Mammy Clary's and Ida's strength. I knew that Miss Betsy Partridge was in Washington, waiting for admission to some hospital; and I ventured to send for her at once, simply telling her that I wanted her for a case of severe sickness. I loaded Sam with everything I could give him from my slender stock of luxuries (luckily I had some good sherry), and sent him home with a note to Colonel Ridgeley, saying that I should be at the Manor the next day, and that I hoped to bring an experienced nurse with me. But I dreaded to see Miss Betsy, and, indeed, her indignation, when she heard what I wanted her for, was almost beyond my power of calming.

"Have you sent for me, Horace Thayer," she said, — "sent for me from Washington, where our poor boys are suffering, that I may nurse a rebel soldier's wife? I shall go back by the next train."

I told her what they had been to me, what kind friends, how much I owed to them, begged her only to ride over and see for herself, she would so pity that poor sick woman and her daughter, worn out by such cares.

"I believe you are a fool," she answered at last, "or at least you must think I am one; but I 'll go with you, and do what I can, since I am here."

And from that moment I never got a word more of reproach from her. God bless her! I never can be grateful enough to her for what she has done for us. She encloses a letter to you in this. I am sure her clear head and kind heart have led her to value our friends as they deserve.

We reached the Manor the next evening, and I could hardly recognize the place. The glorious avenue that led to Major Johnstone's is gone, cut down for firewood or defence; the negro-quarters are deserted, and their pretty gardens pulled to pieces; the house itself has lost its portico, the lawn is trampled over, and the Osage orange-hedge broken away. Colonel Ridgeley was at the door, and welcomed us eagerly. You know how cordial he can be, but I wish you had seen how he met Miss Betsy, with such an earnest gratitude to her for

coming. Mrs. Ridgeley was expecting us, and wanted to see me at once. I could scarcely endure seeing her so wasted and pale, white as her pillow; but the change in her looks was not so hard to bear as the frightened look in her face, the manner in which she clung to everybody around her as if for help. She held her husband's hand tight as she spoke to me, clinging to him with an eager hold, as if life would pass away without his help. Her eyes seemed to ask aid from everybody, and, when she fixed them upon her husband, you could read her thoughts in them as well as if she had spoken: "You are so strong, so wise, you have always helped me, always held me up. O, help me now!"

No one ever called Colonel Ridgeley a religious man, but I believe he has in his heart a living, personal trust in God, like that of a child in its father, which is life and strength in the time of trial, though hardly felt when all goes well. It could have been only such a trust which gave him power to meet her imploring look with one of love and encouragement. You know Ida's place without my telling you. It has been the long habit of her life to care for every want of her mother's, to anticipate those wants from her looks. She shows the calmness and self-control natural to her on serious occasions, but she is terribly worn by all she has gone through, and I think my coming was a relief to her. I am sure Miss Betsy's was.

That was Wednesday night, and I could only stay an hour, — long enough to see Miss Betsy at home in the sick-room, and to find out what was most needed that I could supply. They have suffered from a great many privations like everybody here. It is the story that you have heard so often, — the soldiers of both armies passing over the country, comfort after comfort taken away from them as their communication with the North was cut off. Their people have gone one by one, followed our army, straggled into the woods, taken care of themselves in the various ways in which we used to think them so wise. Never but once has a word about the situation of the country or his present position passed between Colonel Ridgeley and myself, and that was that first night, as I was waiting for Sam to bring my horse.

He pointed over to the quarters and said: "You will not be sorry for the change there; but my care for them, my anxiety as to what would become of them if they were left, was almost the turning weight which made me go with the Confederacy. Well, 'man proposes and God disposes'; but, let things turn out as they may, you and I, Mr. Thayer, will believe that each of us has done what he thought was his duty."

Miss Betsy's letter will tell you more about the next few days than I can. I could be there only an hour every evening, but on Sunday I got away early, and reached the Manor before sundown. Mrs. Ridgeley always wanted to see me, and that day I went in at once. Ida was asleep in her own room, and Mammy Clary had gone to prepare some refreshment for her mistress. Mrs. Ridgeley spoke to the Colonel.

"Go and rest a little while, Randolph; I want to talk to Horace."

He looked a little surprised, but went, and Miss Betsy withdrew herself out of sight in the little dressing-room.

"My dear Horace," she said, "I want to ask you something. You think I shall get well, — do you not? Randolph used to say so, but I am afraid to ask him now. You will not tell me if you do not think so," she continued, her face bearing the scared expression of a child dreading the dark; "do not say anything if you don't want to."

Miss Betsy looked out from her recess and fixed her eyes sternly on my face. "You 've come of a godly stock, Horace Thayer, speak the truth; it 's no time to deceive that poor thing now."

So I could only say, "You would not be afraid to go home to your Father's house, dear Mrs. Ridgeley; you remember who died that we might come to Him."

"I do not know, let me hear," and her voice took a deeper, more earnest tone than ever in her life.

Miss Betsy reached out her Bible, opened at the fourteenth chapter of John, and once more, as so many thousand times before, were those words of healing heard in the chamber of grief, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." Her husband had returned at the sound of the reading, and stood by her pillow as she opened her eyes.

"That is very pleasant to me," she said, whilst there stole over her face a look of repose, like a tired child just going to sleep. Yes, in those last hours God had sent his angels to bear her through the valley of darkness, and gradually the holy presence which she was entering seemed to send its radiance through the mists of death. The struggle which she had so dreaded was mercifully spared her, for she sank to sleep so quietly that nobody knew when she left them, until a burst of sobs from Mammy Clary, who was gazing at her from between the curtains, told that it was all over. Colonel Ridgeley laid her down from his arms slowly and tenderly, and turned to take his daughter into them. He carried her out into her own room, and as he closed the door behind him we heard from the bedside the grief of the poor black woman who had lost the darling of her life.

"O my chile, my chile!" she said, rocking herself backward and forward in her sobs and cries, "you 'se gone away from me to be wid de Lord Jesus, and who 'll I take care of now? You was always my chile. I knows dar 's Miss Ida, but she 'pears always to take care of herself, and you was my own darling chile, and never was away from your Mammy Clary. O Lord, you 'se taken her to yourself, but what will she do without me?"

I shall be here to-day, and do all that can be done. She will be buried on the plantation where the family are laid; and to-morrow Ida goes with her father, — goes to the Christies in the southern countries beyond the two armies, while her father joins his command. We shall be separated perhaps forever, and I can say nothing, I have nothing to say. This war makes us live fast. Ida has changed; she is not what she was two years ago, but she has only grown so womanly, so lovely! How I wish you could see her!

I am to join my regiment next week, as soon as the next supply of stores is forwarded. We are to go to the front. You will always hear of me through Isaac. Will you send him this letter? and believe me always your grateful friend,

HORACE THAYER.

Miss Betsy's letter had fallen at my feet, and Margaret picked it up for me. I had been crying very gently and quietly while I read Horace's to her, but somehow Miss Betsy's made me hysterical, and I broke down into a nervous laugh which would have frightened Margaret if it had not ended in a sob. "Let me read," she said, and began it over again. The beginning was abrupt enough, and like Miss Betsy.

I suppose, Mary Gardiner, that you 'd be glad to hear what Horace Thayer has made me do, even if these folks were not your friends, for I believe you are more than half a rebel yourself. I always thought so when I used to hear you talk of the need of our being gentle in our judgment of these mistaken people, and of our allowing for the force of early training and putting ourselves in their place. Well, I came here for no grand reasons at all, not because they were fellow-creatures and needed me, but just because I saw that Horace Thayer's heart was set upon it, and I could n't bear to thwart the boy. I guessed it was the daughter before I got here, and now I know it as well as you do. He loves her so completely that I should be sorry for him, with everything against him in the future, if I did not know that such a real feeling will make more of a man of him.

I like the girl too; she has something in her; she never could be like that poor little pitiful thing lying up stairs, even if Horace were not too much of a Christian to treat her as your grand rebel colonel has treated his wife. I see it all as plainly as if I had lived here, and it 's one of the things that make me angry. A woman is a woman, and ought to be treated like one, and not like a baby, even if she has a leaning that way, for you see what comes of it in the end. Here is the man that I 've heard you praise up to the skies as the model Christian gentleman, — and I 'll not say but he is grand and wise, and good too, I suppose. Well, he marries a woman, the woman whom he chose, — for I don't suppose anybody forced him to marry her. A poor little thing, to be sure, but a good little thing, and one that loved him and nobody else; and then, after he married her, because she was not grand enough or wise enough to suit his fancies, what does he do but content himself with being kind to her, and making her comfortable, and then go about with his own thoughts and occupations until she is no more a part of his life than you and I are.

Now, what a man ought to do if he finds the wife he has chosen is not quite all he would wish her is to give his life to making her so; to help her to be as wise and as strong as her nature will let her be, and not just pet her because it is too much trouble to teach her to be a woman.

You call Colonel Ridgeley a religious man, — do you? I won't gainsay it, but he has not so lived his life as to make that poor child religious. She lay there on the very borders of death, and she knew it too, and where did she look for help? Not to the Lord, not once did I see her turn there in all her fears; but she used to watch the doctor's face when he came in the morning, and mine when I had been with her all night, and her husband's when he stood by her bedside, and say, "I am better than I was yesterday," "To-morrow I can have my bed made," or "Next week I shall be down stairs"; and he would tell her she was better, or talk about her getting well, and bid us all keep up her spirits. It was the same kindness that I suppose he has always shown to her, but I call it a selfish kindness; and I don't call that man a Christian who does not "so let his light shine before men," that his nearest and dearest may learn to "glorify their Father which is in heaven."

Poor little thing! nobody could be cruel to her after all. I was almost as much afraid as any of them that she would find out the truth one night when she asked me to bring her a looking-glass, that she might see if she was much changed. If I had not known that it was a crying sin for that poor creature to go to her grave unprepared, I would not have brought her the glass. She only said, looking up at me so piteously, "Do I look very badly? am I very pale? No, I cannot look at myself, it would frighten me so much; and then Randolph does not want me to agitate myself, he would not like it; take away the glass, Miss Partridge."

Well, she has gone now, and I am glad I had the chance to be kind to her. The daughter is made of a different stuff; such stuff as you 'd put in storm stay-sails. She will come out of this storm all right, and, if she and Horace ever get together, she 'll not be one for his friends to be ashamed of.

I have nothing more to do here, and shall go back to Washington to-morrow.

Give my love to Margaret; she is a capable person, and had better come here and help us,

Yours,

BETSY PARTRIDGE.

P. S. — You can do as you think best about sending my letter to Isaac and Lucy.

Margaret went away quietly when she had finished the letter, and came back in a quarter of an hour with a quaint little round waiter in her hand, holding an India teapot such as you see only in Newburyport; and as she poured out my tea she said sympathiz-

ingly, "It is a pity you are not with them."

I turned sharp upon her. "How can I be with them, with two armies between us? I wonder if the politicians who made the war ever think how they are keeping people apart as well as making them miserable. There are no two people in the world better suited to each other than Ida and Horace Thayer, but who knows when they will ever come together again. He will come back with a wooden leg, I suppose, and she — at this rate I don't see how she is to find enough to eat, or anybody to cook it. If their negroes have run away, there is nobody left down there capable of cooking what they call 'a meal's victuals.'"

My little burst of temper did me good; and, after I had swallowed my first cup of tea, I began to sip the second and to talk more reasonably. But something certainly was the matter with me; for, after my evening's reasonable talk, after deciding that our two young people were worthy of each other, after assuring Margaret that I had the best of reasons for knowing Horace Thayer's feelings; after wondering whether Miss Betsy was of my opinion that Ida's love for him had never been awakened; after speculating on what this meeting at such a time would do for her; after a full tribute to Laura Ridgeley's gentle nature and affectionate heart, and a confession that, noble and conscientious as Colonel Ridgeley was, he had not done quite all his duty as regarded his wife, — I went to my own room in hopes of a quiet night, in which I was, Margaret said, "to sleep off my nervousness."

But scarcely had I put my feet on the fender, and taken out my hair-pins, when my excitement all came back again. I could not help a kind of exasperation when I thought of the woman who had lived her life, been bride, wife, and mother without so much as knowing it; who had had such chances of living the fullest life, to whom every source of happiness, of blissfulness had been opened, and all for nothing, — whilst I — "Oh!" thought I, shutting my hands up tight, "if I had only been in her place," and yet, not exactly in her place, for, much as I honor Randolph Ridgeley, he is not my notion of a husband. The first thing I ask of a man is that he should *be* a man, and act out his manliness, not be always stopped by "some craven scruple of thinking too precisely on the event"; besides, old maid's husbands — their dream husbands — are always young. I would rather marry Horace Thayer, if there were any question of my marrying in the matter.

So I went on, fretting over the impossible, wishing to take things into my own hands and play Providence, longing for the old times when fairy godmothers had power, when the good genius carried the princess through the air and laid her by the side of the prince, till I had used up half the night, and unfitted myself for anything better than the troubled, starting sleep which left me in the morning gray, pinched, and wrinkled, with a dilapidated look under the eyes and round the chin that did not comfort me at all. But there was nothing for it but patience, so I made havelocks all that week, and the next; and then came, like a thunderclap to clear up my leaden atmosphere, this note from Lucy Thayer: —

"I send you the telegram which we received last night. Isaac started this morning for Washington, and will bring him home if possible. We want you to come here at once, and help me to get ready for them. There is no one who can take care of Horace as you can."

The telegram was from the colonel of his regiment.

"Major Thayer, severely wounded in the side in the fight at Malvern Hill July 2. Is on his way to Washington."

And the telegraph operator is the kindly genius, the *Deus ex machinâ*, of our times. Let us be thankful for what he does for us.

I leave for Keene to-night.

III.

The war is over; the claps of thunder which came upon us in such rapid succession — Sherman's march, Lee's surrender, the assassination, — have passed from over our heads, and nothing is left of them but low, distant rumblings. We breathe again; indeed, more than that; we go about our daily work as we did before, we are hungry and thirsty, we want new clothes, we buy bargains of cheap lawns to be made into gored dresses, we call Mrs. A's tea-party a bore, and wonder that Mrs. B did not invite us to dinner. That I, Mary Gardiner, should have seen four years of civil war, should have felt the foundations of the earth shake under me and the heavens seem about to fall upon my head, and that I can still eat, drink, and be merry, — still talk my little talk and fret my little frets, look, act, and speak as I did in the old times, is perhaps the most mysterious lesson I have learned. What are these clashing events but "the garment thou seest Him by"? nothing in themselves.

I take up my little *rôle* of sympathizer in my love-story, just where I left it two years ago, when I sat by Horace Thayer's bedside and listened while he talked of Ida. What a terrible puller down of pride is sickness! Nothing but loss of blood and its consequent childlike weakness would have opened Horace Thayer's heart; nothing else would have made the undemonstrative New-Englander, whose warmest caress had been a brotherly shake of the hand, whose confidences were as shy and as hard to surprise as a young girl's, speak of himself and his feelings to the nurse, who sat quietly by, ready to hand the drink, to move the pillow, to read the newspaper, and, best of all, to listen when talking was at last allowed.

So I heard everything, soothed and sympathized and hoped, and when he grew strong enough to walk about, and I went back to Newburyport, sent him the letter I received from Colonel Ridgeley in May, 1865, saying that he and his daughter were to sail at once for Paris, and highly approved the Doctor's decision, that change of air and a sea-voyage were needed for Horace; a decision which sent him to Paris in June, — solely for his health, he said to his friends.

And now the postman brings me two letters. We must have the lady's first. *Place aux dames*, when the question is of something from Paris.

Rue de Lisle, July, 1865.

My dear Miss Gardiner: — This is the first half-hour that I have been able to call mine since we arrived, — the first half-hour which I could give you with a clear conscience; anxious as I have been that you should have early news of us, — news which you certainly deserve, since we owe to you so much of our present comfort. I wish you could see us in this little *appartement*, Rue de Lisle, on the wrong side of the Seine, among the old houses, in the narrow streets. You could hardly find us without a guide, even if you were set down in the street itself, and told to stop at No. 71. First, you would see 71, — then 71 *bis*, and after a doubting look at the two numbers, you would see no possible entrance but a big gateway which might belong to either of them, then a long, narrow passage would carry you into a court, in one corner of which you would find the snuffy old concierge, in her stiff black gown, white apron and cap, with her face wrinkled as only an old Frenchwoman's face can be. I made papa laugh last night by asking him what became of all the middle-aged Frenchwomen; they are all either pleasantly young, or horribly old, — a mixture of snuff and wrinkles and funny gray curls.

But our old concierge will tell you that the stairs in the left-hand corner of the court lead to Monsieur Ridgeley's apartments, *au troisième;* and you may follow their windings up the legitimate three stories, only to see such names as Mdlle. Silvestre, Modiste; Steinfels, Peintre, &c., &c., on the little visiting-cards which are tacked on the doors. You must go a story higher before you

are *au troisième*, and straight before you will be "Randolph Ridgeley," in papa's own clear handwriting, under the little door-bell. O, if you could really ring that door-bell! if it were anywhere but in my fancy that I open the door to you, and show you our tiny rooms, — our antechamber, which serves for a dining-room; our little *salon* with its long French windows, pretty chintz curtains and cushions; the two bedrooms opening out of it; and, queerest of all, the little, little kitchen about as big as a small-sized Virginia pantry, with nothing more like a fireplace than four holes where you may burn charcoal, and no water except what is "toted" up in buckets every morning on a man's shoulder.

And yet our little French servant Thérèse manages to give us good coffee for breakfast, and the baker brings the wonderful French rolls, the milkman the tiny can of milk. Indeed, if you want anything in Paris, you have only to lean out of the window, and presently somebody will call it out. My little canary, that you said I could never bring safely through a voyage, but who sings here as merrily as he did in dear old Virginia, has his own special man, who calls out three times a week, "*de bon mouron, du mouron frais, pour les petits oiseaux*," and I do believe the little fellow knows his voice.

Yes, we are contented here, dear Mary; papa is cheerful, and I am more than cheerful, I am hopeful. We did right to come. We could do nothing at home until things had time to settle down, and the money that papa invested here in dear mamma's name at the beginning of the war brings enough to live upon as we are living now, but would do nothing for us in America. And I do not believe it would have been possible for papa to stay in Virginia after all he has gone through, at least without some rest, some quiet. We have not deserted our country, — do not think it. That would seem to me cowardly, and I am sure papa would feel it so. We shall go back again some time, when we can forget, when some of the bitterness has worn off; and then we shall settle down on what is left at the Manor, and try to be good citizens. We see Southerners here every day who say they never want to see America again, who are trying to find occupation here, trying to make homes for themselves here or in England. I do not blame them, I try not to judge them, but I cannot understand it.

Do you remember Colonel Christie? He has entered himself as a lawyer in the Middle Temple, London. We stayed at his house at Bayswater as we came through. He says he never intends to go back, and Mrs. Christie looks sad, and says, "Yes, my baby shall be a little English girl." But that would be impossible for me, impossible for papa. Let us stay here quietly till we can breathe again, till the old wounds have healed over, and then we shall go back to be good Union people! You know I was always a bit of a Northerner, and how many times before the war have we heard papa accused of being tainted with abolitionism when he used to talk of his plans for bettering the condition of our people. To be sure, when the war came, nobody doubted his being a Virginian to his very heart.

This is such weary work, — the going over it all again. I never want to think of it, and I won't. I'll tell you something of our life here, something of my hopes, — for I have hopes, hopes of earning a little money by my pictures before long. Do you know that Miss Bartlett has had an offer of three thousand francs for her fine copy of the picture in the Luxembourg Gallery, the one she copied last year, and that Couture himself said was "joliment bien peint."

I work very hard, and some of the artists say that I improve. That this should come of the little studies you used to give me years ago at the Manor! I am far enough from satisfying myself; but sometimes I feel as if there was something not altogether poor about my work.

We have our quiet breakfast in the morning; at ten o'clock, I go to Miss Bartlett's room, and either work there

or go with her to the galleries; then at four we meet papa at some *café*, and take our dinner; after that a stroll in the gardens, and home to a cup of tea, either alone or brightened up by some American face, — some artist with funny stories of Bohemian life, some newcomer, who does not know where to find cheap apartments, and whose rooms at the hotel are too much for his purse.

We are sometimes very merry over our troubles, and the Mondays when the galleries are closed are always holidays. We make cheap excursions to St. Cloud by the American Tramway, to Auteuiel in the omnibus, to Versailles by the *chemin de fer*, *rive gauche*, and, best of all, through the streets of Paris.

We had the most delicious time yesterday, going over Madame de Sevigné's old home, the Hotel Canaveral, — Miss Bartlett told me of it, — a quaint French house, not a palace (it is so nice to be shown something that is not a palace), off in the old part of the city, among the narrow streets. There they show you the very room where so many witty things have been said, Mme. de Sevigné's salon, all filled with little white, dimity-spread cots, for the Hotel Canaveral is a boarding-school for boys now. I saw the portrait which hangs in her boudoir, — a recitation-room now, — the very portrait from which the vignette in the edition at the Manor was taken. You remember it, with the curls tied together at the temples and hanging out from the face.

How like old times it seemed! — the times when we used to have our evening readings at home; when a good translation of one of those stupid, witty letters in the morning made you promise me some little bits for the evening, picked out of the French memoirs and histories in the library; when poor, dear mamma would beg for something more amusing, and Major Thayer would bring the last novel that Mr. Johnstone had sent from Richmond. Who thought then that he would be *Major* Thayer? We had majors and colonels all around us, but that Horace Thayer would have anything to do with the army would have been like a fairy-story to us.

How many things that have happened since that would have sounded like a sad story if we had heard of them then. I feel old enough when I think of the last five years; they seem like fifty.

Papa wants me to ask you to tell us something of Mr. Thayer. That he reached home safely, in spite of his terrible wound, we know; that he was slowly getting better in his quiet New Hampshire home, of which he used to talk sometimes, we know too, but nothing else. How was it possible to hear anything with the armies between us, and then, that terrible last spring, General Lee's surrender, and all that happened around us, with our hurried journey to New York, and the ocean voyage, that seemed to put an end to our former life, and bring us a new one in this old world which is a new world to us! Yes, I am so old now that I look back wondering at myself as I remember the old times, they seem so far removed from me. And yet the duties are the same, — the same save a greater necessity to cheer papa, to make things bright for him here in this new place, where everything is so strangely different from our old life. It is terrible for him, — a terrible past to look back upon, and a sad future to look forward to. I think poor dear mamma was kindly spared all this. How could she have borne it? As it was, our troubles killed her, — she, made only for prosperous times, so good, so sweet, so gentle as she was. One thing I must say, — if I lived a thousand years I could never forget Horace Thayer's thoughtfulness for her, nor all that he did for us at that terrible time when the Northern armies were upon us, and she was dying.

How foolish I am to talk to you of all this, when I only meant to satisfy your kind friendship by telling of our life here; not a sad life for me, — do not think so; I am too busy, my heart and my head are too full, — only sad for papa because he has no one, nothing. He can have no associates; the Americans here, the Northerners, cannot look

kindly upon him, and the few Confederates who are living poorly here are not friendly either.

It is not a happy thing to be so clear-sighted, so gentle in judgment, as papa is. To see both sides of a question, to be able to put yourself in the place of either party, to understand how each may be right from his stand-point, to be free from prejudice, not carried away by feeling, what is it but to lay one's self open to distrust from both sides, to accusations of lukewarmness; and then at last to be obliged to choose almost against one's conscience? Poor papa! sometimes I am proud that he chose the losing side, for seeing so clearly as he did that it would be so; sometimes I wonder still what course would have been the right one. And this is the sting for him. He has never known, never been able to see clearly, which was the right path. I suppose partisans on both sides will say this is impossible, but it is true. I have thought that such a life as papa's — a student's life, quiet and introverted, with his simple duties as a Virginia gentleman marked out for him, and his literary tastes keeping him apart from all around him — was a poor preparation for the rush of events that swept us all before them. To go with his State, with his friends, with the people he was so proud of belonging to, it seemed easy enough, straightforward enough, to Mr. Johnstone, to the Christies, to mamma, to me then; but *now*, — now I can see what it was to papa, a struggle for light when there was no light, a terrible conflict of duties. I do believe, I always shall believe, that the turning-point, the weight that turned the scale, was a chivalrous feeling that led him to throw himself with the weaker side, — who but he thought then that it was the weaker?

What a rambling letter I am writing to you! Here is Thérèse with the waiter of tea, and papa with some old engravings he has picked up on the quays, — such wonderful things, and for a few francs. You drag them out from under a pile of dingy things, — and dingy enough they are themselves, but sometimes they are prizes. They are cheap luxuries, almost the only ones we can afford.

Think only, dear Miss Gardiner, that we are not unhappy; homesick sometimes, sad enough sometimes, but *not* unhappy, and always grateful for what you have done to make it easier for us here. What would have become of us in our first bewilderment, in our present loneliness, without the help you secured for us by your letter to Miss Bartlett. She has been very kind, helping in every way, — to find our apartments, to arrange all our housekeeping details, and, best of all, to give me a hope for the future by seeing something more than a school-girl's scrawls in the rude pencil-sketches and sepia daubings which I flung into my trunks as dear remembrances of the old Manor which we can never see again as it was.

Does Miss Bartlett write to you? She has some ideas that cannot be real, — it is all her imagination, and nothing but nonsense. I, with papa's happiness in my hand, I hope no one who knows me could believe that I can have any thought nearer than him. And then I know what a man ought to be; I have seen papa's life, and others; I know what sacrifice and self-denial mean, how a man may do his duty first and not think of himself.

I have read over my last sentence since I gave papa his tea. It sounds like girlish nonsense, and so it is. A woman of twenty-two should be above such affectation; if I could do it without mutilating my letter, I would tear it off, — as it is, it simply means that a pleasant artist friend of Miss Bartlett's has, Miss Bartlett thinks, a higher opinion of Ida Ridgeley than she deserves or desires. Love to all, to your sister, to all your friends, from your loving pupil,

IDA.

Well, the last page of this letter is as frank, and bears its meaning as plainly on the face of it, as can be expected from a young woman of two-and-twenty. Let us see what the young gentleman "simply means." His letter is to Isaac Thayer: —

PARIS, July, 1865.

MY DEAR BROTHER: — I post this letter at Paris, where I arrived this morning after a voyage not all delightful. Our passengers suffered all the disagreeable consequences of tossing weather, but my visits to the Folgers, and my boyish trips in their fishing-sloops, made me ready to help or to laugh as the humor took me, and the ocean gave me plenty to look at. I will not bore you with any of my sky and sea experiences. One thing, however, would have interested you, who watch the sky as carefully as a merchant does the stock exchange. It was the woolly, fleecy look of the clouds as we neared this side. Everything seemed softened and near; great heaps of white wool rolled up from the horizon, and seemed to touch the mast-head. You may account for it philosophically; I looked at it with a curious wonder whether the earth was to be as strange as the sky. And strange it was; the little old-fashioned Boulogne-sur-Mer, the queer French watering-place, with its quaint bathing-machines on the beach, its market square in front of the cathedral, and the breezy, shaded walks on the walls, were sufficiently unlike Rye Beach, Nantasket, or the Maine coast to make me realize that I was in a foreign country, if the heavy-looking men in blouses, the stout women in short petticoats and white caps, did not contrast enough with our wide-awake, shambling, lean countrymen and our anxious-looking, intelligent women.

A most melancholy country it is, that the railroad carries you through, between Boulogne and Paris, — a country which would make you despair more than did the old fields of Virginia in the far-off times. Long, dreary stretches of sand, glaring in the sunshine, with here and there a cluster of stone huts, — an irretrievable country; I wondered what had become of *la belle France*.

But Paris, — I am in Paris, safe through the octroi, the cabmen, the porters, and on the second floor of the snug little Hôtel des États Unis, Rue d'Outin, that Frank Richards recommended, well cared for by the kindly Madame Robin, who piques herself on her English, and who thinks so much of Americans.

Lucy asks why I say nothing about my side. My dear sister, I have nothing to say. So far, the wound has given me no trouble, and, should it break out again, I am in good hands here. Do not be anxious about me, I shall do well enough. Colonel Ridgeley is my most anxious thought at present. I shall go to the American bankers, and among them I must find his address; but I cannot throw off the weight which lies upon me when I think of what may have happened. It is two years since we have heard anything direct, nothing but Miss Gardiner's note to Lucy, telling of the going to Europe last spring. I shall find them, however, for we know they are in Paris unless they have entirely changed their plans.

No, I have not forgotten all that we said to each other the evening before I left you. There is now no reason but my want of means to prevent me from trying to win Miss Ridgeley; and that, please God to give me good health, cannot long stand in my way, with the whole West before me, with my education, and with the helping hand which you, my dear brother, have held out for me to put mine into ever since the day you took up your duty of elder brother.

Who would not be an American with the future in his own hands? I shall not hesitate, I shall speak at once, at whatever risk to myself. I hold it cowardly for a man who knows his own mind to keep silence from a selfish fear of a repulse. He has no right to keep a woman ignorant of his intentions; nothing seems to me more unmanly than the "caution which waits to be assured of success," which will not commit itself to the chances of defeat, which gives all risks and takes none.

Shall I ever cure myself of writing to you of my own nearest concerns? It is your fault, you have taught me to do it; and, because you know me so well, others know little of me.

The city has waked up now, the

shops are opening, and the carriages beginning to rattle at an hour when the day is half over at home, and Madame Robin offers a *valet de place* to show me the wonders of Paris. I thank the broken-down seedy-looking individual, who stands hat in hand assuring me that nobody can show me what he can, Paris *à fond;* but I am too poor for such a troublesome luxury, and I prefer making my own mistakes and being cheated in my own way.

11 P. M.

Tired out and disappointed! I have tried all the prominent American bankers, seen their books, their letter-boxes, but no clew. Of course it is only a question of time; the police can give me a list of all residents, but I had hoped to see them to-day.

Since banking hours I have been in the gardens of the Tuileries, looking at the French bonnes flirting with the Zouaves; the wonderfully dressed little children feeding the birds; the shaky old gentlemen sitting on the benches, for which you do not pay; and the well-to-do shop-women on the chairs for which you do pay. I wondered, with the children, at the elegant pony carriage drawn by a team of goats; and gave a poor boy two sous, that he might ride on one of the wooden ponies which whirl around so fast. Then I witnessed the astonishing performances of Punch and Judy, whose witticisms and allusions were lost upon me. We have read of all these things so often, and pictured them to ourselves in such a perversely wrong-headed, left-handed way, that seeing them as they really are is like rubbing our eyes to find ourselves awake and the things around us changed from dreams to realities. And yet Miss Betsy would be glad to believe that the *café chantant* where I took my supper to-night was no reality, but only a bad dream. Poor Miss Betsy —

Wednesday night.

I think I can write steadily when I once get started; but how to begin with every nerve alive, every sense acute; with my blood tingling through my veins in a way to make all life that I have known before only a dull sleep! I have found them, — found them in the easiest way; after all my search at the bankers, my application to the police registry, — found them by the merest chance, let me say by the happiest luck. I believe in luck, and in my own luck from this time forth.

Did you ever hear of the Parc Monceau, the prettiest little place in Paris? — a bit of the country let into the town, lovely with trees and lake and fountain; a place to come upon as I did last Monday at the end of a tiresome, sight-seeing day; strolling around it in a listless, stupid way, not knowing, not dreaming that my happiness lay before me. How we grope like blind people for what is just beside us! I had looked nervously into the faces of every group of foreigners I had met that day; the galleries, the palaces were passed through in a way that must have distracted my guides. I could not have sworn to having seen a picture. I was sure of nothing but the Venus of Milo, and a disappointing succession of English and American faces, into which I had rudely stared. But here, when I had given up all hope, when I was thinking only of the morrow's chances; here, quietly seated in the shade of a little cluster of trees, — I play with my happiness, it seems so beyond my deserts as not to belong to me, — here they were both, Colonel Ridgeley and his daughter; he looking older, careworn, but still himself, and she all that I knew she would be, — all that even in the darkest times, when I could promise myself nothing, it made me happy to think that she would be. She was startled, and as I saw it I tried to reason myself into quietness, and say that it was only the sight of an old friend, and that I was a fool to think it anything else; but, with this dancing happiness going through me, how could I listen to anything reasonable?

We talked through the surprise of meeting, asked and answered the hundred questions that rose; spoke of friends left behind, and thought of those

who were never to be seen again; then we walked home through the gay streets to their quaint little rooms.

To sit there by Colonel Ridgeley's side, and see Ida busying herself with the little preparations for tea, while I told of you and of Lucy, and heard of their daily life, their plans for the future! — I think I am a little crazy to-night, I shall not write you any more.

Yes, Colonel Ridgeley walked to the bridge with me, and we stood looking over the parapet at the great pile of the Louvre, which stretched out before us, while he spoke for the first time of the war, of himself in connection with it. He said very little, but that little was said with an earnestness that makes every word stand out before me. "I have lived to feel that in the most important decision of my life I decided wrongly; I have lived to be glad that events have proved me in the wrong; but, believe me, Major Thayer, utterly blinded to our country's claims as we may have seemed to you, the dupes of intriguing politicians as we certainly were, I am not the only Southerner who thought he was doing his duty in standing by his State. Not for slavery, — you know what my feeling has always been there, — but because we really believed that our first duty was to our State, — to go with her, right or wrong. Does this seem impossible to you? When you have lived as long as I have, you may come to know what it is to be torn by doubt as to the right."

"But now — " said I.

"Yes, now I see my way clearly, hard as that way may be, to stay here a few months, — long enough to give myself breathing time, and to allow some bitter feelings at home to pass away, and then to go back and follow the example set by some of our best men in trying to reconcile our people to what is and must be. Nor am I unhappy; I see hope for us in the future, I see a clear path of duty before me. I am not to be pitied," he continued, shaking my hand as he said good night: "those are to be pitied who will not accept the inevitable, — those of my countrymen who have exiled themselves forever in a cowardly despair."

Yesterday morning found me as desponding as the day before I had been hopeful, but I would not send my letter till I knew my fate; and now — that blessed little Parc Monceau — I have seen it again, seen it with Ida alone. I think there is a broken colonnade there, which stretches beside the loveliest of walks, along which go wandering the merriest of children and the archest of bonnes, who bent knowing glances toward the young foreign couple, one of whom never saw them till he knew how happy he was. I do not know how soon I took her home to her father, — a man in a three-cornered hat came to say that the gates were shut at dark, — but Colonel Ridgeley did not look surprised when I told him how long I had loved her. He said, there on that same bridge where we had talked two nights before, "It is true that there was a time when the thought of my daughter's marrying out of her own circle, out of my own peculiar connections, would have been a very painful thing to me; perhaps I should even have thought such a connection an unequal one; but a larger knowledge, a more extended experience, have taught me a truer wisdom. And for yourself, you must not think that I have been so careless a father as to trust my daughter so entirely and so intimately to your society without remembering that this might be the result. I know you, Horace, very thoroughly, I believe; and there is no one to whom I would give her more readily. My dear boy, there is nothing so strange in all this; is the friendship of years to go for nothing? did you not believe it to be sincere?" After that, my dear brother, do you wonder that I came home happy?

Your brother,

HORACE.

After these letters I have only one thing to say. I am glad it was not the police that brought them together. That would have been more prosaic than even the telegraph official.

MY DARLINGS.

MY Rose, so red and round,
My Daisy, darling of the summer weather,
You must go down now, and keep house together,
Low underground!

O little silver line
Of meadow water, ere the cloud rise darkling
Slip out of sight, and with your comely sparkling
Make their hearth shine.

Leaves of the garden bowers,
The frost is coming soon,—your prime is over;
So gently fall, and make a soft, warm cover
To house my flowers.

Lithe willow, too, forego
The crown that makes you queen of woodland graces,
Nor leave the winds to shear the lady tresses
From your drooped brow.

Oak, held by strength apart
From all the trees, stop now your stems from growing,
And send the sap, while yet 't is bravely flowing,
Back to your heart.

And ere the autumn sleet
Freeze into ice, or sift to bitter snowing,
Make compact with your peers for overstrowing
My darlings sweet.

So when their sleepy eyes
Shall be unlocked by May with rainy kisses,
They to the sweet renewal of old blisses
Refreshed may rise.

Lord, in that evil day
When my own wicked thoughts like thieves waylay me,
Or when pricked conscience rises up to slay me,
Shield me, I pray.

Ay, when the storm shall drive,
Spread thy two blessed hands like leaves above me,
And with thy great love, though none else should love me,
Save me alive!

Heal with thy peace my strife;
And as the poet with his golden versing
Lights his low house, give me, thy praise rehearsing,
To light my life.

Shed down thy grace in showers,
And if some roots of good, at thy appearing,
Be found in me, transplant them for the rearing
Of heavenly flowers.

FOREIGN FACES.

THE value and significance of the human face is hardly appreciated in our industrial life. So many of us are intent upon the same thing that all our faces have but one meaning; so much monotony, very often ignoble, is tiresome. We are classified by our life, and fall under a type, — either the clerical, the mercantile, or the political type. The unending succession of variations of these types is not stimulating to artists or poets. The novelist, to find a subject that interests him, has to go down to the picturesque and vagabond classes. He carefully avoids the respectable; they may point his moral, but cannot adorn his tale.

In that great period of modern Europe which succeeded to the Middle Ages, and called man from renunciations and asceticisms to his natural life, which completely set aside mediæval inspirations, and gave us the natural and humanizing works of Da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Titian, and Tintoret, of Rabelais, Montaigne, Corneille, Cervantes, Chaucer, and Shakespeare, — spirits that fed themselves at those twin sources of all good and all beauty, nature and Greek antiquity, — the human face was a poem, individual, charged with its own burden of meaning, marked with the character of its personal and uncommon experience. But to-day we have so systematized everything, our social life is so perfectly organized, we are in such public and close communion, that we have obliterated all striking differences; we resemble each other. All of us have the same story to tell; we tell it in the same language; we carefully avoid a peculiar experience and an uncommon expression. The press and the pulpit have given the people *fade* phrases and trite sentiment in place of the racy and fresh expressions which were the outcome of their occupation and of their idiosyncrasies of character.

In our country, which is the most perfect result of modern ideas, the uniformity of life, and consequent uniformity of faces, is more apparent than in continental Europe; for in Europe there are whole populations not yet out of mediæval ideas, others that yet remain bound to those of the First Empire. There are provinces in the middle of France that live by the ideas and passions of the sixteenth century. In Bretagne, for example, it is said that the peasants have the naïve faith of the time of the good king Saint Louis, and live entirely in the thirteenth century. Among such people you find the average face is not to be classed as clerical, political, or mercantile; as that of trader, gambler, or grasper.

From the provinces of France, from the heart of the solitary and simple life of the country, young men go to Paris. They make the glory of France. They are not modelled after common types; they have not been made by newspapers and pulpits; they are themselves. One day it was Rabelais from Chinnon, Montaigne from Perigord, Napoleon from Corsica, Lamennais from Saint-Malo, Lamartine from Macon, Millet from Greville. Although Molière, Rousseau, and George Sand, three great personalities, three remarkable faces, were born in cities, the life of Rousseau derived all its beauty and all its literary charm from his experience in the country; the same may be said of George Sand. As for Molière, he lived at a time when Paris, still a mediæval city, occupied by the powdered and ruffled and ribboned gallants of the court of Louis XIII., was varied and picturesque.

We build so rapidly to-day, that, unlike our ancestors, who always lived in the houses of their forefathers, we live in our own shells, and our cities always correspond with the actual gen-

eration. The monotony and system of our life does not produce individuals, but general types of a common character. What we call the American face is high-browed, cold-eyed, thin-lipped; it has a dry skin, long nose, high cheek-bones; it is a face wholly devoid of poetry, of sentiment, of tenderness, of imagination; it is a keen, sensible, calculating, aggressive face, certainly not a face to fascinate or love. It is most interesting when it is most ugly, like the good Lincoln's. Happily, he was an individual that no system, no routine, no official life, could destroy or make negative. But how many public functionaries thought he had a poor face! The average American face has not the interest to me of Lincoln's; it is not so noble, so good. Lincoln's face, full of rude forms, expressed a simple, benevolent, thoughtful spirit.

On the Continent you will meet with a vast variety of physiognomies, individual, suggestive, and often full of charm. The ugliest faces, I suppose, are to be found at Bale. The Swiss women of the lower classes are absurdly ugly. A walk through Bale explained to me why Holbein was the greatest painter of ugly faces that the world has produced, or is likely ever to produce. But I am to speak especially of faces seen at Paris.

In a students' restaurant of the *Quartier Latin*, for example, I have observed romantic and beautiful faces of young men. One, perhaps from the South of France, had a warm, bronzed skin, warm eyes, abundant black hair falling upon either side of a low, square, white forehead. He had a dreamy, brooding face. It had no trace of trade or machinery; it was like a troubadour's song; his hair reminded me of the curls of Antinous in the Louvre. Certainly I enjoyed taking my dinner opposite to him. He was far better to me than one of the million duplicates of Young America, whose face is bare of poetry, romance, and sentiment. The face of the young American, regular, handsome, full of energy, will, decision, shows too much the domination of purely material things.

At one time I became interested in two brothers. They were twins, about twenty-five, with comical, libidinous faces. They always dined with company, bubbled with laughter and fun, and sang half the time. They were law students. When they ate and drank and sang, in spite of their very proper clothes they seemed like two fauns strayed into modern Paris. If they were, happy for the jury that shall listen to their pleading, and happy the judge who shall hear their citations. They revived a chapter of pagan mythology, and suggested all the sport of their ancestors. Nature was in full force in their great awkward bodies.

The women faces of Paris are of an indescribable variety. Paris draws to herself, at one time or another, the most beautiful women of the provinces. Paris is the gallery in which they are best seen, the *salon* where they will be the most admired. The gay and unrestrained Parisian does not withhold the expression of his feeling as the Englishman does.

At the public balls you will remark the rare beauty of the girls, — girls and women of the people. The black-eyed or blond Parisian, slender, graceful, nervous, all fire and action; or the peasant-girl, large, round, soft, ruddy, quiet. One obscure Paris model, I knew, was a tall blond Lombard girl, with luxuriant tawny hair, which, always in "admired disorder," was simply drawn back and twisted on the head. She loved Victor Hugo's books, was a Red Republican, and would have fought and sung on the barricades like an Amazon of Liberty, with the same careless spirit that she sang and sat in Parisian studios. She had eyes blue as her own Adriatic, a finely formed full mouth, a fair skin, and a superb neck, well placed. She carried her head like a swan. Although poor, almost homeless, no social slavery had touched her. Her face was wild and free like a Bacchante's. A great painter could have found an immortal type in her

large noble face and heroic figure, — could have seen under the rags of her poverty an antique virgin, sister of the Venus of Milo. How long would an artist have to hunt in New York or Boston for such a type! We produce one type, — "the girl of the period," — who generally overdresses, who is pert and trivial, who is intelligent and vivacious, but dreams just as little as her brother the clerk or her father the banker. They have but one idea, — it is to advance. The girl of the Continent dreams, feels poetry, is impressionable, naïve, and has sentiment; if of the people, she is generous, and respects her impulses. I have seen in Paris, at the public concerts, French girls, white and blond, demure and frail, delicate like New England Sunday-school teachers; looking at them, you could not expect anything but a tract or a hymn, but they give you something very different.

A type very often seen is the beautiful dark woman, with an oval face, dead olive skin, very pale, Oriental eyes stained with henna, hair in great flat bands on the temples, coiled and twisted behind, — a type admired by Gautier, Baudelaire, and De Musset; the kind of woman of whom De Musset wrote, "Two destroying angels, sweet and cruel, walk invisible at her side; they are Voluptuousness and Death."

But let us look upon celebrated faces; there is Nillson, she who is loved and admired by all Paris. I have seen her modest and girlish face, heard her sweet voice. Such a face makes critics eloquent and versifiers poets. The French commit excesses in describing her. A writer, in one of the first Reviews, tried to express the meaning of her eyes, and wrote: "The eye of Christine Nillson, now green, now of a limpid blue with gold reflections, has the cold and cruel beauty of the blinding and shivering suns of the Falberg, always crowned with snow and ice; and it also resembles that gulf of the Maelstrom about which Edgar Poe speaks to us, — the strange and ravishing sensation with which it confounds the spectator, — strange indeed! From afar, vague and fleeting apparition, night crowned with stars, — that slender figure from the North, when you see her close by, shows features largely cut as in the antique statues; the cheeks and the chin are solid and reassuring like strength." This interesting verbal extravagance has some meaning, and helps me to appreciate the suggestiveness of the Swedish face of Christine Nillson.

Another remarkable face at Paris was Charles Baudelaire's. At twenty-one, rich, handsome, having written his first verses, — his face was said to have been of a rare beauty. The eyebrow pure, long, of a great sweep, covered warm Oriental eyes, vividly colored; the eye was black and deep, it embraced, questioned, and reflected whatever surrounded it; the nose graceful, ironical, with forms well defined, the end somewhat rounded and projecting, made me think of the celebrated phrase of the poet: *My soul flutters over perfumes, as the souls of other men flutter over music.* The mouth was arched, and refined by the mind, and made one think of the splendor of fruits. The chin was rounded, but of a proud relief, strong like that of Balzac. The brow was high, broad, magnificently designed, covered with silken hair, which, naturally curly, fell upon a neck like that of Achilles.

Theodore Rousseau had a face that was said to resemble one of the black bulls of his own Jura; Courbet, called handsome, resembles an Assyrian, Gautier, a Turkish Pacha; Ingres's face resembled that of a civilized gorilla. He was probably the ugliest and most obstinate man in Europe, — obstinate like Thiers. The noble and beautiful head of George Sand, so superbly drawn by Couture, resembles the Venus of Milo. Her large, tranquil eyes are almost as celebrated as her romances; they are brooding and comprehensive; they suggest sacred and secret things. Liszt had an uncommon face; "nervous, floating loose, all the emotions of his music, all the fantasies of his impro-

visation passed upon his countenance, quick as his fingers ran upon the keys, — a moved, strange, and always inspired face." A French portrait-painter, who had the talent of an antique medalist, abstracted all the fleeting expressions from Liszt's face, and "in place of an ephemeral man seemed to have copied an immortal statue."

French artists have painted some of the greatest modern heads. Lamennais by Scheffer, Napoleon III. by Flandrin, George Sand by Couture, Cherubini by Ingres, — what American faces and portraits shall we place beside these? Lincoln by Marshall? Chief Justice Shaw by Hunt? and the late Mr. Furness's portraits of women? they do not represent so much science nor so much art as the foreign work.

Flandrin's Napoleon is extraordinary. It expresses a still intensity. It is a "gray, sad, stern, heavy, tiresome, bad face." Not as art, but as character, we place by the side of it Napoleon's immortal American contemporary, Marshall's engraving of the good Lincoln; it is a sad, kind, simple, generous face.

Delacroix had "a rude, square face, small vivid black eyes, that shot their glance from under projecting brows and reminded one of an etching of Rembrandt. He had a profound and melancholy smile, a thin, open, trembling nostril; his mouth was firmly formed, was like a bent bow; from it he lanced his bitter words. He was not beautiful in the eyes of good citizens, but he had a radiant and spiritual face, intense with emotion and thought. Storms had passed over it."

The only two French faces that resemble Americans that I know are those of Favre and Ollivier. Emile Ollivier looks like a Bostonian, and, at the first glance, Jules Favre like a New England clergyman. But as you look at Favre's bold and aggressive face, you find in it that indescribable something which all foreign faces have, which scarcely any American face has, which I suppose is the result of sentiments and pictures, and statues and music, and of things that never touch an American's life, but which are the habitual experience of a Frenchman. His face has not the hardness and coldness of our own, it seems to have a greater range of expression, is more mobile, and fuller in gradation; even Guizot's, thin and poor like a parson's, severe like a theologian's, has a look that assures you he has not spent his life upon local things.

The variety of the type of face upon the Continent, and especially in Paris, is not only to be attributed to the greater play of the social life, but also to the greater variety of æsthetic influences that act upon individuals. There can be no question but that women, when most impressionable, fix and repeat the impressions which they receive; and that a population daily familiarized with the most beautiful forms and heads of antiquity, the most beautiful paintings of the Italian masters, must reproduce some of the fine traits which they have contemplated while walking in the Louvre or in the public gardens.

The "influence of art" is either a beautiful fiction or an impressive and beautiful reality; the population of Paris makes me believe it is a reality. Walking the streets, I have seen just such faces as glow in color or shine in the marble of statues in the galleries of the Louvre. The low brows and full lips of the Egyptian sphinxes, the faces of Assyrian kings, the slender and elegant forms of the Etruscans, preserved with costly care in the public museums, free to the people, are repeated by French mothers. It is well that a race so mobile, so impressionable, surround themselves with grand and beautiful forms, with things that enrich the life. If their habitual life were as bare of such objects of enthusiastic contemplation as is the life of most American mothers, facial traits would inevitably degenerate to flat monotony, become debased, and poor in suggestion. When you observe a beautiful face in Paris, it is generally classic, or at least you can refer it back to some historic type. It may be a living illustration of some

Greek or Italian form, perhaps it is light, — charming, pleasant, like Watteau's dames, all sunny gayety; or it is a sweet, soft, innocent, voluptuous face, like one of Greuze's girls.

In going through our portrait-galleries, the annual array of the Academy of Design, we encounter insignificant and pretentious faces, vulgar faces, hard faces, stupid faces, faces of men sitting to be looked at, rarely one that looks at you and holds you with the glance, like Titian's grand heads. We do not admire our fellow-citizens on canvas or in photographs. Seldom do we find a face so forceful as that of Parke Godwin's, worthy model for Rembrandt, or like Sandford R. Gifford's, worthy model for Titian or Velasquez, or Dr. Brownson's face, which was so vigorously painted by Healy. These are exceptions, for S. R. Gifford looks more like one of Titian's portraits than like an average American; Parke Godwin looks like a Tintoret, and Bryant like one of Fuseli's bards civilized.

Béranger had a beautiful face; it beamed with a genial and fatherly spirit; Lamennais, with his immense brow and piercing eyes, looked like a converted Mephistopheles still troubled with questions, the most purely intellectual and intense of human faces, — to me a terrible face; then there was the extraordinary face of Michel the advocate, described by George Sand in *Histoire de ma Vie*, looking as if he had two craniums, one soldered upon the other; the sign of all the high faculties of the soul not more prominent at the prow than the generous instincts were at the stern of the strong vessel. At the first glance, although but thirty, he looked sixty years old.

When you enter the French Chamber of Deputies, you are struck with the resemblance to American faces, but they are more refined. The men of state all over the world have the same general traits. It is only by watching the play of emotion and the movement of thought that you notice the difference. Then you see that they have thoughts that are not our thoughts, and are qualified by fine and exquisite things. In one word, they have a refined scale of emotions unknown to us.

The human face is a sublime, a beautiful, a mysterious revelation. The life experience traces itself upon the living clay, and for a brief moment the soul looks through a splendid mask of time, transfigured or disfigured by bodily habits, vices, or passions. Most faces are bad imitations of animals; I say bad, because the animal type is confused, not in its perfection when mixed with the human. The most animal types are the Roman heads.

It is a great misfortune to be preoccupied with vulgar or trivial things; they cannot make the heroic face. The reason that poets have such beautiful faces, in spite of habits like Burns's and Poe's, is that they contemplate beautiful things and think grand and generous thoughts. All the great painters have been handsome and remarkable looking men; Titian, and Raphael, and Rubens, and Vandyke readily illustrate my statement. Tintoret had a solemn and grand face; Da Vinci, a noble and beautiful face; Rembrandt, a sagacious, honest, profound face. Our fine sculptors, Brown, Ward, Palmer, and Thompson, have something Continental about their faces, and do not look narrow, but as if illuminated by a ray of the ideal. The finest faces in Europe were the faces of Shakespeare, Molière, and Goethe. Their faces prove to us that just in the measure that we escape sordid thoughts and material cares, and occupy our minds with the beauty of nature, the wit of men, the poetry of life, we set to work a skilful sculptor, who day by day models with an imperceptible and sure hand the heavy, expressionless clay; and in time the rude features become almost grand with goodness like Lincoln's, beautiful with tranquillity like Washington's, or Titanic like Webster's.

Let us imitate the Greeks, the most beautiful of all the historic races, or the Etruscans, which were the most elegant, and recommend to the women

of the land to place in their houses the statues of antique heroes, the pictures of beautiful women. Each generation should be the perfected illustration of all that we admire or ought to admire. But let us dispense with cast-iron dogs, deer, and nymphs, manufactured by enterprising Americans for our country homes. The worse than barbarous taste shown in these hideous imitations of reality must make a lover of the beautiful despair. We have got to learn that statues and fountains and vases cannot be made as we make sewing-machines and steam-ploughs; that a cast-iron dog, from a poor model, does not take the place of the antique boar of the Tuileries or the Lion of Barye.

It is because poets and painters and men of science are admitted into the universal life that their faces lose mean, local traits and resemble each other. The noblest men are not national, but universal. When we think great actions, we look them; when we entertain dreams and have sentiment, we look it, as Hawthorne, as Shelley, as Keats. The face betrays the thought. What would Whittier's face be without the poetry that has flown over it? What is any face that has not been touched, shaped, developed by those invisible influences which come to us from the ideal world and nature, which we call art, science, music? If we spend our days monotonously, like fabricators of pins, we must drain our faces of even what we bring from our anterior life; and how soon most of us lose the traces of that life which in childhood gives such a magic and innocent depth to the eye, which remains sometimes in boyhood and youth,—a wide-eyed, bewildered expression, as if to say the soul does not yet understand why it is subjected to the enormous pressure of prosaic and deadening circumstances accumulated by the machinery of social life.

MY VISIT TO THE GORILLA.

DO not expect, fastidious reader, to be regaled with a dish of spicy adventure from the wilds of Africa, where the gorilla is "at home" to all inquiring friends; for I am sorry to say that I have never visited that most delightful region. My exploits as a hunter have been neither numerous nor wonderful, and I have never been able to fare sumptuously every day on stewed tigers and rhinoceros steaks. To be sure, I have had many imaginary adventures in which all the pleasures of the chase were experienced without any of the perils, and in fancy I have often bagged a hippopotamus and throttled a giraffe. As a matter of fact, however, I have seldom slaughtered any game more dangerous than tom-cats; and my weapons in those exciting combats were neither rifles nor revolvers, but simply brickbats. However, it is the spirit in which warfare is conducted that determines its character and dignity, and I am convinced that as much courage may be shown in a struggle with a tom-cat as in an encounter with a lion.

The most trivial circumstances often develop a hardihood which will prove itself equal to the most terrible emergencies. It was the pursuit of hares and foxes which produced in the perfumed loungers of Pall Mall the dauntless heroism that scaled the Redan. And the simple out-door sports, the athletic exercises, and the mimic conflicts of the gymnasium, did much to nurture the unrivalled valor which shone so conspicuously on the battle-fields of the Rebellion. As for quickness of eye and steadiness of nerve, so essential to the hunter whether of beasts or men, there is no comparison

between the complete self-mastery required in skilfully firing a revolver and in successfully shying a brickbat. The dead-shot who can snuff a taper with his rifle, would find it no easy matter to hit a tom-cat on the wing with a brickbat, or bring down a gutter-snipe with a paving-stone. Have you ever seen a tom-cat at bay, Mr. Tompkins? If not, your education has been sadly neglected. To confront that infuriated beast with his breast swelling with the unbridled passions of a Bengal tiger, his back arching fearfully, his hair bristling like quills upon the fretful porcupine, his jaws disclosing teeth of quite tremendous power, and spitting rage and fury at every breath, might well appall the heroic soul of a Wallace or shake the iron nerves of a Gérard.

It was said of that mighty hunter, that modern Nimrod, Gordon Cumming, who left as many bones to bleach on the forest floor of the tropics as whitened any of the battle-fields of Napoleon, that he quitted Great Britain to take part in a war against savages, and abandoned that kind of amusement because "warring with mere men yielded no relish to his splendid and bloody ambition." At last he returned home, "weeping because there were no more animals to vanquish, and desolate because the megatherium was disposed of before he took to shooting." Circumstances have prevented me from imitating his illustrious example, and, instead of hunting wild beasts in the wilderness, I have been obliged to moralize over them in the menagerie. That institution is my pet fancy, and as George Selwyn was certain to be in attendance at an execution, so I am always present whenever there is any excitement among the animals. I have punched the lordly lion in the superb collection at Regent's Park, snubbed the sagacious elephant in the Jardin des Plantes, fluttered the eagles in the Prater at Vienna, and been hugged by the affectionate bears at Berne. My greatest happiness consists in seeing some new specimen of animated nature, and I would travel far to

> "Behold the naturalist that in his teens
> Found six new species in a dish of greens."

When Mr. Barnum announced that he had a live gorilla on exhibition at his Museum, I was seized with an irresistible, and, as my friends said, a feverish desire to see it, partly because it was a decided novelty, but principally on account of its affinity to the human species. As a student of Monboddo, as a follower of Lamarck, as a disciple of Darwin, I have availed myself of every opportunity to trace the connection between man and the monkey, and to ascertain the exact point at which the lower animal assumes the functions of the higher. I must confess, however, that in my investigations I have met with many disappointments. At last I have been forced to the conclusion that, although there are many men possessing the qualities of monkeys, there are no monkeys with the higher faculties of men. It may be difficult to decide whether it is easier to lift a monkey up or to drag a mortal down, but I am satisfied that the millennium of monkeys is yet in the distant future. When the lamb can lie down with the lion without being inside of him, the grotesque parody on human nature may become its perfect counterpart.

Everybody remembers the lines in Pope's Essay on Man in which the poet represents the inhabitants of the celestial regions as so pleased with the discoveries of Sir Isaac that they

> "Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,
> And showed a Newton as we show an ape."

I have always regarded this as rather a dubious compliment to the philosopher, but not without value as an indication of the esteem in which the little hunchback of Twickenham held the members of the apish family with whom the scurrilous dunces of Grub Street delighted to compare him.

As it was impossible for me to meet the gorilla on his "native heath," to waylay him in the jungle or entrap him on the mountain, I thought the next best thing was to confront him at Bar-

num's. Being in New York soon after his arrival, I walked down Broadway, and, on approaching the Museum, my attention was attracted by a large picture suspended over the street in front of that renowned establishment. It represented the gorilla carrying off a female African under one arm, while with the other he brandished a club at a hunter, who was discharging his rifle at this ruthless destroyer of domestic happiness. At the same time another gorilla was overpowering an unfortunate darkey, — perhaps the husband of the wretched female previously mentioned. The painting seemed to me very striking and impressive, and well calculated, as the play-bills felicitously say, to convey a great moral lesson. It is true that a severe critic might have found fault with it as a work of art, and pronounced the coloring gaudy, the drawing defective, and the attitudes unnatural. But the enthusiastic admiration of the multitude outweighs the censorious judgment of the connoisseur. The picture was certainly very attractive to crowds of coon-faced countrymen and ragged newsboys, whose encomiums were earnest, if not elegant. "That big monkey must be a stunner," said an admiring urchin in my presence; "just see how jimmy he grabs that nigger-woman!" The rhetoric of Ruskin could hardly add force to that crude but comprehensive criticism.

Doubtless not a few of the rude rustics who gazed so intently on the pictorial gorilla cheerfully paid their thirty cents in the expectation of seeing the animal as he was depicted on the glowing canvas, but they were doomed to disappointment. So were the confiding creatures who read and believed the accounts in the newspapers of the exploits of the gorilla, when he was first taken to the Museum, in bending a solid bar of iron two and a half inches in diameter, and in performing various other surprising feats of strength. They undoubtedly expected to see a huge creature, whom one could hardly look at without fainting, securely fastened by an enormous chain-cable, and confined in a cage with iron bars at least six inches thick, — the said bars having deep indentations made by the teeth of the gorilla, and twisted into uncouth shapes by his relentless paws. They were probably prepared to find him chewing cast-iron instead of spruce-gum or "Century," and nibbling steel nails to keep his teeth sharp and his digestion sound. Readers of Du Chaillu, who remembered how that adventurous traveller heard the roar of the gorilla three miles off, and the noise of beating his breast with his fists at a distance of a mile, must have expected to be almost deafened by the yells and appalled by the hideous appearance of the horrid insect. To be sure, this was said to be but a baby gorilla, a mere infant only two and a half years old; although the advertisement mentioned its height as five feet two inches, which, according to the best authorities, is not far from the average height of the full-grown animal.

On entering the Museum and making the necessary preliminary inquiries, I proceeded, not without some trepidation, to the hall of the gorilla. As I approached his cage, the first object that caught my eye was a sign, on which were these warning words, "On account of the fierce nature of the gorilla, he must not be disturbed." This was to me a very provoking announcement, for I brought my cane with me on purpose to stir him up and make him lively. As he sat on his haunches, looking idiotically at the spectators, it was evident to every unprejudiced observer that he needed the healthy stimulus which a stick is so well calculated to afford. Although my cane was a valuable one, I was prepared to sacrifice it, if necessary, for the good of the gorilla, and would actually have seen it shivered to splinters without a pang. In the cause of science, in the interest of humanity, who would not cheerfully part with the fripperies of fashion and the superfluities of society? As a member of the Association for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, I have always been in favor of giving caged

beasts this kind of excitement. It quickens their sluggish circulation, rouses them from their savage lethargy, and lends a pleasing variety to the dismal monotony of their wearisome confinement.

But, as the French say, let us return to our monkeys, and examine the gorilla, which I barely got a glimpse of on my arrival on account of the crowd around his cage. I remember reading an anecdote of a young man who, while visiting a menagerie in some Western town, amused himself by poking a rather quiet orang-outang with his cane. The animal seemed unusually restive under this treatment, and at last exclaimed, much to the astonishment of the spectators, "If you punch me any more, Jim Wilson, I 'll come out and whip you out of your boots." Anywhere but in Mr. Barnum's establishment the printed warnings about not disturbing the gorilla might have excited suspicion that they were designed to prevent an examination which might reveal a power behind the throne, or, to speak more plainly, a man in the gorilla's skin. Whether it was a real gorilla or not was quite another question. Though not of a sceptical turn of mind, I found it hard to believe that I stood in the presence of what the enthusiastic Du Chaillu calls "the king of the African forest," and what even his detractors admit to be the most powerful and ferocious of the simian kind. An animal that, according to Du Chaillu, is feared by the tiger, and has no peer but in the crested lion of Mount Atlas, ought to have pride in his port, defiance in his eye, and really look the great sublime he is. To be sure, this specimen was called a baby, though he seemed to me an enormous infant, and, as the boys say, extremely large for his size. He was confined in an ordinary cage with iron bars of about one half inch in diameter, which seemed rather a frail barrier to those who remembered the newspaper reports which represented the gorilla on his first appearance at the Museum as bending with ease bars of five times the thickness. He also had an ornamental chain about his graceful neck. Let me frankly confess, at the outset, that I am not an indiscriminate monkey-fancier, or amateur in apes, although I know a thing or two about them. Even if I can tell a Ring-tailed Squealer from a Red Howler, a Malbrouck from a Douroucouli, and a Cacajao from a Chimpanzee, it by no means follows that I make any pretensions to a profound and exhaustive knowledge of the whole subject.

It is sagaciously remarked by an eminent naturalist, Professor Huxley, in his interesting and suggestive work on "Evidence as to Man's Place in Nature," that "any one who cannot see the posterior lobe in an ape's brain is not likely to give a very valuable opinion respecting the posterior cornu or the hippocampus minor." This lucid observation suggests one of the limitations of my own knowledge. The learned professor has, unconsciously perhaps, described my personal predicament. I frankly confess that I can't see it, i. e. the posterior lobe, and therefore refrain from expressing any opinion on the hippocampus minor, which I really could n't distinguish from a drum-major. But although I know little or nothing of the internal organization of the simian kind, I am tolerably familiar with their external appearance. It was with considerable confidence, therefore, on first beholding the so-called gorilla, that I pronounced him an unmitigated humbug. From numerous descriptions and illustrations, I felt myself as well acquainted with the genuine animal as if I had been introduced to the whole family, and hob-a-nobbed with them in the most friendly manner. From the absence of the bony frontal ridge and of the peculiarly projecting nose bone which are distinguishing features of the gorilla, the size and shape of the head and body, the appearance of the hands and feet, the dog-like face, the length of the limbs, the inferior muscular development, the mild expression of the

countenance, so different from the ferocious aspect of the gorilla, and various other indications which it is unnecessary to enumerate, I was satisfied that this was an animal of an inferior kind.

It is well known that the adult gorilla is utterly untamable. Du Chaillu, who had four young ones in custody at a very early age, found them perfectly intractable; and although Mr. Winwood Reade saw one in captivity as docile as a young chimpanzee, this appears to be an exceptional instance. The animal at Mr. Barnum's was as quiet as a kitten and as silly as a sheep. He was only too glad to eat anything that was given to him, while it is well known that the real gorilla refuses to eat anything but the fruits and juicy plants of his own wilds; and Du Chaillu, in his Journey to Ashango Land, remarks that this repugnance to any other food will always be a difficulty in the way of bringing him to a foreign country alive. The longer I looked at the animal in the Museum, the more I became convinced, not only that it was not a gorilla, but that it was not even one of the anthropoid apes. The reader who is interested in the subject will find a Diagram in Professor Huxley's book, representing in order the skeletons of the Gorilla, Chimpanzee, Orang-Outang, and Gibbon; these four are the anthropoid or manlike apes, — the *crême de la crême* of the fraternity, — and it was with unfeigned regret that I could not admit Mr. Barnum's animal to their select fellowship.

For some time the "gorilla" rested quietly on his haunches, and seemed indisposed to move, so that I could not get a satisfactory view of him. At last he ceased to squat, and got upon all-fours, when, to my mingled sorrow and delight, he switched out from under him a long tail. This was enough for me, and confirmed my previous impressions as to his character; for, though all other signs might fail, the presence of this caudal continuation proved conclusively that he was not a gorilla or any manlike ape. None of this higher class of apes are cursed with this Satanic * appendage, which is the mark of a greatly inferior type. A gorilla with a tail would be a monstrosity confounding all canons of anthropoidal organization, and confusing all theories of natural selection. A six-legged calf may be regarded as a harmless variation, but a tailed gorilla would be as alarming and preposterous a creation as a griffin or a centaur, and almost as unnatural as a Yahoo or a Houyhnhnm.

As is well known to the learned, men originally had tails; but that was in the primitive condition of the race, when, as geologists inform us, the delicate megatherium crawled upon the land, and the festive ichthyosaurus gambolled in the water. The invention of chairs is supposed by some ingenious writer to have had the effect of gradually wearing them down, until at last they disappeared entirely. Ill-natured punsters, however, have been heard to declare that man is still a tale-bearing animal. The precise time when man lost the last vestige of caudal creation, when, in legal phrase, he ceased to be "seized in tail," is lost in the twilight of fable, and all my researches in the geological records, as well as among Egyptian papyric and Assyrian manuscripts, have led to no satisfactory conclusion in regard to it. But though tails probably went out of fashion at an early period in the history of the primeval man, if indeed they were not worn off by rubbing against the Old Red Sandstone, yet reports of their reappearance have occasionally startled the curious. In fact, it was once believed by intelligent foreigners that all Englishmen were thus distinguished; and John Bale, Bishop of Ossory, a zealous reformer in the time of Edward VI., complains in his Actes of English Votaries, "that an Englyshman now cannot travayle in another land by way of marchandyse or any other honest occupyinge, but

* "And pray how was the Devil dress't?
Oh! he was in his Sunday's best;
His coat was red, and his breeches were blue,
With a hole behind that his tail came thro'."
SOUTHEY, *The Devil's Walk.*

it is most contumeliously thrown in his tethe that all Englyshmen have tails." I am inclined to regard as equally unworthy of belief the stories of tailed men told by Struys, D'Abbadie, Wolf, and other travellers in Abyssinia and Formosa. Whatever ingenious theorists or imaginative travellers may say to the contrary, it is one of the plainest of physiological truths, that a caudal elongation of the spinal vertebræ is a physical impossibility in the present condition of mankind. The os sacrum, or sacred bone, which terminates the spine, prevents "the human form divine" from being profaned by that brutal appendage popularly called a tail. It is true that no less a philosopher than Lord Monboddo entertained a contrary opinion, and regarded a tail as essential to the perfect man, and invaluable as an index of emotion; but this was one of his lordship's weak points. "Other people," said Dr. Johnson, "have strange notions, but they conceal them. If they have tails, they hide them; but Monboddo is as jealous of his tail as a squirrel."

My experience with the "gorilla" was indeed disheartening. With a person of my sensitive and confiding nature such a shock is not easily overcome, and it naturally resulted in a severe sickness. None of my friends knew the cause of the malady, and my liver received the blame which rightfully belonged to the amorphous ape. Let me make a brief statement of that day's experience. I went to the Museum as a philanthropist and philosophical observer, expecting to see an animal who in structure is nearer akin to man than he is to the lower apes, and who, as the representative of the advanced development of his race, is, in the opinion of many eminent naturalists, the progenitor of our poor humanity, the type of the primeval Adam. I went to greet him as a man and a brother, and, discarding all traditional notions and unworthy prejudices, to extend to him the right hand of fellowship, — figuratively, of course, for I confess that I thought I might possibly be overpowered by the warmth of his reception, and should be afraid to trust my feeble fingers in his friendly but tremendous gripe.

I found a creature of a much lower kind, who can hardly be said to have any standing among his fellows, inasmuch as he does not stand at all, but grovels in the dust, and goes upon all-fours. In brief, instead of a glorious gorilla, I found a maudlin monkey, a bloated baboon. Indeed, I almost fancied that the *soi-disant* gorilla had a sneaking consciousness that he was not what he was represented to be, that in fact he was a shameless impostor. How else account for the furtive glances and the uneasy demeanor, which it is impossible to simulate, of one who dreads detection and yet repels repentance?

In despair of ever being able to see the gorilla in a menagerie, I have almost determined to seek for him in his native wilds, and meet Bombastes face to face; but I am afraid my stern resolve will gradually fade away, and I shall die without the sight. It is somewhat singular that, though the gorilla was one of the earliest known apes, it should be the last to be scientifically investigated, and that there still exists so much difference of opinion in regard to its character and habits. Whether the gorilla is the wild man seen by Hanno, the ancient Carthaginian voyager; whether it belongs to the nation of wood-eaters, who had no arms but sticks, mentioned by Diodorus Siculus, and referred to by Monboddo in his curious treatise On the Origin and Progress of Language; or whether it is the Pongo seen by the adventurous soldier, Andrew Battell, who, in a passage quoted in that quaint old book, Purchas his Pilgrimes, describes it as engaged in the pleasant occupation of clubbing elephants and killing negroes, — is by no means easy to determine.

It is certain, however, that the stories told by the natives of its carrying off females from their villages, of its clutching travellers in its claws, pulling them up into trees, and choking them to

death, are mere fanciful inventions. That the gorilla does not build a house of leaves and twigs in the trees, and sit on the roof yelling like a howling dervish, may be affirmed with confidence. He is no such fool. Neither does he speculate in stocks, nor attend masked balls. He is wofully deficient in useful knowledge, and many a little child knows more of the multiplication-table and the cookery-book than he. Neither is he distinguished for genius nor for philanthropy. His great head cannot boast the Titanic brain of a Cuvier or the moral force of a Howard. We must go far below these exalted natures, to the gibbering idiot, for a fit subject for comparison. It may be added that he is a confirmed vegetarian, and never hankers after the flesh-pots of Egypt. That eminent comparative anatomist, Professor Owen, regards him as having a nearer affinity to man than any of the anthropoid apes, though that honor has been claimed by others for the chimpanzee.

But whatever may be the position of the gorilla in the simian ranks or in the scale of humanity, every candid mind must sympathize with Mr. Barnum for having paid eight thousand dollars for a wretched counterfeit, a miserable, second-class monkey. And although I have actually heard persons say that that enterprising individual was consciously deceiving a confiding public, yet, of course, I never doubted his entire good faith in the matter. His reputation as a showman is too firmly established to be shaken by the doubts of the incredulous or the sneers of the malevolent. The man who with peerless public spirit, and at untold expense, procured for the instruction and amusement of his countrymen such rare and curious specimens of animated nature as Joyce Heth and the woolly horse, such a marvellous creation as the Feejee mermaid, to say nothing of an array of wax "figgers" that Madame Tussaud might have envied and Artemas Ward not have despised, can look down with a serene contempt on the envious calumniators of a well-earned fame. The beneficence which produced the "Happy Family," and from the most warring and discordant elements evoked harmony and peace, can afford to disregard the senseless clamor of a few silly sceptics. And although in his graphic autobiography he does not hesitate to declare that those wonderful curiosities were really humbugs, yet I am convinced that this is either the dark imagining of a too sensitive nature, and of a conscience which over-scrupulous integrity has rendered morbidly acute, or is the playful extravagance of a frolicsome and sprightly fancy.

When Barnum's Museum, with so many precious monstrosities, natural and artificial, was burnt up, I looked in vain through the published list of the animals, destroyed or saved, for the "gorilla." It was supposed by many persons, whose ideas of his character were far from accurate, that he had set fire to the Museum in emulation of "the aspiring youth that fired the Ephesian dome," and there were grave suspicions that he had availed himself of the confusion of the scene to consume the "Happy Family." Other reports, not less startling and authentic, represented that his previous prolonged lethargy and stupor, which were caused by powerful drugs administered to him by his keepers, had been dissipated by the intense heat to which he had been subjected; and that he was now rushing through the streets in a state of uncontrollable excitement, seeking whom he might devour. It was said that the Lightning Calculator — the mathematical prodigy employed by Mr. Barnum to figure the profits of the Museum — had estimated the time which it would take the "gorilla" to lay waste New York as inconceivably short; and the thought that he might at at any moment appear in Broadway, flushed with success, and bent upon extermination of the inhabitants, naturally caused great trepidation among nervous and timid persons. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that these gloomy anticipations proved to be with-

out foundation. A few days afterwards, when the survivors of the conflagration narrated its exciting incidents in the newspapers, one enterprising reporter obtained from the "gorilla" a thrilling account of the fire which surpassed in graphic power the truthful and touching statements of Zuleima, the beautiful Circassian (from the wilds of New Jersey); of Jemima, the fascinating Fat Woman whose ponderous charms are familiar to every visitor to the Museum; and last, though not least, the pathetic narrative of the Nova Scotia Giantess, and the Living Skeleton. It is proper to say, however, that grave doubts of the authenticity of this "brief relation" have been expressed by cautious inquirers, and an impartial estimate of its value must be left to the future historian.

The present position and prospects of the "gorilla" are not generally known; but it is said that Mr. Barnum, now that he has retired from the general show business, intends to devote his time and talents to the intellectual and moral culture of that ungainly ape. Beneath his unpromising exterior the penetrating eye of the veteran manager discerns exalted capacity for usefulness and honor. As many eminent philosophers of the last century regarded that wretched idiot, "Peter, the Wild Boy," with admiration and wonder, it is not surprising that the great inventor, curiosity collector, and moralist of our own time should behold in his latest *protégé* an incipient Chesterfield or a budding Burke.

But while admiring the benevolent intentions of the philanthropist, every unprejudiced observer must deplore the mistaken judgment of the man. To the anthropological student especially it seems extremely absurd to attempt to elevate the condition of a creature flaunting the caudal appendage, which is the mark of his inferiority, and which disqualifies him from holding the honorable position of a "connecting link" between man and the lower animals. In view of this humiliating fact, I cannot forbear, in closing, to offer a word of friendly advice to the great showman, and I shall charge him nothing for it. I advise him to unscrew the tail of the bogus gorilla, and, if that is impossible, to cut it off, regardless of expense. Let him clutch it, as the butcher man in Holmes's poem clasped the tail of the spectre pig. Even then his sleep may be disturbed by the phantom forms and dismal groans of outraged gorillas, but he will retain the confidence of The Great American People. They may not be educated up to the belief that man is a sublimated monkey; they may not agree, with Monboddo, that the orang-outang is of the human species, or hold, with Huxley, that man is a member of the same order as the apes and lemurs, and that in substance and in structure he is one with the brutes. They may not assent to the "Development" theory of Lamarck, or the "Natural Selection" hypothesis of Darwin, and may even think that they can justly claim a higher origin than any denizen of the forest or any inmate of a menagerie. But although they may have a poor opinion of the gorilla, and hardly care to put him in their family-tree or admit him to their social circle, yet they will not submit to have him insulted by a low-lived creature who has assumed his name. They will not condemn him in his absence, and on hearsay evidence merely, but will await his arrival before they presume to pronounce upon his merits.

SCULPTURE IN THE UNITED STATES.

A CURIOUS debate in the Senate, during the first session of the Thirty-ninth Congress, resulted in the appropriation of ten thousand dollars for a statue of Abraham Lincoln. It might have been believed that our representatives, buying in behalf of the people the statue of so great an American, would have taken pains to procure it from the wisest and ablest statuary the country affords; and would rather have given such a man twenty thousand dollars for his labor than one half the sum to an inferior artist, or to one whose ability had not been proved. But after much discussion the work was intrusted to a mere novice in art, a young person who had not received even the training of an apprentice in the handling of clay or bronze or marble. It is, perhaps, doubtful whether even this small appropriation would have been made, had the applicant been a sculptor of repute; for the youth and inexperience of the artist seemed to affect the minds of Senators as advantages, rather than as drawbacks, in the way of attaining a satisfactory result.

This disposition of the public money, however trivial in itself, illustrates the condition of the plastic art in this country. Various explanatory suggestions were offered. It was said that the hearts of the lawgivers were won by sympathy with struggling genius. Possibly the debate was a little joke. Congress looked over the list of American sculptors, and, finding none worthy, gave money and fame, in a spirit of wholesome satire, to a *giovinetta*. Or, since so little money could be spared from the country's need, the government modestly refrained from offering it to a sculptor of experience, knowing that he could get much better wages from private citizens. There are many ways in which we may console ourselves, and avoid the conclusion that our representatives are unwise in matters of art. A sanguine pre-Raphaelite, having at heart the reverent rendering of Mr. Lincoln's neck-tie and the wart on his cheek, may persuade himself that the young artist, failing to comprehend the whole, will give more careful study to the parts, and do the buttons nicely. The true realist cares little about the matter for itself, knowing that Washington is unlikely to encourage pure art, and that Congress will not adopt his scheme of reformation, at least until it is established. But those who look for results assert that two hundred years of civilization on this continent have not produced an essential difference between the work of the experienced sculptor and the crude efforts of youth, or that, the difference existing, Americans are not wise enough to estimate it. It is perhaps somewhere between these humiliating assertions that the truth may be found; they are worth the consideration of those who believe that sculpture in America is not necessarily an anachronism, and that it may yet bear an important part in our civilization and culture.

Rejecting, as biassed, the judgment of Congress, can it then be made to appear that our sculptors have done anything which bears the stamp of national excellence? Is there a first-class portrait-statue in the United States? Our plastic artists are famous men abroad, as well as here; they rank as high in Florence and Rome as those of any nation, — we are prone to think a trifle higher, — but can we properly call them American sculptors, or their works American works? Ward's fine statue of the Indian Hunter belongs to us, and a few other meritorious statues; the quaint little people of John Rogers are ours, and the productions of Clark Mills and Vinnie Ream; but may we claim the Lybian Sibyl, the Greek Slave, the Zenobia? The subjects of these are strange to the people, and the

workmanship is foreign. American artists dwelling in Europe are in some degree denationalized. While in Rome they must do much as the Romans do, and they cannot respond fully to our needs and sympathies at home. Our best sculptors, devoted to what we call classic art, and loving the flesh-pots of Italy, which take the tempting shape of beautiful marble and excellent workmen, join themselves at last to their idols abroad, and come to care little for popular appreciation in America. Those who emigrate, attaining wider fame, seriously influence those who remain. Few of these are interested in our national art. Being persuaded that their work will be judged by a foreign or classic standard, they almost inevitably render foreign themes, as well as imitate foreign style; and surrounded by casts of the antique, and nothing else, the beginner is led to believe that he must produce something equal to the Quoit-thrower of Myron or the Apollo Belvedere. The absurdity of the attempt is concealed from him; he forgets that he has no faith in Apollo or any heathen, and that his own gods are remarkably different from those of Greece. Few students are able to perceive the ages of school that lie hidden in the masterpieces of Greek art. Without thorough anatomical knowledge and without anything like a fair opportunity to study the nude figure in action, the sculptor here often attempts to reproduce a kind of art which could develop only in the most favorable climate and under the auspices of a poetic religion. It is clear that this is labor thrown away. Nothing valuable to the American people comes of it. The work has already been thoroughly done; the best Greek modelling of the human figure is certainly well enough. Sensible men will hardly expect it to be done over again. We, at least, cannot do it, because the people do not want it, and for many other reasons. Compare the modelling of the Torso with the work of the best English and American sculptors, and the difference still seems infinite. Gibson, who spent nearly all his life in the study of the antique, with no lack of facilities, was newly amazed by some fragment of ancient sculpture exhumed at Rome, and declared that he could do nothing approaching it in excellence. What modern Venus, or other ideal female statue, shall be placed with the Venus of Melos? The nude figure in its antique grandeur being impossible to us, it is still more absurd to try to revive the empty drapery, and labor upon the folds of the extinct toga and tunic, clothing even the busts of private individuals with the robes of Roman senators or Greek philosophers. Yet the copying of the antique, nude and draped, is one of the principal means of teaching adopted by the modern schools, if they may be called schools, of sculpture. Study from life in this country is so limited that it must be considered as comparatively useless.

Such being the course chosen by nearly all our plastic artists, time and money are expended without worthy result. Among the increasing number of modellers in and for America, the earnest students, believing in the present, and working directly from nature, are far too few to develop the popular taste. Good judgment in the formative art, which would seem to be easily acquired, is almost unknown. There is little to serve as a basis. Perhaps the work of Crawford at Richmond and Washington is quite as much admired as any in the country; and it is not to be doubted that he was an artist of great energy, some invention, and skilful hand; but his statues, both portrait and ideal, sometimes overstep the modesty of nature in excess of action or execution, and lose the dignity which belongs to any proper subject of sculpture, and in some sense to the material employed. One is forced to the conclusion that such work is not all sculpture, but is alloyed with acting. The statue of Beethoven in the Boston Music Hall is a very noble example of the exceptions in Crawford's work. Perhaps even here the best taste would have omitted the book which the master is holding, and

left him entirely independent of accessories; if any man may be given the immutability of the gods, it is Beethoven. The likeness of a great man at rest presents the theme of his life upon which the imagination may build; but if the figure is distorted, it preserves only a moment of his life employed in some transient action, and gives the beholder but one idea or class of ideas. This is the nature of the cardinal fault in the Boston statue of Edward Everett, — the arm being lifted high and the fingers spread apart, in excitement, — representing only a passing emotion instead of the greater thought which underlies all worthy action. Inaccurate modelling of the figure and details is of little importance after this. Reference to the deviations from the law of repose shown in good Greek work affords no satisfactory excuse in this case; for these deviations were always suited to the subject, and the need of tranquillity was invariably recognized in likenesses of great men as well as in the statues of the gods. Nearly all modern sculpture seems designed to produce an immediate effect, like that of the instantaneous stereoscope; there is little patience in it, and less in the spectator. It is humiliating to compare such statues as this of Everett with that of Demosthenes in the Vatican; and, in view of the fact that our sculptor is a man of culture and acknowledged ability in his art, it seems evident that the study of classicism in Italy does not give the modern artist the power of the ancients, or else that it does not make that power available for present needs. Instead of taking root in the new soil, and growing healthily and vigorously from it, the artist who gives himself up to the classic influence flourishes bravely as a parasite on the firm old trunk, but yields us no fruit.

If modern sculpture, by patient following of the antique, could attain its marvellous perfection in the representation of the human figure, could the art by such means hold a rank in our culture equal with that which it held in Greece? If subjects worthy of such vast science and nice handiwork cannot be found, the acquirement of this branch of technical power is useless. By repetition of antique subjects, sculpture cannot re-establish its proper relation to the people. Statues of the gods cannot inform the American mind, except through its sympathy with the ancient Greeks and their mythology, — a remote and vague influence. The masses regard such marbles as workmanship or ornamentation, and art is more than that. Something must be done to carry the mind beyond externals. Zeus was a vital force to the Greek, he is only a shadow to the American. The ancients saw the ruling god; the moderns, only the historic representation. These themes belong to literature. This may also be said of subjects chosen from the common life of the ancients. It was no more worthy than our own, and our people care infinitely less about it. There is at Newport, Rhode Island, a splendid copy in marble of the Dying Gladiator, very beautiful and significant; but its presence in this country is known by but very few, and it is not likely to be appreciated by more than a few connoisseurs. The fine collections of casts from the antique in the large cities experience something of the same neglect; the artists study them, but the people look at them curiously, as they regard objects in the galleries of Natural History, and often with a real or affected horror of their nudity.

Those who desire the encouragement of classic art sometimes assume that it is folly for the artist to try to maintain a direct relation to the general public, which cannot appreciate fine art, and that he should model or paint only for those whose culture and taste fit them to be connoisseurs. Here a direct issue may be stated; for the realists, who also claim the best culture, believe that it is vain to model or paint for anybody else but the people. They say that if art is but the language of the learned, or the toy of the rich, it may as well die utterly, having become a useless luxury. History sustains this

position. No really great art has existed, which did not in some degree reflect the inner life of the people; and no art can help us in America, unless it is based upon the sympathy and criticism of the public. Had there been only half a dozen Athenians who knew what was fitting and beautiful in a statue of Zeus, it is improbable that Phidias would have given his time and toil to the great Parthenon statue for their pleasure. It is even less likely that the splendid figures of athletes, done by the brass-casters of that period, were wrought for the appreciation of a select few, when the games had made the people so familiar with the human form that every man of ordinary perceptive power must have been a true critic. The best Greek work left to us is from the exterior of buildings, where it was placed for the instruction and delight of the nation. That magnificent school of art, so far excelling all other known in the history of the world, though refined to the utmost by the wisdom of the learned, had its foundation in the hearts of the people. Happily, our artists are not often forced to decide between the support of their wise and wealthy patrons and that of the masses; but where such a choice becomes necessary, there can be little hesitation in the minds of those who respect their calling. To model or paint for a person of wealth is comfortable, and to be conscious of the sympathy of a few choice souls is very pleasant; but to model or paint for a nation raises the artist to his true place of a great teacher.

This rank the modern sculptor does not yet hold. When called upon to prophesy, he has only old stories to tell. Many of these are stories of ghosts, and most of them are not cheerful. The people are seldom wiser or happier for them, and do not care to listen. Among the dozen locally notorious portrait-statues at Boston, there are none likely to attain fame beyond a narrow limit, or to serve as models for future workmanship. But it is apparent that such of them as are most real, most nearly literal transcriptions of life, attract most attention from the public, whether such attention results in praise or blame. The classic statues are severely let alone. The extraordinary effigy of George Jupiter Washington, at the national Capitol, is very classic and fine and heroic; but these qualities cannot compensate for the utter confusion of ideas involved in it. Nobody can get from it any notion of Washington as he was, and the inscription alone will show posterity what the marble intends. Take any good specimen of modern classic or Roman plastic art, by an American artist, and set it quietly in the Park at New York or Boston, without any advertising, and it will encounter very little criticism, and excite but the most transitory admiration. Give the full history of the subject in the public prints, and a biographical sketch of the sculptor, and it would attract much more attention; yet the influence of the figure upon popular thought would be inappreciable, and would lessen year by year. This is not the case with the humblest modelling from life of the patient and literal kind. If the subject is a public man, the public is immediately a sympathetic and a correct critic. It is the same if the subject is taken from our common life. The little groups by John Rogers, simplest realism as they are, and next to the lowest orders of true art, carry more significance than all the classic sculpture in the country, and will possess historic value which we cannot overestimate. Though the classicists and the realists are almost equally helpless in the great ebb of formative art, — the former in lack of anything to say, and the latter in lack of ability to say anything, — their positions relative to the future are different and opposing, — the realists enjoying possibilities.

It is among the things hoped for that the plastic art may be and will be revived in America, and that it will attain here as good development as it had in Greece, under entirely different conditions, and, of course, in a widely different direction. While the influence

of foreign art prevailed in Greece, what was done was comparatively insignificant; it was not until the transition had been made, and sculpture thoroughly nationalized, that the marvellous gods came forth from the mines and quarries. Such a transition from foreign influence must of course be made here before the true growth begins. It is only a question of the time when the change can be made. Study of Greek art, especially its history and relation to the people, must always retain great influence in the education of our artists; but the time will come when it cannot denationalize them. The successful sculptors of the future will carefully appraise the work of the ancients, but they will not try to reproduce it. They will know the secret of its power in the land where it was native, and will therefore be able to gauge their own work by a noble standard, worthiest after that of nature and contemporary criticism. They will admit the limits of the plastic art, and not attempt to combine with it forces which belong to painting or acting. If truth requires the rendering of harsh and uncomely costumes, they will patiently deal with these until the much-needed reform is accomplished; believing that, however ugly our garments may be, it is better to represent them as they are, than to trick out our marbles with the shreds and patches of antiquity. They will discriminate between facts that are vital and those which are merely accessory; giving but its due share of time to the work of the tailor and shoemaker, yet taking care to tell the truth about such work as far as they go. They will not spend their lives in copying the work of other artists, nor will they seek beauty in systematic lines or symmetrical proportions, but they will find it in the significance of nature. And, in order to realize it, they will, if necessary, expend study and labor upon the smallest objects, provided those objects are first-hand; for it cannot be doubted that the great artists of the future will take their models from the best school, with whose works the whole people are familiar. These works they will not blindly try to imitate with their poverty of means; but they will seek to represent truly, to interpret in art's beautiful dialect, the glorious handwriting of nature. From the least matters of leaves and flowers, and from the grandest life of the world, the new school will strive to draw the best meaning; and it will be conscious that this best meaning, or foreshadowing, can only be attained from a firm foundation of facts. Knowing that the essence of all art for man is in form, the sculptor will reverence his art as the simplest and most immediate interpretation of nature; and though he may feel that in some respects his limits are narrower than those of the poet or the painter, he will be conscious that in an upward direction he has no limitation.

Results so remote from the tendency of prevailing art, it is easy to see, will not be attained in little time. The experiment of realism in sculpture has not been fairly tried since the Christian era, but the opportunity seems to be with us. It is not impossible that the present generation may see the beginning of good formative art. Two thousand years of subjection to classicism has not produced half a dozen great sculptors; and when the grand old Torso has been warmed by the life of the greatest artists, little real advancement of art has been achieved. The inevitable consequence of Buonarotti is Bernini; of Bernini, Borromini. It cannot be a vain hope that the transition from the old school with its spasmodic revivals to the ever-new school of life is at hand. The American people are capable of giving realism in art a fair trial. They are comparatively untrammelled by established styles. Loving all kinds of art ardently, and eager to avail themselves of its help, they fill their dwellings with cheap daubs from auctions and with plaster casts, rather than allow them to be vacant; but the tendency is in itself sufficient to insure the final success of art in a country whose thought and criticism are com-

paratively independent, and whose mechanical means are unlimited.

While everything pertaining to sculpture is in its present chaotic state, any attempt to indicate precisely its future course would be presumptuous; but allusion may be made to the most obvious means for its development. Among these its union with architecture is of the first importance. Interior ornamentation of buildings generally includes work only on a flat surface, in light and shade, with or without color, though the formative art might well be combined with it; but the refinement of the exterior depends almost wholly upon raised forms. If ever the laws of fine art have been set utterly at defiance, it is in the so-called decoration of modern architecture. Gross forms, like nothing on earth or in heaven, mechanically multiplied in plaster or wood or iron or zinc, and, worse still, sometimes in clean stone, flaunt from sill to cornice throughout the cities of the United States, — cheap, showy, and senseless. With few exceptions of recent design, there is scarcely a building between the Lakes and the Gulf worth a second glance for the art employed upon it. Many public edifices, of course, deserve the builder's attention as examples of good construction or as reproduction of Old World styles, but of invention or significant decoration there is an utter dearth. Here the work of the sculptor is wanting, and that only. The meaningless forms should be abolished, and the finer thought of the practised artist woven in. He alone can fill the empty niches, and cover the vacant spaces with intelligible history; he can make the walls respond to the love of nature imprisoned and dying in crowded cities. When the sculptor gets fairly at work on the exterior of buildings he is in a certain sense the agent of the whole people, and may express his thought in the freest and boldest manner, unfettered by the patronage of individuals or cliques. He will not be forced to represent forgotten myths. The source whence the people draw their ideas of the true and beautiful will also furnish his themes. The realist sculptor and the architect of the so-called Gothic or unlimited school having joined hands, good work is at once possible. For such union some sacrifice is necessary, the architect being too often not a sculptor, and the sculptor not an architect; but the one must not hesitate to avow his want, and the other must not hold himself above supplying it. The plan is so far from being impracticable, that, wherever tried, it has been immediately successful; and of those who have given thought to the subject nearly all are convinced of its feasibility and necessity.

Reform in art also, like all other reforms, depends upon education. False and vague ideas regarding the imitative arts are so common and so little resisted that progress must be necessarily slow. The vulgar idea of genius is that it achieves without effort and without consciousness of its means; that in art it evokes statues from marble and pictures from pigments by some unknown process and without labor. This is a mischievous and hindering notion. Though art is sometimes called a sport, the definition is inadequate; and the science of art is certainly a matter of labor and patience. It is in this science that we need education. If a sculptor wishes to represent a wreath of ivy in marble, and has never seen an ivy-leaf, all the genius in the world will not enable him to make his work acceptable to those who know the form of ivy; and, if he copies the work of another artist, his own is second-hand and valueless. Patient study of nature, and the acquired knowledge of representing form in different materials, are just as essential in his work as the inventive power which enables him to make a pleasant adjustment of his facts. Imagination in some degree is given to every one; but to nobody is given trained sight, which is the chief part of the science of art, and which may be acquired to a little or great extent by all. Confused and misty ideas in the popular mind regarding art seem unnecessary, if the

subject be approached in a common-sense way, and treated like any other subject. The science of art is like all other science; the whole of art is in the union of science and imagination. But it is in the first division that our education must begin, and the imagination must be allowed to take care of itself. If it does not keep in advance of the work of the hand, the worker is no longer an artist. But the child must be taught the alphabet before he can read. Exhibition in marble of genius without facts would be rather a vain show. Imagination is not injured by a proper training of the eye and hand; on the contrary, it can only be revealed and cultivated in imitative art by these means; and when the value of such art in our culture is apprehended, drawing and modelling will be taught the children as one of the elementary branches of knowledge. There is "genius" enough in America to furnish a school equal to the Greek; but of general culture in the science of art there is very little, and of artists carefully trained in the school of nature there are very few. Drawing from natural objects should be taught in the public schools, not only for the benefit of those who wish to become artists, but as an admirable exercise of the eye and hand, and likely to add greatly to future culture and enjoyment of life. The knowledge thus gained would soon change the character of plastic art in this country. Endowing the public with power to appreciate what is now obscure in the best art, and also to detect blunders in means and execution, it would soon do away with meaningless puffery, and obstinate fault-finding, substituting for these kind and careful criticism. Then the great power of artists like Greenough, Crawford, Story, and Powers would be utilized, and sculpture could no longer be called an anachronism in America.

THE FACE IN THE GLASS.

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER this brief interval the monotony of olden days returned, as it seemed to me, with tenfold dreariness. I fought in vain with the depression which it produced, and now, except my walks on the terrace, I had no longer any amusement, for my aunt's health failed daily. For the next two months, between prayers in the chapel, her bedside, and that solitary terrace forever haunted by the memory of my guardian's stately figure, my days passed slowly away. My aunt suffered much; and the dull stagnation which settled on my mind was quickened by my growing anxiety about her, — an anxiety which wore daily upon me. And daily, gathering force with every passing moment, swelled a longing more intense than I had yet known to be free, — free as I might have been but for my father's commands and my courteous guardian's relentless rule. Since I had seen my cousin I feared him more than ever; the softness of his voice and manner, the irresistible fascination of his presence, lingered no longer about me, but I recalled the fixed coldness, the iron resolve, which his courtly manner graced rather than concealed, and sighed and shuddered when I recalled his absolute power over me.

I was walking one evening on the terrace, musing on the sad past and veiled future of my life, when I heard a voice calling me. It was Father Romano, whom I had left with my aunt. He stood in a low archway which led to a private staircase communicating with the chapel, the crucifix in his hand. Something in his face, as I approached him, made my heart leap into my

mouth, but the new-born fear kept me silent; I asked no question.

"My daughter," said he, in his calm voice, "hasten to your aunt; her hours are numbered, the time of her departure is at hand, but she cannot be at peace until she makes a disclosure to you; hasten, my daughter."

I sprang past him, and hurried up stairs, and when I reached the room where she lay I saw indeed that death was close at hand; and, kneeling by her side, I watched her agonies for the next two hours, and heard her constant, terrified warnings against my guardian, and at last promised that, when she had departed, I would leave all, all, and hide myself from him forever. When I had whispered this promise again and again into her ear, she permitted me to call Father Romano, and while he was performing the last rites of the Church she died.

"Daughter," said Father Romano, as I sank sobbing on that cold bosom which had for so many years beat warm for me, — "daughter, she whom you loved is here no longer; pray for the repose of her soul." I rose at last; I left the servants to perform the last offices for her, and, going to my lonely room, I sat down to think. I was quite determined to go away. My aunt's warnings; her evident horror of Mr. Huntingdon; most of all, the promises she had exacted from me, that I would sacrifice everything rather than be again under his control, — all combined to urge me to escape from a future which I dreaded. I dared tell no one, not even Father Romano, nor did I know where to go; but the next morning I looked at the map, and, after carefully examining it, selected a far distant town in the heart of Germany, where I knew there was a convent, in which I hoped to hide myself from all pursuit. I determined to go as soon as my aunt was buried, and for the next three days I thought of little else. I had few preparations to make, money I had in plenty; luggage I dared not take, farewells it was safest not to make, as I wished above all things to keep the fact of my flight a secret. I had not written to M. Baudet, for I wished to depart before my cousin could possibly hear of my aunt's death. The days before her funeral wore themselves slowly away. At the close of the last, which was strangely and unnaturally warm for the time of year, I was sitting at the window of my aunt's room. Not a breath of air freshened the hot stillness, and through it the ticking of the clock in my dressing-room, and even the guttering and flickering of the candles which burned in the chapel round the corpse, were distinctly audible.

I sat weeping silently, and almost chiding the lagging hours which would intervene before my departure. They were very few now, for my aunt was to be buried the next day, and early on the following morning I meant to leave Lascours. As I thus sat, so still that I scarcely breathed, I heard a sound which I at first supposed was the distant roll of thunder in the storm-laden air, but as it grew louder I perceived it to be the rumble of wheels. Nearer and nearer they came, until I could distinguish the clatter of hoofs; in a few moments there entered the court a travelling carriage, drawn by four horses, and, as I distinctly saw by the light of the lamps, bearing the arms of Huntingdon emblazoned on the panels.

I descended instantly, without waiting to think, and as I reached the great door my guardian alighted.

He approached me with all his courtly deference of manner, but there was a change. Instead of taking my hand, as before, he clasped me in his arms.

"You are entirely mine now, you know," said he, as he touched my forehead with his lips; and, drawing my arm within his, he led me through the drawing-room to the terrace.

"Madame de Renneville is dead," said he, anticipating what I was about to say. "I regret that she suffered so much, and rejoice for her sake that her sufferings are at an end."

"I regret still more," he continued, after a moment's pause, "that it is ne-

cessary for me to take you to England at once. Had Madame de Renneville lived, I might indeed have waited; *now* it is impossible, as I can neither leave you at Lascours alone nor delay my departure for England; unfortunately, therefore, we must go immediately."

"To-morrow, you mean," said I, hoping to gain time.

"To-night," he replied; "at once"; and his sweet voice grew colder as he spoke. "If it were possible I would leave you here until after the burial of Madame de Renneville, but I have no alternative; go I must, and speedily, and, Charlotte, you go with me."

"O Harrington!" said I, plucking my hand away from his, and bursting into tears of rage and disappointment, "I cannot, — indeed, I cannot. Let me stay until to-morrow, I entreat you. I can follow you to England."

"My dear Charlotte," replied he, calmy, "you waste my time, and I assure you that I have no power to act in any other way. Entreaties cannot, and ought not, to avail with me; it is enough that they cannot, and it is better for you to prepare for your journey. You will not, I am sure, compel me to use force in removing you. You know that I alone of all the world have any claim upon you; I alone am allied to you by blood, I alone am vested with any power concerning you, and you know by whom that power was given to me. You cannot disregard your father's commands,— I say cannot, for I am firm in obeying them."

As he paused, the silence seemed laden to my ear with the burden of my father's first and last letter.

"Never deviate from his commands. If you do, I cannot rest in my grave."

But I rose. Angry and impatient, I burst into fresh tears of rage and terror. "I will *not* go," I said passionately, "I will *not* obey you. I think you are bitterly cruel, cold, pitiless. I cannot go, I will not go, until my aunt is laid in her grave; that will be to-morrow; O, be compassionate, Harrington, and let me stay until then!"

I fell on my knees as I spoke; my guardian bent over me, he folded my hot hands in his cool silken clasp, and in tones whose gentleness was far more powerful than harshness he said: "I have listened, Charlotte, but I can change nothing. I must entreat you not to spend your strength in such excitement as this. The moments I have allotted for your farewells are passing away, and I must beg you to begin your preparations at once."

"I will not go," I reiterated.

"In that case," said he as calmly, though more sternly, than before, "I will act for you."

In two strides he had gained the drawing-room window, and rung a bell which stood there.

"Mademoiselle is compelled to depart at once for England," I heard him say; "but half an hour will be given for preparation. M. Baudet will be here to-morrow, and will make all payments and necessary arrangements. Let all the servants be assembled in the hall immediately, to bid mademoiselle farewell."

I listened, speechless with anger and astonishment; yet when he again returned to my side, I made one more effort to change his determination.

"Listen to me," I said; "but this once yield to me in this one thing, and I will yield in all other things."

"Yield to you, Charlotte," he replied gently, — "yield to you, — would that I had the power to yield, and the château Lascours should still be your home if you so wished; must I again repeat that I have no such power, and that I *cannot* yield to you? Rise, Charlotte, the ground is damp, and you shiver even in this warm air; and, since you will not change your dress, it is better for you to remain in the drawing-room until we go."

I said not another word. I rose, allowed him to fold my shawl about me, and entered the drawing-room in silence. I made no further attempt to change his determination; I saw already that he was changeless. But what entreaties could not effect, stratagem, I thought, might; and, having thought

of a plan of escape, I awaited the opportunity to put it into execution.

My guardian waited for some moments, and then said: "Charlotte, you weep, you rebel, you detest this coercion, as you call it, — a coercion which has not given you more pain than me. You have already more than once called yourself a prisoner, yet your imprisonment has perhaps spared you much, as your father left the control of your marriage in my hands, and had you contracted (as in this solitary spot was not unlikely) an attachment for any one not your equal in rank, it might have resulted unhappily. But all that danger is over now; all pain of that nature, — and you are yet too young to know what it would have been, — is spared you. The future before you is brilliant, and, if the dangers are great, I have the power to protect you from them."

"What dangers?" I asked, involuntarily.

"Dangers which you cannot understand as yet, — dangers awaiting all who are young and beautiful, dangers especially awaiting heiresses of your vast expectations."

Something strangely ominous in his clear low tones made me tremble. He paused for a moment, and then continued, "Your marriage will be your best protection."

"I do not wish to marry," I rejoined.

"But it is my wish that you should do so," — and as he said this he placed me in a seat, and stood before me, — "it is my wish that you should do so, Charlotte."

"But if I do not wish it —"

"It is precisely in this respect that the dangers of which I have spoken will be greatest; it is necessary that you should marry a man whose rank and wealth are equal to your own, that you may not become the prey of the adventurers, who already know that Miss Carteret is possessed of the best blood of England and France and of vast wealth; lastly, it is necessary that you should marry a man whose honor is a sufficient guaranty for your protection."

"I do not wish to marry," I reiterated.

"Have I not told you that you *must* marry, Charlotte? It was your father's wish."

I remained silent; my marriage, I saw, was decided upon; and as I had been educated in the belief that Mr. Huntingdon was to choose my husband, I really cared very little, thinking that, if I should not succeed in escaping from Lascours, my marriage would at least separate me from him.

My guardian continued: "I am, as I have said, in possession of your father's wishes on this subject, and am about to propose to you the husband whom he selected and whom I wish you to accept. In birth and fortune he is your equal; as to his other qualities I shall say nothing. The moment has arrived which I have been anticipating for so many years."

He paused, and I looked at him with a wildly beating heart. Standing opposite to me, the perfect symmetry of his figure, the exquisite grace of his attitudes, the paleness of his fine features, even his white hands and the elegance of his dress, were admirably shown by the light of the chandelier beneath which he stood, and which only partially illumined the vast and sombre room in which we were.

After a moment's silence he resumed: "He whom I am about to propose to you has long cared for you. He would have chosen you had yours been a humble lot, for to his rank yours and your possessions can add nothing."

"He has your consent?" I stammered; "Harrington, who is he?"

He smiled, and taking my hand said: "Charlotte, the coercion which so pains you, the guardianship you so detest, the control from which you so revolt, end here. Not as Miss Carteret, the ward of a stern guardian, do I propose to take you back to England, but as my wife. I offer you, Charlotte, my hand, my heart, and my fortune, — I who have never before so spoken to any woman; answer me now, and answer as your father would have wished."

He ceased, but those tones, the singular melody of which lent a charm to his lightest word, yet echoed in my ear, and I had no power to resist them, no power to draw back from his encircling arms as he folded me to his breast. But a few days before my aunt had whispered in her agony, "See him no more. If you see him, you are undone." Alas, I had seen him, I had listened to his voice, had felt the mysterious magnetism of his presence, and I was indeed undone!

"Come now, my Charlotte," he said. "I have already overstayed my time. Your farewells must be spoken, and we must spend some moments at the church."

"Why?" I asked.

"We must be married at once. Father Romano is there now, and M. Baudet waits there to give you away."

"To-night?" I said, recoiling.

Mr. Huntingdon smiled. "Yes, Charlotte, at once. You must return to England as my wife."

We had by this time reached the hall where the servants were assembled; and when I had bidden them farewell I turned to Mr. Huntingdon, saying that I wished to go to the chapel, and wished him to wait for me. He assented, and I ascended the staircase alone.

The chapel where my aunt lay was quite at the other end of the château, and as I walked along the long galleries the recollection of all that she had said rushed over me. The dread of my guardian, none the less painful because so indefinable, returned. I thought of my promise to my aunt, of the hope of escape to which I still clung, until I came to the rooms which had once been my father's. The door which led to them was open, and as I crept past it, trembling, I almost expected to hear a voice saying: "Never deviate from his commands. If you do, I cannot rest in my grave."

I reached the chapel at last. All draped in black it was, except that stiff white figure about which the tall candles were burning. I advanced, I knelt at the foot of the bier, and, gazing at the pale and rigid face of the dead, I thought of my promise to her; I dared not break it then. I thought if I did those fast-closed lids would open, those folded hands unlock themselves and beckon me away from the man she so hated, and whom I had sworn to avoid. And now I was to be his wife! When I thought of that I almost screamed, and the wind rustled the folds of the pall. Could the dead come back? Should I wake her from that last sleep if I returned to my guardian's side? He was waiting, he bade me take my farewell speedily.

I knelt thus tortured by conflicting doubts and fears, wavering between my promise to my aunt and my duty to my father; but I rose at length, determined to escape. Behind the altar was a secret door, which led to the ruined wing of the château, and once there I was safe. I knew where the key of the staircase was kept, and took it; then wrapping my veil and mantle about me, I returned to the chapel, and, bending over the corpse, kissed its cold blue lips, and whispered a farewell in those unheeding ears.

Would she wake, I thought. No. I stood one moment gazing on her still face, then, gliding softly behind the altar, I touched the panel, which after some difficulty yielded to my hand, and, having closed it carefully behind me, I began to descend the steps. At the foot of the staircase was a narrow passage, which led to another secret door, opening on a small stone staircase which descended toward a long-deserted part of the woods. The stairs were partly in ruins, and the stones loose; and I crept down very carefully at first, pausing and listening at every step, though I felt tolerably secure, as the ruins were in such an entirely different direction from the chapel that I did not anticipate that any search would be made there for me. When I paused for the last time, I was upon the last turn of the staircase, and within a few steps of the bottom; it was quite dark, and I

listened intently, — listened in vain; for never was there a stillness more profound. I was alone and safe. Reassured and eager, I hastened on; but on the last step but one my foot turned on a loose stone, and I stumbled and fell, — almost, but not quite, for my guardian's arms received me. Against his bosom he stifled the shriek which burst from my lips, and, lifting me in his arms, he carried me across the court, and placed me on a stone seat. He stood by me in silence until I had somewhat recovered myself, and then said: "Are you sufficiently rested to walk across the park? I have directed the carriage to be in waiting at the door of the church, and it is already past nine."

I rose at once. Never again, I well knew, would I dare to dispute his commands; and as I drew my mantle about me the keys of the secret staircase fell to the ground. Mr. Huntingdon stooped, and, taking them up, flung them with a strong hand and unerring aim into a well on the other side of the court; then, taking my hand, he said: "Are you ready, Charlotte? we have no time to lose."

Supported by his firm clasp I reached the church. The door was open, and by the light of the tapers dimly burning on the high altar I could see the servants assembled near it, and Father Romano on his knees. As I expected, he was at his vigils. He rose as we approached the altar, and Monsieur Baudet, advancing, took his place behind me, and the service began. I opened the white bridal prayer-book which Mr. Huntingdon placed in my hand; but the words swam before my eyes, and I listened and responded like one in a dream. It seemed indeed all a dream to me, — the old church dimly lighted by the tapers burning on the high altar; the monotonous tones of Father Romano, which I had last heard in the offices for the dying; the clear responses pronounced at my side. I realized nothing until the rite was over, and I was in the carriage, when M. Baudet, taking my hand, wished "*madame* a pleasant journey."

Then, and as the order for departure was given, I covered my face, and burst into tears. Mr. Huntingdon had taken his seat opposite me; he bent forward to let down the window, and to inquire whether I liked the air, but did not again address me, and I sobbed myself to sleep unheeded.

At break of day we reached a small town, where we halted to rest for a short time, and it was yet early when we resumed our journey. Not once during all that day did Mr. Huntingdon address me; he sat absorbed in thought, and I was equally absorbed in watching him, though no change ever swept across his calm countenance, and though he never glanced at me except to wrap my shawl about me, to close or open the window, or to perform some slight courtesy of that kind.

On the fifth day after our departure from Lascours we sailed from Calais for England. We landed at Dover on a rainy, dreary November day; and as Mr. Huntingdon placed me in the carriage which was in waiting for us, I asked if we were expected at Carteret?

"They are prepared for us both at Carteret and at Huntingdon, but we shall go to neither place. I propose going to a small estate of mine on the borders of Scotland."

"I would rather go to Carteret," I answered, — not so much that I cared, for indeed I now cared for very little. I was confused and mentally wearied by the excitement I had undergone, but I felt that I wished to say something, express some desire, irritate, if I could not please, this man of marble. "I would rather go to Carteret," I repeated.

He only smiled in answer, and six days after, though no word had been spoken by him on the subject, we arrived at Banmore. It was a gloomy place, enclosed with yew-trees, and kept in a sort of stiff repair which was more dreary than dilapidation or decay; and when I went to my rooms, which were newly and well furnished, I dismissed my silent English maid, and sat down oppressed and sad. From that night

began a life of which I could not speak if I would, so nameless were its tortures. No visitors were ever admitted, Mr. Huntingdon saying that respect to the memory of my aunt required that we should live in the strictest seclusion; we paid no visits for the same reason. The servants, though obsequious and attentive, were strangely silent and quiet; Mr. Huntingdon so devoted that I was never for one moment unconscious of his observation, yet he hardly ever addressed me.

The monotony of my life at Lascours was as nothing compared with that at Banmore. Every day at the same hour we entered the carriage, and took a long and dreary drive; every day, at Mr. Huntingdon's side, I paced the same walk in a long, deserted avenue in the park. I cannot separate those hours, days, weeks, from one another. They were all alike; and then at that time I felt — I began to feel, I mean — that my mind was going, was shaken from its equilibrium. I began to doubt my powers, my memory, my perceptions. I often wished to be alone, which I never was; for my husband never left me, and my morning-room opened into the library where he sat, when not walking or driving with me, engaged in reading or writing.

I say he never left me. If I rose to leave the room, he rose also and followed me. I began at length to tremble, if but a moment alone, lest he should come and find me. To avoid being followed, I followed him; to avoid being watched, I sat close to him, usually at his feet; and so perfect was his calm politeness, his complete courtesy, that I frequently upbraided myself for my undutifulness and want of affection. Sometimes, actuated by those strange moods which sway the maniac, I caressed him passionately; I did not then hate, I wished to love him.

Kisses as cold as those of the dead he gave me, embraces as loveless; and I flung away in mingled rage and terror from his passionless calm.

Sometimes as I sat at his feet, luxuriously cushioned, — for he always insisted on giving me the softest seat, — sometimes so sitting, looking alternately at the low fire and cold landscape, and listening to the only sound ever heard in that house, the ceaseless scraping of his pen on the paper, — fierce impulses would seize me to shriek aloud, to spring upon him; and always, just as the cry trembled upon my lips, as the convulsion seemed about to seize my limbs, his cool hand touched my head, his calm, considerate voice said, "You can no longer sit still, I see. I will ring for your maid, and then walk with you"; and the thought that he was thus intuitively conscious of my silent inward struggles filled me with vague dread, and heightened the growing restlessness which was fast making my life a physical as well as a mental torture.

CHAPTER V.

Beyond the fact that he thus watched and followed me, and that he seemed to know my thoughts and impulses, my husband gave no sign which could lead me to think that he was aware of the misery I suffered, — a misery which was none the less intolerable because, when I strove to analyze it, I could not define in what it consisted.

But it increased so rapidly that I began at length to doubt whether I existed at all, whether my surroundings were real; if the past, as I recollected it, had ever been, nothing seemed to me real or actual except Mr. Huntingdon and his hold upon my life.

Towards the close of the winter he announced his intention of going to London to attend the opening of Parliament. I expected to be left alone, and something like hope shot through my mind as I thought. It was dispelled as he added, "We shall leave next week."

"Am I to go?" I said, sullenly.

"Certainly," he replied, calmly.

"I do not wish to go to London," I

answered; "I prefer to spend the time of your absence at Carteret."

"That cannot be," he said after a moment's pause. "I cannot leave you alone for so long, and I cannot leave London while Parliament is sitting."

"I wish to be alone," I sobbed, in a burst of tears; "I wish to do as I please."

He made no reply to this, but, drawing up his desk, began to write steadily and rapidly as usual.

I continued to sob, first with anger and disappointment, afterwards from nervousness; and as I wept the paroxysm increased in violence, until at length I became utterly incapable of controlling myself, and stamped and shrieked aloud. Mr. Huntingdon then raised his eyes for the first time, and surveyed me. There was neither scorn nor anger nor agitation in his glance; it said only, "I was prepared for this."

He rose and opened the window, and then, returning to his seat, began to fold and seal the letter he had written.

His composure irritated me beyond endurance. I redoubled my cries, and, throwing myself on the ground, began to tear my hair.

As I lay thus, convulsed and disordered, the door opened, and the butler appeared with some water. Mr. Huntingdon took a glass from the tray, and offered it to me; the unruffled courtesy of his manner and the curious glances of the servant transported me with rage. I took the glass, and flung it with all my strength against the marble chimney-piece.

"Leave the room," said Mr. Huntingdon to the servant. "Madame," he continued, turning to me, "rise immediately"; and as I refused he lifted and carried me, still struggling and screaming, into my morning-room; then closing the door, and placing me before the mirror, he awaited the result in silence.

What a sight I saw! what a hideous, mortifying sight!—my flushed and swollen face, dishevelled hair, and disordered dress, a torn handkerchief in one hand, the other cut with the broken glass, and, standing behind me, with a contemptuous smile upon his lips, my husband, serene and cold, with his perfectly arranged hair and dress in as exquisite order as usual. I was calmed in a moment. I saw, with a keen anguish which I can even now recall, how I must have appeared, and I sat motionless and silent.

I do not know how long we remained thus,—my eyes fixed upon the mirror and my husband's also. We outstayed my languor, stayed until the dreadful restlessness, which was my almost constant companion, beset me again and tormented me grievously; for I dared not move while my husband's hand rested upon my shoulder, nor close my eyes while he gazed upon me. At last he spoke: "It is best for you to lie down, Charlotte; you must be exhausted."

A disclaimer rose to my lips, but I withheld it, and obeyed in silence.

All that night he sat beside me, reading; and whenever I opened my eyes he met them with his calm, attentive, *watchful* gaze, until I wished myself dead, and buried deep out of that ceaseless scrutiny.

At the close of the following week we arrived in London. The house which Mr. Huntingdon had selected was vast and sombre, standing in a small court, and surrounded by a wall so high that the windows of my apartments, which were on the second floor, commanded nothing beyond.

Closed within those walls I dragged out four wearisome months. The fact that Mr. Huntingdon was absent a great deal of the time was no relief to me, as I soon found that in his absence I was a prisoner.

I need not dilate on those days; they were all alike,—solitary, dreary, hopeless. Attacks of frenzy, like the one I had had at Banmore, came on frequently; and while they were upon me I destroyed everything within my reach. My husband never remonstrated or complained. Often when my paroxysm was at its height did the door open noiselessly, and his calm face look in,

but he never spoke; usually he stood with folded arms, and silently surveyed the scene. The next day I invariably found that the articles I had destroyed were replaced without comment of any kind.

Conduct so forbearing, so cool, so patient, failed to soothe; it irritated me beyond endurance; it intensified the dislike and dread I felt for him, — a dislike which was fast deepening into hate, and which my fear of him alone kept in check.

Such was my condition when we left London for Huntingdon Hall, early in July. We stopped at Carteret Castle and Branthope Grange on the way, and were magnificently entertained at both places. When we entered the village of Carteret, bonfires were blazing on the surrounding hills, triumphal arches spanned the streets, the castle and park were illuminated, and all the tenants and servants assembled to welcome us.

Never shall I forget passing through that long line of eager and curious faces; how the desire to control myself made me tremble; how I raised my head defiantly and eyed them all curiously; how, long before we reached the end of the hall, my assumed composure gave way, and I hid my face, and whispered to my husband to take me away. I could not listen to the speech with which the old steward welcomed me, and twice endeavored to break away from my husband's detaining arm; and it was a relief to me when the speech was ended, and he responded briefly, alleging my ill health as a reason for my retirement.

Our reception at Huntingdon was equally formal, and my want of self-control, as I was painfully aware, still more apparent; I was fatigued by the motion of the carriage, by the excitement of my visit to Carteret, and by the fruitless efforts I had made to control what I now know must have been a disease. As I descended the grand staircase, after I was dressed, each of the lights with which the hall was illuminated seemed to me a curious eye, and all the magnificence displayed in my honor intolerably oppressive. Dinner was always a tedious ceremonial to me, and on this occasion it was even more so than usual; the great dining-room was blazing with lights and silver, and gay with flowers and the superb liveries of the servants, Mr. Huntingdon handsomer and more graceful than ever. I was the skeleton at that feast, — I who carried an aching head and disappointed heart beneath my tiara and necklace of diamonds; who felt the jewels with which I was loaded to be heavier than a prisoner's chains; who saw a jailer in the husband sitting opposite to me, and spies in the attentive servants hovering about my chair.

Mr. Huntingdon glanced at me once or twice. I saw that he was prepared for an outburst, and this, while it chafed, made me the more anxious to control myself. I averted my face, and bit my lips to restrain the hysterical laughter which trembled upon them, but in vain. The consciousness that I was closely watched irritated and confused me. I raised my head for a moment, and as I met the curious peering glances of the line of servants opposite my chair I lost all command of myself.

"How dare you look at me in that way?" I exclaimed. "Am I a monster, that I should be thus watched and examined?"

As I spoke, all the hysterical emotion which I had so long pent up burst forth. "Go, go!" I screamed, — stamping furiously as I saw the servants had made no attempt to leave the room, — "go, I tell you!"

All this time Mr. Huntingdon had been occupied with his dinner; he now rose, and, signing the servants to leave the room, approached me, saying simply: "You are not well, I see. Let me take you to your room."

He conducted me up stairs in silence; and, as the door of my apartments closed behind us, he said, in his calmest voice, "After this scene it will be best for you not to attempt to appear in public."

So began the fourth era of my imprisonment.

BACON.

II.

WE propose in this paper to give some account of Bacon's writings: and the first place in such an account belongs to his philosophical works relating to the interpretation of Nature.

As Bacon, from his boyhood, was a thinker living in the thick of affairs, with a discursive reason held in check by the pressure of palpable facts, he equally escaped the narrowness of the secluded student and the narrowness of the practical man of the world. It was therefore but natural that, early in his collegiate life, he should feel a contempt for the objects and the methods of the philosophy current among the scholars of his time. The true object of philosophy must be either to increase our knowledge or add to our power. The ancient and scholastic systems seemed to him to have failed in both. They had not discovered truths, they had not invented arts. Admitting that the highest use of knowledge was the pure joy it afforded the intellect, and that its lowest use was its ministration to the practical wants of man, it seemed to him evident that their method led as little to knowledge that enriched the mind as to knowledge that gave cunning to the hands. Aiming at self-culture by self-inspection, rather than by inspection of Nature, they neglected the great world of God for the little world of man; so that at last it seemed as if the peculiar distinction of knowledge consisted in knowing that nothing could be known. But the question might arise, Was not the barrenness of their results due to the selfish littleness, rather than disinterested elevation, of their aim? Introduce into philosophy a philanthropic motive, make man the thinker aid man the laborer, unite contemplation with a practical purpose, and discard the idea that knowledge was intended for the exclusive gratification of a few selected spirits, and philosophy would then increase in largeness and elevation as much as it would increase in usefulness; for if such a revolution in its spirit, object, and method could be made, it would continually furnish new truths for the intellect to contemplate from the impetus given to the discovery of new truths by the perception that they could be applied to relieve human necessities. If it were objected that Philosophy could not stoop from her ethical and spiritual heights to the drudgery of investigating natural laws, it might be answered that what God had condescended to create it surely was not ignoble in man to examine; "for that which is deserving of existence is deserving of knowledge, the image of existence." If philosophers had a higher notion of their dignity, Francis Bacon did not share it; and, accordingly, early in life he occupied his mind in devising a method of investigating the secrets of Nature in order to wield her powers.

The conception was one of the noblest that ever entered the mind of man; but was it accomplished? As Bacon's name seems to be stereotyped in popular and scientific speech as the "father of the Inductive Sciences," and as all the charity refused to his life has been heaped upon his philosophical labors, it may seem presumptuous to answer this question in the negative; yet nothing is more certain than that the inductive sciences have *not* followed the method which he invented, and have *not* arrived at the results which he proposed to accomplish.

The mistake, as it regards Bacon, has risen principally from confounding Induction with the Baconian *method* of Induction. If we were to tell our readers that there were great undiscovered laws in Nature, and should strongly advise them to examine particular facts

with great care, in order through them to reach the knowledge of those laws, we should recommend the practice of induction; but even if they should heed and follow the advice, we much doubt if any scientific discoveries would ensue. Indeed, if Bacon himself could hear the recommendation made, and could adopt the modern mode of spiritual communication, there would be a succession of indignant raps on the editorial table, which, being interpreted, would run thus: "Ladies and gentlemen, the mode of induction recommended to you is radically vicious and incompetent. Truth cannot be discovered in that way; but if you will select any given matter which requires investigation, and will follow the mechanical mode of procedure laid down in my method of induction, *Novum Organum*, Book II., you will be able, without any special scientific genius, to hunt the very form and essence of the nature you seek to its last hiding-place, and compel it to yield up its innermost secret. All that is required is common capacity, united with persevering labor and combination of purpose." This is not exactly Bacon's rhetoric, but as spirits, when they leave the body, seem somehow to acquire a certain pinched and poverty-stricken mode of expression, it will do to convey his idea.

Bacon, the philosopher, is therefore to be considered, not as a man who invented and recommended Induction, for Induction is as old as human nature, — was, in fact, invented by Adam, — and, as practised in Bacon's time, was the mark of his especial scorn; but he is to be considered as one who invented and recommended a new *method* of Induction; a system of precise rules to guide induction; a new logic or organ which was to supersede the Aristotelian logic. He proudly called it his art of inventing sciences. A method of investigation presupposes, of course, some conception of the objects to be investigated; and of the infinite variety and complexity of nature Bacon had no idea. His method proceeds on the notion that all the phenomena of nature are capable of being referred to combinations of certain abstract qualities of matter, simple natures, which are limited in number if difficult of access. Such are density, rarity, heat, cold, color, levity, tenuity, weight, and the like. These are the alphabet of nature; and as all words result from the combination of a few letters, so all phenomena result from the combination of a few elements. What is gold, for example, but the co-ordination of certain qualities, such as greatness of weight, closeness of parts, fixation, softness, &c.? Now, if the causes of these simple natures were known, they might be combined by man into the same or a similar substance; "for," he says, "if anybody can make a metal which has all these properties, let men dispute whether it be gold or no." But these qualities are not ultimate; they are the effects of causes, and a knowledge of the causes will enable us to superinduce the effects. The connection between philosophy and practice is this, that what "in contemplation stands for cause, in operation stands for means or instrument; for we know by causes and operate by means." The object of philosophy, therefore, is the investigation of the formal causes of the primary qualities of body, of those causes which are always present when the qualities are present, always absent when the qualities are absent, increase with their increase, and decrease with their decrease. Facts, then, are the stairs by which we mount into the region of essences; and, grasping and directing these, we can compel Nature to create new facts, as truly natural as those she spontaneously produces, for Art simply gives its own direction to her working.

From this exposition it will be seen how little foundation there is for Dugald Stewart's remark, that Bacon avoided the fundamental error of the ancients, according to whom "philosophy is the science of causes"; and also for the assertion of Comte and his school, that Bacon was the father of positive science. There is nothing

more repugnant to a positivist than the introduction into science of causes and essences, yet it was after these that Bacon aimed. "The spirit of man," he says, "is as the lamp of God, wherewith he searcheth the *inwardness* of all secrets." The word he uses is "Form," but Form with him is both cause and essence, an immanent cause, a cause that creates a permanent quality. If he sometimes uses form as synonymous with law, the sense in which he understands law is not merely the mode in which a force operates, but the force itself. Indeed, there is reason to suppose that, much as he decries Plato, he was still willing to use Form as identical with Idea, in the Platonic sense of Idea; for in an aphorism in which he severely condemns the projection of human conceits upon natural objects, he remarks that "there is no small difference between the idols of the human mind and the ideas of the Divine Mind, that is to say, between certain idle dogmas, and the real stamp and impression of created objects as they are found in Nature." Coleridge had probably this aphorism in mind when he called Bacon the British Plato.

The object of Bacon's philosophy, then, is the investigation of the forms of simple natures; his method is the path the understanding must pursue in order to arrive at this object. This method is a most ingenious but cumbrous machinery for collecting, tabling, sifting, testing, and rejecting facts of observation and experiment which have any relation to the nature sought. It begins with inclusion and proceeds by exclusion. It has affirmative tables, negative tables, tables of comparison, tables of exclusion, tables of prerogative instances. From the mass of individual facts originally collected everything is eliminated, until nothing is left but the form or cause which is sought. The field of induction is confined, as it were, within a triangular space, at the base of which are the facts obtained by observation and experiment. From these the investigator proceeds inwards, by comparison and exclusion, constantly narrowing the field as he advances, until at last, having rejected all non-essentials, nothing is left but the pure form.

Nobody can read the details of this method, as given at length in the second book of the *Novum Organum*, without admiration for the prodigious constructive power of Bacon's mind. The twenty-seven tables of prerogative instances, or "the comparative value of facts as means of investigation," would alone be sufficient to prove the comprehension of his intellect and its capacity of ideal classification. But still the method is a splendid, unrealized, and, we may add, incompleted dream. He never himself discovered anything by its use; nobody since his time has discovered anything by its use. And the reason is plain. Apart from its positive defects, there is this general criticism to be made, that a true method must be a generalization from the mental processes which *have been* followed in discovery and invention; it cannot precede them. If Bacon really had devised the method which succeeding men of science slavishly followed, he would deserve more than the most extravagant panegyrics he has received. Aristotle is famous as a critic for generalizing the rules of epic and dramatic poetry from the practice of Homer and the Greek tragedians; what fame would not be his, if his rules had preceded Homer and the Greek dramatists? Yet Macaulay, and many others who have criticised Bacon, while pretending to undervalue all rules as useless, still say that Bacon's analysis of the inductive method is a true and good analysis, and that the method has since his time been instinctively followed by all successful investigators of Nature, — as if Bacon did not construct his inductive rules from a deep-rooted distrust of men's inductive instincts. But it is plain to everybody who has read Comte and Mill and Whewell, that the method of discovery is still a debatable question, and, with all our immense superiority to the age of Bacon in facts on which to build a method, we

have settled as yet on no philosophy of the objects or the processes of science. There are many disputed methods, but no accepted method; the anarchy of opinions corresponds to the anarchy of metaphysics; and the establishment of a philosophy of discovery and invention must wait the establishment of a philosophy of the mind which discovers and invents.

But we know enough to give the reasons of Bacon's failure. The defects of his Method can be collected from the separate judgments of his warmest eulogists. First, Bacon was no mathematician, and Playfair admits that "in all physical inquiries where mathematical reasoning has been employed, after a few principles have been established by experience, a vast multitude of truths, equally certain with the principles themselves, have been *deduced* from them by the mere application of geometry and algebra." Bacon's prevision, then, did not extend to the foresight of the great part that mathematical science was to play in the interpretation of Nature. Second, Sir John Herschel, who follows Playfair in making Bacon the father of experimental philosophy, still gives a deadly blow to Bacon's celebrated tables of prerogative instances, considered as *real* aids to the understanding, when he admits that the same sagacity which enables an inquirer to assign an instance or observation to its proper class, enables him, without that process, to recognize its proper value. Third, Sir James Mackintosh, who claims for Bacon, that, if he did not himself make discoveries, he taught mankind the *method* by which discoveries are made, and who asserts that the physical sciences owe all that they are or ever will be to Bacon's method and spirit, refers to the 104th aphorism of the first book of the *Novum Organum*, as containing the condensed essence of his philosophy. This aphorism affirms that the path to the most general truths is a series of ascending inductive steps; that the lowest generalizations must first be established, then the middle principles, then the highest. It is curious that Mackintosh should praise a philosopher of facts for announcing a theory which facts have disproved. The merest glance at the history of the sciences shows that the opposite principle is rather the true one; that the most general principles have been first reached. Mill can only excuse Bacon for this blunder by saying that he could not have fallen into it if there had existed in his time a single deductive science, such as mechanics, astronomy, optics, acoustics, &c., now are. Of course he could not; but the fact remains that he did not foresee the course or prescribe the true method of science, and that he did not even appreciate the way in which his contemporaries, Kepler and Galileo, were building up sciences by processes different from his own. It is amazing, however, that Mackintosh, with the discovery of the law of gravitation, the most universal of all natural laws, as an obvious instance against the theory, should have adopted Bacon's error.

Fourth, Bacon's method of exclusion, the one element of his system which gave it originality, proceeds, as John Mill has pointed out, on the assumption that a phenomenon can have but one cause, and is therefore not applicable to coexistences as to successions of phenomena.

Fifth, Bacon's method, though it proceeds on a conception of nature which is an hypothesis exploded, and though it is itself an hypothesis which has proved sterile, still does not admit of hypotheses as guides to investigation. The last and ablest editor of his Philosophical Works, Mr. Ellis, concedes the practical inutility of his method on this ground, that the process by which scientific truths have been established "involves an element to which nothing corresponds in Bacon's tables of comparison and exclusion, namely, the application to the facts of observation of a principle of arrangement, an idea, existing in the mind of the discoverer antecedently to the act of induction."

Indeed, Bacon's method was disproved by his own contemporaries. Kepler tried twenty guesses on the orbit of Mars, and the last proved correct. Galileo deduced important principles from assumptions, and then brought them to the test of experiment. Gilbert's hypothesis, that "the earth is a great natural magnet with two poles," is now more than an hypothesis. The *Novum Organum* contains a fling at the argument from final causes; and the very year it was published, Harvey, the friend and physician of Bacon, by reasoning on the final cause of the valves in the veins, discovered the circulation of the blood. All these men had the scientific instinct and scientific genius that Bacon lacked. They made no antithesis between the anticipation of nature and the interpretation of nature, but they anticipated in order to interpret. It is not the disuse of hypotheses, but the testing of hypotheses by facts, and the willingness to give them up when experience decides against them, which characterizes the scientific mind.

Sixth, Bacon, though he aimed to institute a philosophy of observation, and gave rules for observing, was not himself a sharp and accurate observer of Nature, — did not possess, as has often been remarked, acuteness in proportion to his comprehensiveness. His Natural History, his History of Life and Death, of Density and Rarity, and the like, all prove a mental defect disqualifying him for the business. His eye roved when it should have been patiently fixed. He caught at resemblances by the instinct of his wide-ranging intellect; and this peculiarity, constantly indulged, impaired his power of distinguishing differences. He spread his mind over a space so large that its full strength was concentrated on nothing. He could not check the discursive action of his intellect, and hold it down to the sharp, penetrating, dissecting analysis of single appearances; and his brain was teeming with too many schemes to allow of that mental fanaticism, that fury of mind, which impelled Kepler to his repeated assaults on the tough problem of the planetary orbits. The same comprehensive multiplicity of objects which prevented him from throwing his full force into affairs, and taking a decided stand as a statesman, operated likewise to dissipate his energies as an explorer of Nature. The analogies, relations, likenesses of things occupied his attention to the exclusion of a searching examination of the things themselves. As a courtier, lawyer, jurist, politician, statesman, man of science, student of universal knowledge, he has been practically excelled in each department by special men, because his intellect was one which refused to be arrested and fixed.

And, in conclusion, the essential defect of the Baconian method consisted in its being an invention of genius to dispense with the necessity of genius. It was, as Mr. Ellis has well remarked, "a mechanical mode of procedure, pretending to lead to absolute certainty of result." It levelled capacities, because the virtue was in the instrument used, and not in the person using it. Bacon illustrates the importance of his method by saying that a man of ordinary ability with a pair of compasses can describe a better circle than a man of the greatest genius without such help; that the lame, in the path, outstrip the swift who wander from it; indeed, the very skill and swiftness of him who runs not in the right direction only increases his aberration. With his view of philosophy, as the investigation of the forms of a limited number of simple natures, he thought that, with "the purse of a prince and the assistance of a people," a sufficiently copious natural history might be formed, within a comparatively short period, to furnish the materials for the working of his method; and then the grand instauration of the sciences would be rapidly completed. In this scheme there could, of course, be only one great name, — the name of Bacon. Those who collected the materials, those who applied the method, would be only his

clerks. His office was that of Secretary of State for the interpretation of Nature; Lord Chancellor of the laws of existence, and legislator of science; Lord Treasurer of the riches of the universe; the intellectual potentate equally of science and art, with no aristocracy round his throne, but with a bureaucracy in its stead, taken from the middle class of intellect and character. There was no place for Harvey and Newton and Halley and Dalton and La Place and Cuvier and Agassiz, for genius was unnecessary; the new logic, the *Novum Organum*, Bacon himself, mentally alive in the brains which applied his method, was all in all. Splendid discoveries would be made, those discoveries would be beneficently applied, but they would be made by clerks and applied by clerks. All were latent in the Baconian method, and over all the completed intellectual globe of science, as in the commencement of the *Novum Organum*, would be written, "Francis of Verulam thought thus!" And if Bacon's method had been really followed by succeeding men of science, this magnificent autocracy of understanding and imagination would have been justified; and round the necks of each of them would be a collar, on which would be written, "This person is so and so, 'born thrall of Francis of Verulam.'" That this feeling of serene spiritual superiority, and consciousness of being the founder of a new empire in the world of mind, was *in* Bacon, we know by the general tone of his writings, and the politic contempt with which he speaks of the old autocrats, Aristotle and Plato; and Harvey, who knew him well, probably intended to hit this imperial loftiness, when he described him as "writing philosophy like a Lord Chancellor." "The guillotine governs!" said Barrère, gayly, when some friend compassionated his perplexities as a practical statesman during the Reign of Terror. "The Method governs!" would have been the reply of a Baconian underling, had the difficulties of his attempts to penetrate the inmost mysteries of nature been suggested to him.

Thus by the use of Bacon's own method of exclusion we exclude him from the position due of right to Galileo and Kepler. In the inquiry respecting the father of the inductive sciences, he is not "the nature sought." What, then, is the cause of his fame among the scientific men of England and France? They certainly have not spent their time in investigating the forms of simple natures; they certainly have not used his method; why have they used his name?

In answer to this question, it may be said that Bacon, participating in the intellectual movement of the higher minds of his age, recognized the paramount importance of observation and experiment in the investigation of Nature; and it has since been found convenient to adopt, as the father and founder of the physical sciences, one whose name lends to them so much dignity, and who was undoubtedly one of the broadest, richest, and most imperial of human intellects, if he were not one of the most scientific. Then he is the most eloquent of all discoursers on the philosophy of science, and the general greatness of his mind is evident even in the demonstrable errors of his system. No other writer on the subject is a classic, and Bacon is thus a link connecting men of science with men of letters and men of the world. Whewell, Comte, Mill, Herschel, with more abundant material, with the advantage of generalizing the philosophy of the sciences from their history, are instinctively felt by every reader to be smaller men than Bacon. As thinkers, they appear thin and unfruitful as compared with his fulness of suggestive thought; as writers, they have no pretension to the massiveness, splendor, condensation, and regal dignity of his rhetoric. The Advancement of Learning, and the first book of the *Novum Organum*, are full of quotable sentences, in which solid wisdom is clothed in the aptest, most vivid, most imaginative, and most executive expression. If a man of science at the present day wishes for a compact state-

ment in which to embody his scorn of bigotry, of dogmatism, of intellectual conceit, of any of the idols of the human understanding which obstruct its perception of natural truth, it is to Bacon that he goes for an aphorism.

And it is doubtless true that the spirit which animates Bacon's philosophical works is a spirit which inspires effort and infuses cheer. It is impossible to say how far this spirit has animated inventors and discoverers. But we know from the enthusiastic admiration expressed for him by men of science, who could not have been blind to the impotence of his method, that all minds his spirit touched it must have influenced. One principle stands plainly out in his writings, that the intellect of man, purified from its idols, is competent for the conquest of nature; and to this glorious task he, above all other men, gave an epical dignity and loftiness. His superb rhetoric is the poetry of physical science. The humblest laborer in that field feels, in reading Bacon, that he is one of a band of heroes, wielding weapons mightier than those of Achilles and Agamemnon, engaged in a siege nobler than that of Troy; for, in so far as he is honest and capable, he is "Man, the minister and interpreter of Nature," engaged, "not in the amplification of the power of one man over his country, nor in the amplification of the power of that country over other countries, but in the amplification of the power and kingdom of mankind over the universe." And, while Bacon has thus given an ideal elevation to the pursuits of science, he has at the same time pointed out most distinctly those diseases of the mind which check or mislead it in the task of interpretation. As a student of nature, his fame is greater than his deserts; as a student of human nature, he is hardly yet appreciated; and it is to the greater part of the first book of the *Novum Organum*, where he deals in general reflections on those mental habits and dispositions which interfere with pure intellectual conscientiousness, and where his beneficent spirit and rich imagination lend sweetness and beauty to the homeliest practical wisdom, that the reader impatiently returns, after being wearied with the details of his method given in the second book. His method was antiquated in his own lifetime; but it is to be feared that centuries hence his analysis of the idols of the human understanding will be as fresh and new as human vanity and pride.

It was not, then, in the knowledge of Nature, but in the knowledge of human nature, that Bacon pre-eminently excelled. By this it is not meant that he was a metaphysician in the usual sense of the term, though his works contain as valuable hints to metaphysicians as to naturalists; but these hints are on matters at one remove from the central problems of metaphysics. Indeed, for all those questions which relate to the nature of the mind and the mode by which it obtains its ideas, for all questions which are addressed to the speculative reason alone, he seems to have felt an aversion almost irrational. They appeared to him to minister to the delight and vain-glory of the thinker, without yielding any fruit of wisdom which could be applied to human affairs. "Pragmatical man," he says, "should not go away with an opinion that learning is like a lark, that can mount, and sing, and please herself, and nothing else; but may know that she holdeth as well of the hawk, that can soar aloft, and can also descend and strike upon the prey." Not, then, the abstract qualities and powers of the human mind, considered as special objects of investigation independent of individuals, but the combination of these into concrete character, interested Bacon. He regarded the machinery in motion, the human being as he thinks, feels, and lives, men in their relations with men; and the phenomena presented in history and life he aimed to investigate as he would investigate the phenomena of the natural world. This practical science of human nature, in which the discovery of general laws seems hopeless to every mind not ample enough to resist being over-

whelmed by the confusion, complication, and immense variety of the details, and which it will probably take ages to complete, — this science Bacon palpably advanced. His eminence here is demonstrable from his undisputed superiority to other prominent thinkers in the same department. Hallam justly remarks, that "if we compare what may be found in the sixth, seventh, and eighth books De Augmentis; in the Essays, the History of Henry VII., and the various short treatises contained in his works on moral and political wisdom, and on human nature, from experience of which all such wisdom is drawn, — if we compare these works of Bacon with the rhetoric, ethics, and politics of Aristotle, or with the histories most celebrated for their deep insight into civil society and human character, — with Thucydides, Tacitus, Philip de Comines, Machiavel, Davila, Hume, — we shall, I think, find that one man may be compared with all these together."

The most valuable peculiarity of this wisdom is, that it not merely points out what should be done, but it points out how it can be done. This is especially true in all his directions for the culture of the individual mind; the mode by which the passions may be disciplined, and the intellect enriched, enlarged, and strengthened. So with the relations of the individual to his household, to society, to government, he indicates the method by which these relations may be known and the duties they imply performed. In his larger speculations regarding the philosophy of law, the principles of universal justice, and the organic character of national institutions, he anticipates, in the sweep of his intellect, the ideas of the jurists and historians of the present century. Volumes have been written which are merely expansions of this statement of Bacon, that "there are in nature certain fountains of justice, whence all civil laws are derived but as streams; and like as waters do take tinctures and tastes from the soils through which they run, so do civil laws vary according to the regions and governments where they are planted, though they proceed from the same fountain." The Advancement of Learning, afterwards translated and expanded into the Latin treatise De Augmentis, is an inexhaustible storehouse of such thoughts, — thoughts which have constituted the capital of later thinkers, but which never appear to so much advantage as in the compact imaginative form in which they were originally expressed.

It is important, however, that, in admitting to the full Bacon's just claims as a philosopher of human nature, we should avoid the mistake of supposing him to have possessed acuteness in the same degree in which he possessed comprehensiveness. Mackintosh says that he is "probably a single instance of a mind which in philosophizing always reaches the point of elevation whence the whole prospect is commanded, without ever rising to that distance which prevents a distinct perception of every part of it." This judgment is accurate as far as regards parts considered as elements of a general view, but in the special view of single parts he has been repeatedly excelled by men whom it would be absurd to compare to him in general wisdom. His mind was contracted to details by effort; it dilated by instinct. It was telescopic rather than microscopic; its observation of men was extensive rather than minute. "Were it not better," he says, "for a man in a fair room to set up one great light, or branching candlestick of lights, than to go about with a small watch-candle into every corner?" Certainly, but the small watch-candle in some investigations is better than the great central lamp; and his genius accordingly does not include the special genius of such observers as La Bruyère, Rochefoucauld, Saint-Simon, Balsac, and Shaftesbury, — the detective police of society, politics, and letters, — men whose intellects were all contracted into a sharp, sure, cat-like insight into the darkest crevices of individual natures, — whose eyes dissected what they

looked upon, — and to whom the slightest circumstance was a key that opened the whole character to their glance. For example: Saint-Simon sees a lady, whose seemingly ingenuous diffidence makes her charming to everybody. He peers into her soul, and declares, as the result of his vision, that "modesty is one of her arts." Again, after the death of the son of Louis XIV., the court was of course overwhelmed with decorous grief; the new dauphin and dauphiness were especially inconsolable for the loss; and, to all witnesses but one, were weeping copiously. Saint-Simon simply says, "Their eyes were wonderfully dry, but well managed." Bacon might have inferred hypocrisy; but he would not have observed the lack of moisture in the eyes amid all the convulsive sobbing and the agonized dips and waves of the handkerchief. Take another instance: The Duke of Orleans amazed the court by the diabolical recklessness of his conduct. St. Simon alone saw that ordinary vices had no pungency for him; that he must spice licentiousness with atheism and blasphemy in order to derive any pleasure from it; and solves the problem by saying that he was "born bored," — that he took up vice at the point at which his ancestors had left it, and had no choice but to carry it to new heights of impudence or to reject it altogether. Again, to take an example from a practical politician: Shaftesbury, who played the game of faction with such exquisite subtlety in the reign of Charles II., detected the fact of the secret marriage between the king's brother and Anne Hyde by noticing at dinner that her mother, Lady Clarendon, could not resist expressing a faint deference in her manner when she helped her daughter to the meat; and on this slight indication he acted as confidently as if he had learned the fact by being present at the wedding.

Now neither in his life nor in his writings does Bacon indicate that he had studied individuals with this keen attentiveness. His knowledge of human nature was the result of the tranquil deposit, year after year, into his receptive and capacious intellect, of the facts of history and of his own wide experience of various kinds of life. These he pondered, classified, reduced to principles, and embodied in sentences which have ever since been quotable texts for jurists, moralists, historians, and statesmen; and all the while his own servants were deceiving and plundering him, and his followers enriching themselves with bribes taken in his name. The "small watch-candle" of the brain would have been valuable to him here.

The work by which his wisdom has reached the popular mind is his collection of Essays. As originally published in 1597, it contained only ten; in the last edition published in his lifetime, the number was increased to fifty-seven. The sifted result of much observation and meditation on public and private life, he truly could say of their matter, that "it could not be found in books." Their originality can hardly be appreciated at present, for most of their thoughts have been incorporated with the minds which have fed on them, and have been continually reproduced in other volumes. Yet it is probable that these short treatises are rarely thoroughly mastered, even by the most careful reader. Dugald Stewart testifies that after reading them for the twentieth time he observed something which had escaped his attention in the nineteenth. They combine the greatest brevity with the greatest beauty of expression. The thoughts follow each other with such rapid ease; each thought is so truly an addition, and not an expansion of the preceding; the point of view is so continually changed, in order that in one little essay the subject may be considered on all its sides and in all its bearings; and each sentence is so capable of being developed into an essay, — that the work requires long pauses of reflection, and frequent reperusal, to be estimated at its full worth. It not merely enriches the mind, it enlarges it, and teaches it comprehensive habits of reflection. The

disease of mental narrowness and fanaticism it insensibly cures, by showing that every subject can be completely apprehended only by viewing it from various points; and a reader of Bacon instinctively meets the fussy or furious declaimer with the objection, "But, sir, there is another side to this matter."

It was one of Bacon's mistakes to believe that he would outlive the English language. Those of his works, therefore, which were not written in Latin he was eager to have translated into that tongue. The "Essays," coming home as they did to "men's business and bosoms," he was persuaded would "last as long as books should last"; and as he thought, to use his own words, "that these modern languages would at some time or other play the bankrupt with books," he employed Ben Jonson and others to translate the Essays into Latin. A Dr. Willmott published, in 1720, a translation of this Latin edition into what he called reformed and fashionable English. We will give a specimen. Bacon, in his Essay on Adversity, says: "Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament, adversity is the blessing of the New..... Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols." Dr. Willmott Englishes the Latin in this wise: "Prosperity belongs to the blessings of the Old Testament, adversity to the beatitudes of the New..... Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you 'll find more lamentable airs than triumphant ones." This is translation with a vengeance!

Next to the Essays and the Advancement of Learning, the most attractive of Bacon's works is his Wisdom of the Ancients. Here his reason and imagination, intermingling or interchanging their processes, work conjointly, and produce a magnificent series of poems, while remorselessly analyzing imaginations into thoughts. He supposes that, anterior to the Greeks, there were thinkers as wise as Bacon; that the heathen fables are poetical embodiments of secrets and mysteries of policy, philosophy, and religion; truths folded up in mythological personifications; "sacred relics," indeed, or "abstracted, rarefied airs of better times, which by tradition from more ancient nations fell into the trumpets and flutes of the Grecians." He, of course, finds in these fables what he brings to them, the inductive philosophy and all. The book is a marvel of ingenuity, and exhibits the astounding analogical power of his mind, both as respects analogies of reason and analogies of fancy. Had Bacon lived in the age of Plato and Aristotle, and written this work, he would have fairly triumphed over those philosophers; for he would have reconciled ancient philosophy with ancient religion, and made faith in Jupiter and Pan consistent with reason.

But the work in which Bacon is most pleasingly exhibited is his philosophical romance, The New Atlantis. This happy island is a Baconian Utopia, a philosopher's paradise, where the *Novum Organum* is, in imagination, realized, and utility is carried to its loftiest idealization. In this country the king is good, and the people are good, because everything, even commerce, is subordinated to knowledge. "Truth" here "prints goodness." All sensual and malignant passions, all the ugly deformities of actual life, are sedately expelled from this glorious dream of a kingdom where men live in harmony with each other and with nature, and where observers, discoverers, and inventors are invested with an external pomp and dignity and high place corresponding to their intellectual elevation. Here is a college worthy of the name, Solomon's House, "the end of whose foundation is the knowledge of causes and the secret motions of things, and the enlarging the bounds of human empire to the effecting of all things possible"; and in Solomon's House Bacon's ideas are carried out, and man is in the process of "being restored to the sovereignty of nature." In this fiction, too, the peculiar beneficence of Bacon's spirit is displayed; and perhaps the

finest sentence in his writings, certainly the one which best indicates the essential feeling of his soul as he regarded human misery and ignorance, occurs in his description of one of the fathers of Solomon's House. "His countenance," he says, "was as the countenance of one who pities men."

But, it may still be asked, how was it that a man of such large wisdom, with a soul really of such pervasive beneficence, was so comparatively weak and pliant in his life? This question touches his mind no less than his character; and it must be said that, both in the action of his mind and the actions of his life, there is observable a lack both of emotional and moral intensity. He is never impassioned, never borne away by an overmastering feeling or purpose. There is no rush of ideas and passions in his writings, no direct contact and close hug of thought and thing. Serenity, not speed, is his characteristic. Majestic as is the movement of his intellect, and far-reaching its glance, it still includes, adjusts, *feels into* the objects it contemplates, rather than darts at them like Shakespeare's or pierces them like Chaucer's. And this intelligence, so wise and so worldly wise, so broad, bright, confident, and calm, with the moral element pervading it as an element of insight rather than as a motive of action, — this was the instrument on which he equally relied to advance learning and to advance Bacon. As a practical politician, he felt assured of his power to comprehend as a whole, and nicely to discern the separate parts, of the most complicated matter which pressed for judgment and for volition. Exercising insight and foresight on a multitude of facts and contingencies all present to his mind at once, he aimed to evoke order from confusion, to read events in their principles, to seize the salient point which properly determines the judgment, and then act decisively for his purpose, safely for his reputation and fortune. Marvellous as this process of intelligence is, it is liable both to corrupt and mislead unless the moral sentiment is strong and controlling. The man transforms himself into a sort of earthly providence, and by intelligence is emancipated from strict integrity. But the intellectual eye, though capable, like Bacon's, of being dilated at will, is no substitute for conscience, and no device has ever yet been invented which would do away with the usefulness of simple honesty and blind moral instinct. In the most comprehensive view in politics something is sure to be left out, and that something is apt to vitiate the sagacity of the whole combination.

Indeed, there is such a thing as being over wise in dealing with practical affairs, and the defect of Bacon's intellect is seen the moment we compare it with an intellect like that of Luther. Bacon, with his serene superiority to impulse, and his power of giving his mind at pleasure its close compactness and fan-like spread, could hardly have failed to feel for Luther that compassionate contempt with which men possessing many ideas survey men who are possessed by one; yet it is certain that Luther never could have got entangled in Bacon's errors, for his habit was to cut knots which Bacon labored to untie. Men of Luther's stamp never aim to be wise by reach but by intensity of intelligence. They catch a vivid glimpse of some awful spiritual fact, in whose light the world dwindles and pales, and then follow its inspiration headlong, paying no heed to the insinuating whispers of prudence, and crashing through the glassy expediencies which obstruct their path. Such natures, in the short run, are the most visionary; in the long run, the most practical. Bacon has been praised by the most pertinacious revilers of his character for his indifference to the metaphysical and theological controversies which raged around him. They do not seem to see that this indifference came from his deficiency in those intense moral and religious feelings out of which the controversies arose. It would have been better for himself had he been more of a fanatic, for such a

stretch of intelligence as he possessed could be purchased only at the expense of dissolving the forces of his personality in meditative expansiveness, and of weakening his power of dealing direct blows on the instinct or intuition of the instant.

But while this man was without the austerer virtues of humanity, we must not forget that he was also without its sour and malignant vices; and he stands almost alone in literature, as a vast dispassionate intellect, in which the sentiment of philanthropy has been refined and purified into the subtile essence of thought. Without this philanthropy or goodness, he tells us, "man is but a better kind of vermin"; and love of mankind, in Bacon, is not merely the noblest feeling but the highest reason. This beneficence, thus transformed into intelligence, is not a hard opinion, but a rich and mellow spirit of humanity, which communicates the life of the quality it embodies; and we cannot more fitly conclude than by quoting the noble sentence in which Bacon, after pointing out the mistakes regarding the true end of knowledge, closes by divorcing it from all selfish egotism and ambition. "Men," he says, "have entered into a desire of learning and knowledge, sometimes upon a natural curiosity and inquisitive appetite; sometimes to entertain their minds with variety and delight; sometimes for ornament and reputation; and sometimes to enable them to victory of wit and contradiction; and most times for lucre and profession; and seldom sincerely to give a true account of their gift of reason, to the benefit and use of man; as if there were sought in knowledge a couch whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit; or a terrace, for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect; or a tower of state, for a proud mind to raise itself upon; or a fort or commanding-ground for strife or contention; or a shop for profit and sale; and not a rich storehouse, for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate."

SEA-GULLS.

THE salt sea-wind is a merry-maker,
Rippling the wild bluff's daisied reach;
The quick surf glides from the arching breaker,
And foams on the tawny beach.

Out where the long reef glooms and glances,
And tosses sunward its diamond rain,
Morn has pierced with her golden lances
The dizzy light-house pane.

Gladdened by clamors of infinite surges,
Heedless what billow or gale may do,
The white gulls float where the ocean-verges
Blend with a glimmer of blue.

I watch how the curtaining vapor settles
Dim on their tireless plumes far borne,
Till faint they gleam as a blossom's petals,
Blown through the spacious morn.

THE TRADITIONAL POLICY OF RUSSIA.

AT this moment, when the Pan-Slavic and Greco-Catholic Propaganda gathers all its strength to aid the Czar's government in making another push at the East, and when the Muscovite armies, as a preparatory move, have taken possession of the Khanates of Tartary, thus nearing the British possessions of India, the traditional policy of Russia, as exhibited in her ancient history, acquires a peculiar importance.

Current events are often the outcome of deep-rooted tendencies. In the case of Russia, everybody talks fluently of her "traditional policy"; yet how few are there who have even a faint knowledge of the political and social conditions through which that empire has passed during and after the Middle Ages! There is a wellnigh general, but withal fallacious, belief that Russia is "a young state," in the prime of life, whose political organization dates only from the last century. Hence those comparisons with the youthful Transatlantic Republic, arising out of a few accidental, and no doubt transitory, similarities, with omission of the deep and characteristic diversities.

It is no exaggeration to say that even in England, which is the rival Asiatic power with Russia, one might as well ask for a general knowledge of what the Aztecs of Tenochtitlan did a thousand years ago as for an acquaintance with ancient Muscovite history. As the existence of the human race is recorded to have had its origin with "Adam," so Russian existence is often thought to have begun with a certain "Peter." As to what occurred in the fabulous times before the appearance of that historical Czar scarcely any one cares to inquire. Ere the "Shipwright of Saardam" connected his empire with Western civilization, Russia is usually assumed to have been a *terra incognita* to Europe. Since his time only — so many believe — the Northern Colossus has acted a part as an aggressive power in the East.

Yet, in what a different light would "youthful" Russia be regarded, were it kept in mind that, centuries before Czar Peter, — nay, at the very epoch when Alfred the Great founded the power of the English realm, — the ancient Russian Grand-Princes had already made themselves hateful to the Eastern world as barbarian sovereigns of the most grasping ambition. Opinions with respect to Muscovite "orthodox" policy would be altered, if the fact were remembered that, more than nine hundred years ago, when Russia was still sunk in paganism, the Danubian Principalities, the countries of the Black Sea, the Balkan, and the Bosphorus, and the gates of Constantinople itself, were already the theatre of Russian invasion and attack! What would be thought of the "religious mission" the autocrats have attributed to themselves, were it remembered that, in those far-distant times, the name, not only of the heathen, but even of the Greco-Catholic Ῥῶς (Russian), was pronounced with feelings of terror within the walls of Greco-Catholic Byzance long before that city of world-wide importance had become the capital of the "Padishah and Caliphe of all the Mussulman believers"?

If we would keep to real historical truth, we must reverse many current notions and preconceived ideas. We must not seek in the so-called evidently forged "Testament of Peter I." for the text-book of Russian attempts at universal dominion, or for the first indices of Russian movements against Constantinople; this encroaching tendency must be traced *ten centuries back!*

In the ninth century, when the Russians still revered the idols of Perun and Yurru, while Constantinople was ruled by an orthodox imperator, their

Grand-Princes, as they were then called, made war against Constantinople, holding the savage doctrine that "Byzantium must become their capital because the Greeks were women and the Russians 'blood-men.'"

In the tenth century, when the Russian Grand-Prince had embraced the same faith to which the Byzantine Empire adhered, another pretext had to be framed for aggression. Constantinople was then to become the residence of the barbarian, "because it suits the dignity of the Russian monarch to receive baptism in the capital of Eastern Christendom."

In the eleventh century, another trifling occasion was eagerly caught at by Russia to make an attempt for the conquest of Constantinople with one hundred thousand men. And when subsequently the Byzantine Emperors were relieved from further attacks on the part of Russia, it was only because she had become weakened by internal feuds and ultimately subjected to Mongol rule.

All this, we ought to note here, happened at a time when Russia was not yet so much of a Slavonian power as she at present is. Finnish and Tartaric populations occupied, in those early centuries, a larger area within the confines of the empire than they at present do. Superposed on those three great national divisions — the Fins, the Slavonians, and the Tartars — was a dynasty and a military aristocracy of Northern, Germanic descent, which probably came from Scandinavia, and which gave the empire it founded a name imported from its Northern home.

The Mongol invasion wiped out for several centuries the existence of a Russian Empire. On the revival of the latter a spark of the old ambition reappears. In the fifteenth century the Muscovite autocrats return to the old designs. They were certainly unable then to try the chance of arms against the powerful Osmanlee, who in the mean time had planted the Crescent on the cupola of St. Sophia. But by and by they sought to gain influence among the Greco-Slavonians of what now had become Turkey; basely asserting that at no distant date the Czar would be able to seize upon Constantinople as his inheritance, "because the marriage of Ivan Vassiljevitch with the niece of the last Paleologus gives to Russia a title to the possession of the Lower Empire."

Time passed on; the Porte lost its military prestige, and the moment at last appeared propitious to revive ancient pretensions by force of arms. So Peter I. propounded the doctrine that Constantinople must become the capital of Russia because "the religious supremacy of the Czar is entitled to sway the whole East."

In the middle of the eighteenth century, French philosophy penetrated into the Cabinet of Catherine II. The grand seigneurs and *roués* of her voluptuous court coquetted with the ideas of liberalism and classic humanism; consequently the world had to be told that Constantinople ought to become a Muscovite fief "because the republics of ancient Hellas must be re-established under Russian protection."

But philosophy and classicism got out of fashion at St. Petersburg when the revolutionary storm thundered in France. The old *dictum* was therefore reproduced, that Stamboul cannot remain under Ottoman dominion "because the infidel Turk is a disgrace to the Holy City from whence Russia received the light of Christianity." This argument was strongly in favor with the late Czar Nicholas, who, however, had still another in reserve, — not this time of a religious character, — namely, that Russia had a right of succession to Turkey, "because the Turk is a sick man." Let us add that even this medical *dictum* is a traditional one, already in vogue at the time of Catherine II., who was indebted for it to the wit of Voltaire.

Thus the spirit of encroachment has, with certain compulsory interruptions, always existed in Russia since the formation of the Empire. Not in the

eighteenth, but in the ninth century, was the organization of Russia as a military monarchy first undertaken. Not under Peter I., but immediately after the introduction of the Rurik dynasty, do the pretensions of Russia to the domination over Constantinople appear. Not with the establishment of the "Holy Directing Synod," but in the very first year of the general spread of Christianity into Russia, under Vladimir, in 988, are the theocratical tendencies of the Russian sovereigns to be remarked. In the reigns of Oleg, Igor, Sviatoslaf, Vladimir, and Yaroslaf, Russia has already her prototypes of princely absolutism, military conquest, and ecclesiastical ambition. The later czars continued, they did not originate, this policy.

Nothing, consequently, can be more erroneous than to say that under Peter, son of Alexis, Russia for the first time emerged from a chaotic state into the proportions of a realm, and that since his time she has been continually developing her "juvenile vigor." History unfolds a view diametrically opposed to this theory. Russia is an old empire. And, unlike other European countries which have had their rise, growth, and decline, or transformation, she has for a thousand years oscillated between the existence as a military empire of menacing aspirations and a state of total political eclipse. She can hardly boast of a steady internal development. Warlike, aggressive despotism in one epoch, total prostration in another, have been her characteristics. In the mean while, through all these jerking changes, her people have unfortunately ever remained servile and uncultivated, her princes ever unduly ambitious. There were only two germs of freedom in Russia at the two farther ends of the Empire. We allude to the city of Novogorod, at one time a member of the German Hanseatic League, and to the city of Kiev. Both fell before the onslaught of czarism. There was no force in all the vast extent of the Empire to support the good cause of Novogorod; and it would seem as if the abject spirit of slavery in so many millions of subjects had continually tended to produce a vertigo of ambition in the minds of the monarchs. Finding at home no impediment to their most extravagant wishes, they indulged in the wildest dreams of conquest of other nations. In this manner they brought forward schemes of universal dominion, and stretched out their hands — they, the barbarian chieftains! — towards the sceptre of Eastern Rome. But when they failed, the nations that had been wronged took a great revenge; and so Russia often sank to almost entire annihilation under the shock of foreign coalitions. In this way, exaggerated aspirations were followed by terrible catastrophes. But after a period of prostration, the insatiate spirit of conquest regularly reappeared; and this, we apprehend, will continue until Europe has succeeded in pushing the frontiers of civilization farther into Muscovy.

As the view above given of Russian history is not quite in accordance with the recognized notions, it may, perhaps, be as well to add an outline of the chief epochs with regard to the autocratic foreign policy of the grand-princes and czars.

In the first century of its foundation, the Russian Empire treads the stage, so to speak, in full armor. From the disorder of a host of not very warlike tribes, the foreign — Germanic — dynasty of the Ruriks calls a realm into existence, ready armed for offence; and forthwith a despotism is developed, "born with teeth in its head." This earliest epoch dates from the ninth to the eleventh century. During it, the Rurik dynasty unites the Finnish and Slavonian tribes of what is now Northern and Central Russia into one empire, overthrows in the southeast the highly cultivated Tartar Kingdom of the Khazans,* who inhabited the countries

* The history of the Khazan Kingdom, erroneously confounded with that of the Khanates of rude nomadic hordes, almost remains to be written. Although a Tartar (or Turkish) steppe-tribe by origin, the Khazans of the ninth century turned their attention to Greek culture and refinement, and acted as

of the Don, the Dnieper, and the Tauric peninsula, and for two centuries wages war against the government of Constantinople, in order to unite the crowns of the Russo-Varangian princes with the golden tiara of Byzantium. The most monstrous designs were set on foot at this period by the northern despots. They strove for the annexation of the Balkan peninsula, the dominion over the Black Sea, the subjugation of the Crimea and the Caucasus. Thus, from 865 to 1043, the provinces of the Byzantine Empire were subjected to incessant inroads from the North. The Grand-Princes marched their Germanic, Finnish, Slavonian, and Tartar hosts along the Dnieper into the Danubian countries, or transported them in fleets of small craft across the Euxine to appear as besiegers before the "City of the World." The waters of the Pontus, the provinces which we now call Moldo-Wallachia, Bulgaria, the Haemus passes, and the coasts of Roumelia, were the battle-grounds for the armies and navies of Russia and of the Lower Empire. In these contests, the "Russian capital," as a proud Rurik chieftain called it, was for a time established at the foot of the Balkan, at Praejeslavety. But, not satisfied with this conquest, the invader pointed with his lance to Constantinople as the future seat of his government. It affords a singular spectacle to behold in the mirror of this ancient history the forecast of modern events. The treaties then agreed upon between the Byzantines and the Russians vividly recall to mind the conventions of Kutjuk-Kainardji, Adrianople, and others. With the Grand-Princes of the ninth and eleventh centuries, as with the czars of the eighteenth and nineteenth, it was the practice to look upon treaties as upon convenient conjurer's caskets from whence to extract a sophistical justification for fresh aggression. With the Russian rulers of eight hundred years ago it was already good policy to "protect" the government of Constantinople against internal seditions, in order to degrade it into vassalage. Then already the Danubian provinces were seized upon by Russia as a "material guaranty"; then already the government of Constantinople was declared to be only encamped in Europe; and then already the Grand-Princes — scarcely weaned from idolatry! — claimed a certain supremacy over the Eastern Church.

Such was Russian dynastic policy eight hundred and nine hundred years ago. We say "dynastic," because the people played no part in these events save one of passive obedience. Those mighty plans of a domineering Northern monarchy were fostered only in the brains of the Varangian rulers.

But after these vast exertions, Russia, by a sort of historical retribution, collapsed under internal convulsions. Her political unity was torn asunder by quarrels among the different branches of the reigning family; and when at last the nomadic hordes of Genghis-Khan and Batou appeared on the confines of the Empire, there was no centre of resistance, no strength, no patriotism to oppose them. Within a few years, Russia became the slave of the Golden Horde. The Tartar flood broke forth from the depths of Asia, sweeping in its stormy course towards the West, and, being stayed by the rock of German and Polish valor, settled down over the Scytho-Sarmatian plains from the Volga to the Valdai Hills. For two hundred and fifty years, from the middle of the twelfth to the end of the fifteenth century, the Mongols governed the kingdom of the proud Ruriks!

the pioneers of progress in Southern Russia. In those tracts of land where the hideous Kalmuk and Kirghiz people now swarm the Khazans created wealthy towns and fruitful fields. The highway from Derbent to Suir was adorned by them with flourishing cities, such as Atel, Sarkel, Kuram, Gadran, Segekan, Samandar, Albaida, Ferus-Kapad; the plans of most of which towns had been traced out, and the chief buildings erected, by Byzantine architects. Khazan fleets traded up the Don, along the Black Sea, and in the Mediterranean as far as France and Spain. Unfortunately, this remarkable nation, which first began to ameliorate the savage habits of the Slavonians of the Dnieper, was weakened in its power by Russian invasions, and afterwards overpowered by nomadic inroads; thus these Eastern countries were again handed back to the darkness of barbarism.

Russia was now Mongolized in spirit, and even in the physical appearance of her people. Her very name became confused in the memory of Europe. A line of Kalmuk frontier-guards drew, so to speak, a Chinese wall round the boundaries of the empire.

But when the sovereignty which the Mongol Kaptchak had exercised over Russia was at last destroyed (not by Russian bravery, but by conflicts among the wandering Asiatic tribes themselves), the Muscovite Grand-Princes, assuming the title of Czar and Emperor, again ran riot in ambition. The chief field of their activity lay this time, not to the south, but to the north and the west. Their sword was pointed, not to Constantinople, but to Sweden, Poland, and the German provinces of the Baltic.

Whilst it had been the aim of the early Ruriks to establish Russia as a great Oriental power, the czars, subsequently to the fifteenth century, endeavored to found Russian supremacy in Baltic quarters. So strenuous were their efforts in that direction, that one might say they anticipated in thought the later foundation of the modern Russian capital at the Neva. But, although directing their chief energy towards Baltic quarters, the autocrats of that period did not wholly lay aside the "Byzantine" policy of their predecessors. By the ties of marriage and state-craft, the hospodars of Moldo-Wallachia were drawn into the Muscovite interests, and the zeal of the Greek population of Turkey kept up by showy demonstrations, which the agents of one of those czars contrived to perform in the very streets of Stamboul. Thus an embassy was sent by Ivan IV. to the Sultan, which, in the details of its get-up, astonishingly reminds us of the Menchikoff embassy of some fifteen years ago. At that time, also, the double eagle of Byzance, symbol of sovereignty over the east and the west, was adopted as the Russian escutcheon, so as to exhibit the Czar in the light of the chosen champion of Christianity against the unbeliever. This at an epoch when the Moslem stood at the zenith of his power.

Such was Russia in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. But this renewed attempt at an ascendency was not of long duration. It ended suddenly with the extinction of the Rurik family. Scarcely had the last tyrant of that race expired, when another catastrophe hurled down the Muscovite Empire into the depths of humiliation. Poles, Germans of the Baltic provinces, Swedes, Tartars of Astrakhan, and other nations that resented the former encroachments of Russia, make a simultaneous attack upon her. The situation is complicated, too, by internal dissensions. Pretenders arise on all sides, and wars of succession break completely the strength of Russia. The capital falls into the hands of the Poles, whose princes dispose of the throne of Moscow. Conspiracies are rife all over the country, in the sacristies of the clergy and in the castles of the nobles, until at last the tumult subsides into the election of the new dynasty of Romanoff. During this state of confusion, the attention of Europe had gradually again been diverted from those northern regions. Russia once more became to the West a hyperborean *ultima Thule*.

At the end of the seventeenth century Czar Peter appeared. He combined the schemes of the Russo-Norman Grand-Princes Oleg, Igor, Sviatoslaf, Vladimir, and Yaroslaf, with those of the semi-Mongol czars Ivan III. and Ivan IV. His ambition embraced the north and the south, the Black Sea and the Baltic, Asia and Europe; and since his time the march of Russian aggression was again onward, until a check was offered to it in the Crimean War.

From this brief summary it will be perceived what importance must be attached to the history *before* Peter I. Nor are we wanting in authentic sources. Not to speak of the regular (chiefly Byzantine, Arabic, and Russian) chronicles, there exists, if we may say so, a whole series of "voyage

literature" concerning Russia, beginning with the ninth century, and consisting of travel memoirs, ambassadorial reports, and so forth.

From Ohthere, a Norman native of Heligoland, who in 890 gave an account of his voyage to Northern Russia by order of Alfred of England; and from Ahmed-ben-Fosylan, the plenipotentiary of an Abasside Khalif, who in 921 drew up a report of his journey, — there are, down to modern times, comparatively a great number of documents. Taking only the two centuries before Peter I., we come to the surprising fact that, nearly four hundred years ago, Germany sent her scientific commissions to Moscow, with a view to studying the situation of Russia, which had then just emerged from Mongol slavery. The reports of these commissions still exist. Unfortunately, they are hidden in the dust of Austrian archives. More accessible are the documents of a political nature, such as the letters and memoirs of German ambassadors at the court of Moscow.* Of these latter we name only the accounts given by George Thurn, who had a mission from the German Emperor Maximilian to negotiate for a marriage with the daughter of the Czar (1492); then the work of Sigismund von Herberstein, a Councillor and President of the Board of Revenues of the German Empire, who, in 1516, went as envoy extraordinary to Moscow (*Rerum Moscovitarum Commentarii*, Vienna, 1549). In the sixteenth century Russia was much travelled through by men of all nations, trades, and stations of life. Of their numerous reports we will single out those of a few Englishmen: Thomas Aldcocke, factor of an English commercial company, who made the voyage from Jaroslaw to Astrakhan (1564); Arthur Edwards (1565); Thomas Southam, in the service of the Anglo-Russian Company in London (1566); Thomas Randolfe, ambassador of Queen Elizabeth (1568); Giles Fletcher, also ambassador at Moscow (1588), etc.

Unquestionably, one of the most interesting memoirs is that of the French Captain Margeret, originally published in 1607 at Paris. To assign their right place to the reports of this leader of free lands, we will observe that his sojourn in Muscovy, where he rose to great dignity, occurred during the beginning of a period which we called "eclipse." His work, therefore, cannot, properly speaking, serve as a contemporary authority for the traditional policy of Russia. Yet so constant has been the tendency towards territorial extension and absolute government, that even Margeret, though writing at a time when the country was hastening to decline, felt deeply impressed, not only by the vastness of its geographical extent and its military resources, but also by the restless ambition which prompted the barbarian autocrats to aspire to imperial honors and European importance.

If we were to draw any inferences from the more than secular — because almost millenary — policy of Russian czars, we should come to the conclusion that the appropriation of Constantinople by them may, after all, be still averted. Sometimes the accomplishment of the design has seemed near enough, but a gigantic catastrophe has as often averted it. Autocratic policy was powerful enough to move the stolid mass of the Muscovite population for the purpose of conquest, and unscrupulous enough to hurl the savage tribes of the farthest Asiatic deserts against the rich countries of Eastern Europe. But what the czars were unable to inspire their subjects with has been

* These are, however, not the earliest traces of intercourse between Russia and the West. There were Russian embassies to Germany, and *vice versa*, during the reign of the German emperor Henry II. (1003–24). Projects of intermarriage at that epoch were discussed or carried out between German, Hungarian, Polish, English, and French princes or princesses on the one hand, and members of the Rurik family on the other. In the eleventh century, a dethroned Russian sovereign made a personal pilgrimage to Mayence, to solicit aid against a rival, — the exiled Russian pretender promising that, if Henry IV. of Germany would reinstate him on the throne, he would engage "to hold Russia only as a vassal fief of the German empire." Henry IV., being involved in a struggle both with his own vassals and the Holy See, was unable to do more than to make an inefficient diplomatic intervention.

the noble instinct of enterprising migration and colonization, the intelligence of mind necessary for fertilizing territorial conquests, and converting them into valuable possessions. Even in the mere warlike spirit required for a system of encroachment the Muscovite people have ever been deficient. Their great successes have generally been won more by fostering dissensions among the enemy, by diplomatic influences, by the lavish use of gold, and by the skill of foreigners taken into Russian service, rather than by native Muscovite prowess. When invaded on her own soil, Russia had recourse to the aid of nature's forces, availing herself of the barrenness of the country and the rigor of the climate. As to the boast contained in the spurious "Last Will of Peter I.," that the vigorous races of Russia, similar to the Germanic tribes, will inundate the countries of the west, east, and north, we need only point to the thinness of the population of Muscovy proper, and to the utter absence of a wandering impulse among them. The most superficial observer must see through the fallaciousness of a pretended similarity between, on the one hand, the youthful, freedom-loving, adventurous Germanic races of the migrations, who scarcely knew kingly authority; and, on the other, that enthralled mass of Muscovite subjects who have successively submitted to Khazan, Varangian, and Mongol supremacy, and whose government not unfrequently reminded one of the worst era of Roman imperators. A comparison between Russia and the United States is therefore certainly out of the question.

Latterly, Russia has made some steps in advance in internal improvement, mainly in consequence of her defeat by the allied Western Powers. The emancipation of the serfs is a great move, at which all friends of humanity must rejoice, though it is no secret that the Czar carried it out from a desire of diminishing the wealth of those nobles who, in common with a portion of the town's population, were striving for the introduction of some sort of parliamentary government. No sooner, however, has Russia made those steps in advance than her rulers have resumed their aggressive policy in Central Asia, thus trying once more to divert the attention of the nation from progress at home to territorial conquests abroad.

CALICO-PRINTING IN FRANCE.*

IN this age of liberty and of individual enterprise, when every one can freely choose his occupation and pursue it without let or hindrance, we with difficulty appreciate the all but insurmountable obstacles which restrictive and prohibitory laws, and the jealous exclusiveness of trade corporations, once presented to a young and aspiring mechanic.

In the early ages of their history, these trade corporations were indeed the first rallying-points of liberty for the mechanic. They were, at first, secret societies, formed for mutual defence against the lawless and tyrannical exactions of the feudal lords, so continually engaged in private warfare with each other; but, as each trade naturally clustered together, these societies soon became trade corporations. Their numbers and discipline made them formidable. Privileges were granted them, and free towns established, in the government of which they took an active part; and the feudal lords were grad-

* "Manufacturers and Inventors." By URBAIN PAGES.

ually forced to refrain from the cruel and ruinous oppression they had so long practised. But the oppressed readily become oppressors, and these corporations did not escape the general law. They became jealous, tyrannical, and exclusive. Improvement, progress, or innovation of any nature, was rejected by them with indignation and alarm; and time-honored customs and vexatious regulations met the mechanic in every direction. All that his father had done the son might do, but no more. His pay, his hours of work, the number of his apprentices, indeed, every detail, was strictly regulated by his corporation. From these trammels there was no escape, for an independent workman could not find employment. He was even forbidden to exercise his calling, and frequently was banished from town or village for insubordination. In a word, he was excluded from the right of earning his bread. It is, however, but fair to add, that, during illness or accidental incapacity, the workman and his family received from the corporation of which he was a member all the necessaries, and many of the comforts, of life. We cannot, therefore, be surprised that the domineering influence of these corporations or trade-unions continued long after the causes that led to their formation had disappeared.

The arbitrary laws and customs of trade corporations we can readily ascribe to jealous and unenlightened selfishness; but how can we explain, or even conceive, that patriotic and enlightened statesmen have clung with so much tenacity, through so many ages, to restrictive and prohibitory enactments and to sumptuary laws? the first forbidding industry, the other forbidding consumption! and yet every page of history tells us that such laws were enforced even to our own times.

Calico-printing in France suffered from all these causes; for, when these goods were first introduced, the extensive and powerful corporation of the weavers, and the corporation of the dyers, were greatly alarmed. They made every effort to suppress them, and positively forbade any member of their corporations to engage in this work. Through their clamor and influence they at length induced the government to issue decrees strictly prohibiting the printing of calicoes in France.

Notwithstanding the prohibitions and the heavy duties exacted at the frontiers, printed calicoes became fashionable; but the demand was almost wholly supplied by smugglers, who, in the very high prices obtained, found ample remuneration for the risks incurred.

The constant increase of smuggling, and the consequent decline of the revenue, together with the great number of persons continually condemned for this offence to the galleys, and even to death, at length alarmed the Council of Trade, and induced them to propose more liberal measures. But such measures, then as now, met with violent opposition. Committees and deputies were despatched from Tours, Rouen, Rheims, Beauvais, and many other manufacturing towns, to remonstrate with the ministers. They did not hesitate to affirm that foreign competition would utterly annihilate commerce and manufactures, and they conjured their sovereign not to take the bread of life from the poor weavers and their wives and children! The evil was, however, serious and increasing; for partial combats and loss of life were continually occurring near the frontiers. After a laborious examination and long hesitation, the council decided in favor of liberty; and Louis XV., in the year 1759, issued a royal decree, permitting the printing of calicoes in his kingdom of France. These decrees at once called individual enterprise into action; but it was principally to a German and a Protestant — to Christopher Philippe Oberkampf — that France is indebted for one of its most productive manufactures, which has given profitable employment to vast numbers of its inhabitants, and has markedly advanced the prosperity of the nation.

The history of this intelligent and indefatigable mechanic is, indeed, the history of the first successful establish-

ment of calico-printing in France; and we are greatly indebted to the family and descendants of this extraordinary man for having confided the archives of their family to Mr. Urbain Pages, and to this distinguished author for his valuable and interesting history.

Christopher Philippe Oberkampf was born on the 11th of June, 1738, at Wissembach, a small town of Würtemburg. His father was a dyer, — an expert and laborious workman, and withal a strict Lutheran. In his youth he had made long peregrinations from town to town, supporting himself, as was then the custom, by working at his trade in every place he visited; employment being obtained for him by the dyer's corporation of each locality.

In this excellent school of experience he learned many new processes and new combination of colors, and acquired the art of dyeing in reserve, — that is to say, dyeing cloths in any color, but reserving the design in the ground-color of the material, which was generally white. He also learned to print on woollen goods.

After his return home, he discovered a method of producing a new color. This discovery gave him the well-merited reputation of being an expert and intelligent dyer and printer, and induced a large manufacturer of Bale, in Switzerland, to make him an advantageous offer of employment. These offers he accepted, with the express stipulation that his son, then eleven years old, should be received as an apprentice, and be instructed in drawing and engraving. The family made their journey to Bale on foot, and young Christopher marched quite proudly beside his father, with his bundle tied to a stick over his shoulder, thinking himself already quite a man, and soon to become a smart workman. He was a bright, courageous boy, full of good-humor and of all the happy confidence of youth.

At Bale his father at once began work, and his son commenced his apprenticeship with the humble occupation of spreading colors upon the blocks his father used. The bright, inquisitive boy, ever ready to be useful, and anxious to learn, amused the workmen with his ready wit and cheerfulness, and soon made so favorable an impression that all were willing to explain to him the mysteries of their profession and to initiate him into the secrets of their art. These mysteries consisted principally of valuable receipts for making or mixing of colors, and were universally held as profound secrets. During the three years of his father's engagement at Bale young Christopher made rapid progress in designing and engraving, — studies to which he devoted himself with unusual constancy.

The engagement ended, his father removed to Larrach, near Bale, and then to Schaffsheim, when, having by industry and economy laid by a small sum, but, above all, by strict religious honesty having acquired the confidence of all about him, he established (in 1755) small print-works at Aarau, Switzerland. He was then principally occupied in printing calicoes. He was moderately successful, and the magistrates of the canton, anxious to encourage this new industry, which gave occupation to its citizens, and thus retained them at home, bestowed upon him the distinction and advantages of citizenship. This was no slight favor, for it was then more difficult to obtain than the more aristocratic titles bestowed by kings and princes.

Young Oberkampf was now an expert workman, for he had learned practically every operation, whether important, or secondary, and theoretically, all that Switzerland could teach him. The field his father had chosen soon became too narrow and limited for him, and he longed ardently to see the world. This desire grew stronger with his strength, and, after long hesitation, he informed his father of his wishes. The father would not listen to the proposition, for young Christopher was now a valuable aid to him, and he had destined him to be his successor. A century ago parental authority was quite absolute, and it was not only sustained by public sentiment, but also was amply enforced

by legal enactments. There seemed, therefore, for young Oberkampf no other course but to resign himself to his hard fate. His imagination, however, still dwelt upon the attractions of the outer world, and at length obtained the mastery; for, having secured the implied consent of his mother, he furtively quitted his father's house, and launched himself into the great world. He first went to Mulhouse, already celebrated for its beautiful productions. Mulhouse was then a free city, and a firm ally of the Swiss Cantons. There he obtained employment as an engraver in the celebrated print-works of Samuel Koechlin and Henri Dolfus. Forty years later, in 1798, Mulhouse was incorporated into France.

The elder Oberkampf was naturally indignant at his conduct; but time wore away the sharp edge of his father's anger, and the influence of his mother finally obtained his pardon. After an absence of six months, he returned home, but with the express understanding that he might leave again at his pleasure.

His restless desires soon returned, and in October, 1798, when twenty years old, he determined to visit Paris, and from there go to Spain, where he had been told a new field was open to him. Once more he journeyed on foot, and reached the great city with his purse nearly empty, but with a strong heart full of courage, energy, and confidence.

Calico-printing in France was still strictly prohibited, but, from some unexplained reason, a small section of Paris, called the "Clos of St. Germain," enjoyed an exclusive privilege for printing. This privilege was probably a remnant of some ancient concessions made to the monastery of St. Germains, for in feudal times the monks alone gave protection to honest industry.

Under the protection of this privilege, a person named Cotin had established print-works. He was already known to Oberkampf, for Cotin had frequently sent to Switzerland for workmen, and to him Oberkampf now applied for employment to help him on his way. A designer, engraver, colorist, and printer, all united in one person, was a godsend to Cotin, and he at once secured the prize by a long engagement. The print-works soon felt the impulse given to it by the laborious and ardent young workman. It was while thus occupied that rumors of a change of policy on the part of the government, of its intention to repeal the prohibitory laws, were circulated, and naturally attracted the attention and excited the hopes of Oberkampf; and when at length the Decrees were published, he was exceedingly anxious to profit by them. He was intelligent, laborious, and a complete master of his trade; but the one thing needful, capital, he did not possess, and could not command. He had indeed amassed by strict economy, almost privation, the sum of one hundred and twenty-five dollars; but this was not capital, and yet it was the grain of mustard-seed which developed itself into wide-spread prosperity.

The print-works of Cotin had long been in embarrassment, and were now sustained by mere expedients. Payments were made with great difficulty, and then only by heavily loading the future. Cotin lost credit, and in consequence purchased his white cloths and dye-stuffs under great disadvantages. At length he was unable to pay his workmen regularly; and one by one they deserted him, until Oberkampf found himself almost alone. Although Oberkampf obtained with difficulty and delay the payment of his wages, a strong sentiment of probity, which in after life never deserted him, prevented him from breaking an engagement by which he still felt himself bound. Poor Cotin could not replace the absent workmen, and at the very moment when the recently published Decrees were about to give new life to his enterprise he was forced to close his works, and Oberkampf was free to form a new connection.

One of his countrymen named Ta-

vanne, who held a small post under the Comptroller-General of Finance, had obtained early notice of the Decrees, and, full of confidence in the brilliant prospect about to be opened, had realized a small capital, and had employed it in establishing small print-works in the Rue de Seine St. Marcel. He was well acquainted with Oberkampf, and had made great efforts to induce him to join him, but Oberkampf refused so long as his engagement with Cotin continued. He had, however, promised to join him as soon as he was free to do so; and in the mean time had given valuable indications and advice to Tavanne, who thought it indispensable to be the first in the field. As soon as the Decrees were published, he commenced work. Oberkampf now joined Tavanne, who had impatiently waited for him. A short experience convinced Oberkampf that the works were badly located. Why remain in the city, to be continually overshadowed by dust and smoke, where land was dear, and water at a distance? and, above all, where the bustle, excitement, and temptations of city life were continually distracting the attention of the workmen? Oberkampf insisted upon removing to the country, and at length prevailed upon Tavanne to seek for a favorable position. This was soon discovered, and, after several visits, a new location was selected.

About three miles from Versailles, and fifteen miles from Paris, lies the peaceful village of Jouy-en-Josas. It was a small hamlet, composed of a few cottages grouped around the church, and placed in a deep valley, — the hills on each side being covered with woods. Near it flowed the river Bièvre, which watered the green prairies at the bottom of the valley. The position seemed to unite every advantage. The water was excellent and abundant, the green field could be had at a moderate price, and the seclusion of the valley secured it from the interruptions and the attractions of city life.

Oberkampf at once decided his partner in its favor, and noticing a small unoccupied house, having a grass-field attached to it, he proposed to Tavanne to secure it at once. After long bargaining, it was leased for nine years at a moderate rent. A few days afterwards, in the spring of 1760, Oberkampf, with his brother Fritz, whom he had called to him, and two workmen, transferred to this new scene of labor the implements of their trade, where a house-carpenter put them in place. It was a narrow field, for the house was so small that it was impossible to place in it the large kettle used for heating and mixing the colors employed. Like the camp-kettle of a regiment, it was bravely placed in the open air in the yard. The remainder of the implements filled the house, leaving no place for furniture of any kind. In consequence, the printing-table was required to do triple duty; for, after a laborious day, a mattress placed upon it served for a bed; and upon it was spread their frugal meals brought from the village, at the moderate price of eight cents each.

This was the humble origin of one of the most extensive and prosperous manufactures of France.

Work commenced with great ardor, and, on the 1st of May, 1760, Oberkampf printed the first piece of calico. There could be no division of labor among the four workmen; each became designer, colorist, or printer, as occasion required; and at the end of two months a sufficient quantity of calicoes had been printed to be sent to market. Unfortunately, the commercial partner was not in any way equal to the manufacturer. Tavanne, having furnished the funds, had reserved for himself the sale of the goods; but unluckily he was quite incompetent. He could not effect sales nor provide funds to pay the notes he had given for the white cloths purchased, and which were fast falling due. Perplexed and alarmed, he informed Oberkampf of his unfortunate dilemma. By his letters of copartnership Oberkampf was not responsible for any losses incurred; but he at once gave his one hundred and twenty-five dollars to Tavanne, and

then, with his usual energy, sought for aid to meet the difficulties of the situation.

An acquaintance of Tavanne, a Mr. Parent, first clerk of the Comptroller of finance at Versailles, had often visited the print-works, and had remarked the intelligence and industry of Oberkampf. To him Oberkampf applied for counsel. Mr. Parent received him in a friendly manner, and, as his position placed him in frequent communications with the merchants of Paris, he offered to apply to one of them for aid. He explained the affairs of Jouy to a silk-merchant of Paris (whose name is not mentioned), and induced him to make the necessary advances to meet the engagements of Tavanne, upon the condition that all the printed goods should be consigned to him for sale, and, in addition, that he should have a share in the profits. The merchant soon discovered that the print-works were profitable, and that Oberkampf was the cause of its success. Being a keen, shrewd man, he manœuvred in such a manner as to disgust Tavanne with the whole affair, and finally bought of him all his interest in the business for the small sum of twelve hundred dollars. Not content with this, he further induced the candid and confiding Oberkampf to convey to him a part of his share of the profits. A drone had entered the hive, and was taking to himself the honey collected by the working bees.

The friendly interest of Mr. Parent had been excited, and he soon perceived, with regret, that the interests of Oberkampf were being sacrified by the grasping shrewdness of the merchant. He now cast about for a remedy. He proposed another partner, who was ready to embark the large sum of ten thousand dollars in the business, for one third of the profits. This capital would place the print-works upon a solid basis, and Oberkampf accepted the proposition with great joy. The silk-merchant was greatly annoyed, but, fearing he might lose Oberkampf, he was forced to consent.

The new partner was Mr. Sarasin Demaraise, an advocate of Grenoble, who had, however, long resided in Paris. He was a learned and successful advocate, but had always felt a strong inclination for commerce, which he preferred, indeed, to his own occupation. He was an excellent man; and Oberkampf and himself naturally drew together, and soon became warm friends. With the consent of the partners, the books and countability of the print-works were confided to Mr. Demaraise, and the manufactory of Jouy now boasted of an office in Paris. The sale of the merchandise still remained in the hands of the merchant.

Erelong, Mr. Demaraise discovered that the merchant had secured to himself undue advantages; and the legal acumen of the advocate soon detected flaws and omissions in the original contract with Tavanne, and in the transfer to the merchant. This Demaraise communicated to Oberkampf, showing him conclusively that he was working for another. He proposed to him to unite, and drive the drone from the hive. With some reluctance and hesitation, Oberkampf consented. The merchant positively refused to sell to them his share of the business, even after the irregularities in his contract had been explained to him, and a suit at law was commenced.

To the advocate, Mr. Demaraise, a lawsuit was a pleasant matter; but to Oberkampf it seemed full of care, uncertainty, and alarm. Other cause of anxiety had arisen. He and his workmen were Protestants, and the inhabitants of the village were ill disposed towards this little colony of strangers and heretics.

These causes of preoccupation and anxiety weighed heavily upon Oberkampf, when, unluckily, a freshet of the river laid his drying-field under water at the moment when his cloths were exposed. Oberkampf and his workmen plunged into the water to rescue the cloths. The next morning sharp pains and fever confined him to his bed; and there he remained several

weeks, suffering all the pangs of severe nervous rheumatism. The vigor of youth and the strength of his constitution, aided by a short visit to Switzerland, with the gentle care of his mother, at length gave him the victory.

In the mean while, the lawsuit made slow progress; but the friendly Mr. Parent once more offered his services, and at length effected a compromise. The belligerent advocate, Mr. Demaraise, was very unwilling to accede to it, but the influence of Mr. Parent and the urgent solicitations of Oberkampf at length prevailed. The drone was permitted to withdraw from the hive, well laden with honey.

A new co-partnership was now formed under the name of Sarasin Demaraise, Oberkampf, and Co.; and the partners, relieved from all embarrassments, determined to carry out their plans with activity and energy.

It is well known that cotton cloths have been printed in India from time immemorial; but there the outline of the design alone was printed; all the colors were afterwards painted in by hand. For this reason, these goods, in France, were called "toiles peints," or painted cloths, and they still retain the name. This industry was therefore in India more that of an artist than of a printer, and could be carried on only in a country when the price of labor was reduced to its lowest limits. In Europe all the colors were printed in the same manner as the outline; but for a long time the result was very imperfect and unsatisfactory, and at the same time slow and expensive. The colors were difficult to manage, for chemistry had not yet lent its aid. Nor had mechanics been applied, for block-printing alone was practised.

It may be well to explain to the uninitiated this simple process. A design was drawn upon a block of wood, of which the surfaces had been accurately smoothed, and repeated upon as many blocks as there were colors in the design; suppose three colors,—red, blue, and green. On the surface of the first block all but the red color was cut away, and the red printed on the cloth. On the second block, all but the blue was cut away, and this block was applied precisely to the place where the red block had been placed, and printed the blue color; and so with the green. If the blocks were applied with precision, the result would be the design printed in three colors. It will be readily perceived, that, if each block is not applied with mathematical precision, the design will be awry, and very imperfect, if not destroyed, and thus occasion great loss of labor, materials, and cloth.

A few colors, such as indigo blue and some others, were still applied by hand,—generally by women, with small hair brushes.

It was all-important, therefore, to secure the best workmen. This was very difficult, if not impossible, in France, where the corporations of the weavers and of the dyers exerted so much authority, and Oberkampf was forced to seek them in Germany and in Switzerland. He supplied his father and his brother-in-law Widmer, at Aarau, with the necessary funds to make advances to any good workman who was willing to come to Paris. In this way he secured the services of Rohrdorf and Hapner, both excellent designers; and of Bossert, a talented engraver. These three remained with him until their death, and formed a very superior staff of foremen. They always lived in friendly fellowship with Oberkampf,—taking their meals with him at the printing-table,—and shared his recreations whenever opportunities occurred. When more prosperous times came, they always resided at his house, and dined at his more luxurious table.

Every one now worked with ardor, and all were soon rewarded by evident success. Their designs were greatly admired, and the printing was so very superior that their goods met with a ready sale. The profits, too, augmented rapidly. The first year gave but $ 1,500 to $ 1,800, but the second year showed a gain of nearly $ 12,000. This great success determined the partners to en-

large their premises. The small house had indeed received many additions, but it was still too small and inconvenient. The capitalist, Demaraise, was ready to invest more of his fortune in so profitable an affair, and their credit was excellent; but this success was troubled by local annoyances.

The pious susceptibilities of the curate of Jouy were alarmed by the influx of Swiss workmen, most of whom were Protestants, and complaints had been made to the local authorities. Good-humored patience and generous contributions gradually enlightened the curate and the mayor to their true interests, and their opposition subsided; but a more difficult obstacle remained. The partners required more land; but the seigneur of the village, the Marquis of Beuvron, had been much annoyed by the establishment of the print-works in the quiet valley of which he was the principal proprietor, and so near to the chateau which he occupied. He coldly, but positively, refused to sell or let a prairie near the print-works, which had now become indispensable to its extension. He was, however, a generous and enlightened gentleman, and soon learned to respect the industry, integrity, and intelligence of his unwelcome neighbors. Nor could he refuse to acknowledge that the neighborhood and his own estate had profited by their presence. At length, after long solicitation, seconded by the liberal price offered, and by a generous present to the Marchioness, as was the custom of the age, he consented to allow them to take the land they so earnestly desired.

The new building was commenced in 1764, and completed two years afterwards. Among other improvements made, a canal was dug from the river, the sides and bottom of which were well puddled with clay, and then incased with thick oaken planks. In this basin the cloths could be washed in perfect safety.

The establishment now assumed large proportions; for Oberkampf, while making great exertions to produce beautiful designs, enriched with brilliant colors, did not neglect to produce less expensive goods at a moderate price, within the reach of the great mass of consumers. These goods were called Mignonettes, from the nature of the designs, which consisted of small running flowers and vines, varied in disposition and colors according to the taste of the moment or of the market to which they were destined. The sale of this class of goods was immense, for they penetrated into the most secluded corners of France.

The prosperity of the new establishment soon extended to the village, where houses were built, and waste lands cultivated, to supply the requirements of the increasing population, attracted by good wages and certain employment.

The reputation of the print-works was now fully established; but it is an old maxim, that reputation can be maintained only by constant progress. To this end Oberkampf directed all his energy. He established a washing-mill to replace hand labor, and continually simplified and perfected every operation. When his brother Fritz brought from Switzerland a design engraved upon copper, he did not hesitate to adopt this innovation for fine work, notwithstanding the great additional expense.

This constant labor of mind and body could not, however, be sustained without recreation and relaxation. He built for himself and friends a moderate house, and at times indulged his passion for horses. He had two or more always in his stable, and a sharp canter, in company with one of his foremen, over the neighboring hills, was a favorite diversion. Upon one occasion, the baying of hounds gave notice that the royal hunt was near. Louis XV., surrounded by a brilliant cortége of nobles, huntsmen, and servants, swept by; and Oberkampf and his companion, carried away by the excitement, and thinking no harm, followed after at a respectful distance. Louis XV. remarked them, and inquired, "Who are those gentlemen so

well mounted?" Upon being told, he coldly observed they would do better to remain at their factory, rather than lose their time in following his hunt. The observation was at once carried to Oberkampf, who, with his usual good sense, without any sign of anger, replied, "His Majesty is right, and we will profit by his counsel," and at once withdrew.

Oberkampf had remained unmarried; but he now decided to share his prosperity with another. He had long been acquainted with a Protestant family of Sancerre, and in that family he chose his wife. His dwelling-house and grounds were enlarged and improved, but his marriage with Miss Palineau was celebrated in Paris. Mrs. Oberkampf was an accomplished musician, many of his Swiss foremen were good performers, and in the royal band at Versailles, near by, there were many Germans, who were soon in friendly relations with Jouy. The liberal hospitality of Oberkampf attracted them to his house, and upon Sundays and *fête* days, indeed upon every occasion, his house was crowded with musicians and artists; and music and the dance alternated with more serious theatricals and conversation.

Upon one occasion the tutor of the royal princes brought them to visit the establishment, and Oberkampf explained the divers operations to the future Louis XVI., Louis XVIII., and Charles X., who successively occupied the throne of France. The last, then called Count d'Artois, attempted to print, but the blocks were too heavy for his hand.

In 1782 Oberkampf met with a cruel misfortune. His wife, while attending one of her children, ill with the small-pox, contracted the disease, and became its victim.

In the mean while, the unfortunate Louis XVI. had succeeded to the throne of France. Ever anxious to encourage national industry, and to reward merit, he conferred, in 1783, the title of Royal Manufactory upon the print-works of Jouy; and, four years later, he granted, without solicitation, a patent of nobility to Oberkampf, the German mechanic whom Louis XV. had not permitted to follow the royal hunt.

Two years later, when the Revolution began, this noble distinction bestowed upon Oberkampf became a serious danger. The recent date of his parchments, and his simple good sense and frank character, averted the evil; and he was permitted to hide away, and forget his title of nobility with its emblazoned coat of arms. "Liberty and Fraternity" could not well be alarmed by the sturdy mechanic who had risen by his own industry and merit.

In 1789 his copartnership with Demaraise expired. It had lasted twenty-five years, and Demaraise now wished to retire from active life. His fortune was ample, for the profits to be divided amounted to the large sum of $1,800,000. The intercourse between the partners had always been confiding and friendly, and they separated with mutual esteem.

This period marked an epoch in the history of the establishment, for it was the moment of transition from the old system to new progress. Improvements of every nature had indeed been effected, but now science was to perform its wonders; chemistry and mechanics, so long confined to the laboratory, were now to be applied to active industry.

Prosperity had not alienated the affections of Oberkampf from his family. When his parents, his brother-in-law, and a married sister died, he called their young families around him, and gave them the advantages of a careful education. To each of his nephews he gave successively an interest in the manufactory, and was rewarded by their intelligence and devotion, — more especially in the case of his eldest nephew, Samuel Widmer, who became a distinguished chemist and mechanic, and rendered important services to his uncle.

The great chemists of the age, Berthollet, Chaptal, Monge, and Chevreul, were in constant communication with

Jouy, and Gay-Lussac was employed to give courses of lectures upon chemistry and physics to the foremen and workmen of the print-works. They would come to Jouy, when any new combination or new process was conceived by them, with their pockets filled with samples; and Oberkampf and Widmer were ever ready to test them upon a large scale, and thus ascertain their application and value. Many, very many, were worthless; but many brilliant exceptions served to mark the constant progress obtained by the application of science to industry. The system of bleaching with chlorine, discovered by Berthollet, was here first applied, and Widmer at once established a laboratary to produce this useful material.

The sanguinary Revolution still pursued its course, and the excitement spread in every direction. Partly to obey the instinct of the moment, and partly as a politic precaution, Oberkampf caused a large design of the "Fête of the Federation" at the Champs de Mars to be engraved with great care for furniture-hangings. The success was extraordinary, and gave a somewhat new direction to the print-works. Eminent artists, such as Huet, Lebas, and Demarne, were employed to produce a series of large designs; but Oberkampf, with good sense and prudence, abandoned political subjects. The Wolf and the Lamb, The Lion in Love, Psyche and Cupid, Don Quixote, and others, were produced in succession with marked success. In smaller designs, natural flowers were copied with care and precision; and the flora of distant lands contributed their curious and graceful flowers, decked in all the gorgeous colors of the tropics.

Oberkampf again found himself crowded for room, and decided to erect an immense building, in which his workmen would be more at ease, and in consequence produce still more perfect work. A plan by an architect of Paris was adopted, and at once carried into execution. An immense hall on the lower floor, lighted by eighty-eight windows, was devoted to printing. In the first story were the offices, and the rooms occupied by the engravers and designers upon wood and copper, as well as printing-rooms for shawls. Here, too, was the store-room for blocks, where all were carefully preserved, for many were found worthy of several editions. In the next story were placed the finishers, where three hundred women were seated at long tables completing or correcting the coloring of the rich designs. Over all was an immense, lofty garret, open upon every side, which served as a drying-room. Here the long depending cloths of every hue, swaying back and forth in the wind, gave a brilliant and picturesque appearance to the building. They were called the banners of Jouy. This building was finished in 1792, and during the year the prosperity of the establishment continued unabated, notwithstanding the vast political agitation of the moment; but soon misery crept slowly but surely upon the people, and the demand rapidly declined.

The excitement and madness of the Revolution had long since reached the quiet village of Jouy. Public meetings had been called, clubs had been formed, and political festivities been celebrated, but fortunately all the municipal authority of the place was concentred in the hands of Oberkampf. He was himself the mayor; two of his foremen were sub-mayor and secretary; and his nephew, Samuel Widmer, was the commander of the militia. Oberkampf did not attempt to oppose the torrent of public excitement, but wisely allowed it to expend itself in violent speeches, and still more violent resolutions, but he carefully watched their development into active operation, and was thus enabled to protect society and himself.

He was, of course, obliged to contribute largely of his wealth, as we may judge by a few notes found among his papers. He first made a patriotic gift of $ 10,000, then gave $ 1,600 to equip and pay ten volunteers, then a forced loan to the nation of $ 5,000, then a so-called voluntary loan of $ 15.000, then $ 600 to equip a cavalry soldier, then a war-

contribution of $3,500, — all these in addition to the very heavy taxes imposed upon his property and upon his manufactory. By acceding promptly and cheerfully to these exactions, he maintained the character of a good citizen and a friend of the country, but this did not secure him from occasional alarm. On the 19th February, 1794, a gendarme brought him a summons to appear the next day, at eleven o'clock, before a committee at the Hôtel de Toulouse (now the Bank of France). At the foot was written the ominous notice, "Exactitude rigorously required." Oberkampf at once obeyed. A scheme for raising ten millions of dollars "to save the country" was laid before him. It was in the form of sixty notes, the payment of which was to be guaranteed by forty-four of the principal bankers and merchants. Oberkampf's signature was required. He did not hesitate to sign the bonds, — indeed, it would have been dangerous to manifest any unwillingness, — and then returned to Jouy calmly to await the result. A long while afterwards he learned that these notes could not be employed, and that they had been finally destroyed.

Two months later, Oberkampf was denounced as a suspected moderate, a hidden royalist, a monopolizer, — in a word, a rich man. These charges were more than sufficient to bring him before the Revolutionary Tribunal and lead him to the scaffold. Fortunately, a member of the committee was friendly to Oberkampf, and, although a violent Jacobin, he defended him with courage, and succeeded in averting the blow. The first intimation to Oberkampf of the danger he had run was made by a communication from the terrible Committee of Public Safety, who sent him a certificate of civism, declaring the manufactory useful to the Republic, and requiring Oberkampf, his wife, and children, to continue it. The hand of a friend was visible in this certificate, for the "wife and children" protected by it had nothing to do with the factory, which, indeed, had never suspended operation. Many of the workmen had been drawn away, either to Paris or to the army; but every good workman found employment at the print-works, and, what was more, was paid in coin so long as it was possible to procure it. When this could no longer be obtained, the agent in Paris sent down whole bales of bank-bills, fresh from the press, and on pay-day three women were employed in cutting them apart.

A few months afterwards, Oberkampf received an alarming visitor. In June, 1794, a carriage drove into the court-yard, and a tall, elegant young man sprang lightly to the ground, and gave his hand to a young and beautiful lady to aid her to descend; a robust servant immediately stretched himself into the carriage, and withdrew in his arms a third person, whom he carried into the saloon. This person was the redoubtable George Couthon, a monster of cruelty, who, with Robespierre and St. Just, governed and instigated the terrible atrocities of the Committee of Public Safety. The "virtuous and tender-hearted Couthon," as his adherents were pleased to call him, took an active part in spreading spies and informers in every direction, and with their aid covered France with guillotines. His personal appearance was not at all fearful, for his pale, regular features expressed calm confidence, if not benignity and dignity. He was dressed with care, for the Jacobins did not affect roughness either in manner or dress. He wore powder, and his manners were polite, although cold and formal. He appeared to be of medium height, but his bust alone existed, — the lower part of his body being completely paralyzed. Oberkampf received him with quiet self-possession, but with difficulty suppressed a sentiment of detestation and fear. Citizen Couthon was, of course, invited to visit the manufactory, and Widmer carried him in his arms from story to story, while Oberkampf explained to him all the interesting processes of manufacture. The party then returned to the house, where refreshments were offered. Great care was taken that

the repast should be extremely simple and frugal; for famine was abroad, and sumptuous living was not merely an impropriety, it was crime which led directly to the scaffold. Wheat flour was extremely scarce, and the bread served was coarse and dark. To the surprise of every one, Couthon directed the servant to bring a small basket from the carriage, in which, carefully enveloped in a napkin, lay a few delicate white loaves, with their rich brown crust, for which Paris is renowned. Couthon made no remark upon this aristocratic luxury, in which he alone dare indulge, but politely offered it to all. Commerce and the feats of the great army of the nation were the only subjects of conversation, which was constrained and guarded. It was therefore with a sensation of great relief that Widmer once more placed Couthon in his carriage, who, after having briefly expressed his satisfaction and his thanks, drove away, leaving behind him distrust and apprehension. To the surprise of all, no disastrous results ensued from this visit.

The overthrow of Robespierre brought peace and partial security, and active operations recommenced at Jouy. In the year 1797 this activity received an immense impulse by the invention of printing with rollers. The principal honor of this invention is due to Widmer, but he was greatly aided by the counsel and encouragements of Oberkampf. Widmer had long dreamed of substituting rollers for blocks, and at length, after many failures, succeeded in realizing his dream by establishing his machine at Jouy. The progress was immense, for the machine printed fifty-five hundred yards per day, the work of forty-five printers.

The engraving of the rollers was a difficult, costly, and long process, and Widmer set himself at work to overcome this objection. After three years of laborious thought and costly experience, he at last succeeded, and produced a machine which greatly aided in engraving the rollers. This was established in the year 1800. The successes of Napoleon and the establishment of the Empire gave a strong impulse to the activity of the print-works, which now employed fourteen hundred workmen. It had been intimated to Oberkampf that he might aspire, under the new *régime*, to the dignity of senator. But the simplicity of his character remained unchanged, and he positively refused the high honor.

In the month of June, 1806, a Garde de Chasse in the Imperial livery entered Jouy at a sharp gallop, and rode at once to the manufactory. He announced the visit of the Emperor. The news spread with rapidity, and every one quitted his occupation to rush to the court-yard. A few moments later the Emperor, accompanied by the Empress Josephine, drove into the same court-yard where, a few years since, Couthon had brought fear and dismay. But now a dense crowd of workmen and villagers received their visitor with unbounded enthusiasm. Addressing a few words to Oberkampf, with his customary rapidity, he proposed at once to visit the printing machine. It was put in operation, and, to the surprise and admiration of all, the white cloth was drawn under the rollers and printed at the rate of eight yards per minute. At a signal the rollers were changed, and a new design printed. Napoleon frequently expressed his satisfaction, and then visited every part of the manufactory, asking with great rapidity the most searching questions, which taxed all the attention of his host to answer. With ready tact he conversed with the foremen and workmen, and excited the enthusiasm of all about him. He then returned to the court-yard, and was again surrounded by the crowd, while every window of the immense building was filled by the workmen. The favorable moment had come. Napoleon detached the Cross of the Legion of Honor which he wore, and placed it with his own hand upon the breast of Oberkampf, exclaiming, in a firm voice, that none were so worthy to wear it. This high military honor, bestowed in so marked and public a man-

ner upon a civilian, gave great satisfaction, not only to the friends of Oberkampf, but to the whole commerce of the country, which claimed its share on this occasion, and felicitations from every province were addressed to Oberkampf.

The fourth Exposition of National Industry took place in the year 1806, and for the first time the manufactory of Jouy sent a brilliant collection of its products, and received the gold medal.

The succeeding years were marked by two important inventions. The method of printing a solid green color in one application, and the heating of colors by steam.

In the year 1810 the Emperor Napoleon invited Oberkampf, the "patriarch" or the "seigneur" of Jouy, as he familiarly called him, to visit him at the Palace of St. Cloud. Oberkampf was accompanied by Samuel Widmer, who wished to solicit a favor from the Emperor. Napoleon received them in his usual manner, addressing rapid, searching, almost offensive questions to Oberkampf and to Widmer. "They tell me you are wealthy, — was not the first million the most difficult to gain? Have you children? Will your son continue your business, or will he, as is more usual, dissipate your fortune?" &c., &c. He discussed the tariff, and when Oberkampf remarked that the duty on cotton was excessive, "O," replied the Emperor, "I only take what the smugglers would get," and added, in an excited voice, "I will have all the English and Swiss cotton goods burned. I have given three millions to plant cotton in the plains of Rome. Is not that better than giving them a Pope?" In his memoirs, dictated by himself at St. Helena, speaking of the Continental system, he remarks, "I consulted Oberkampf." So indeed he did, but he did not listen to his advice.

The interview was brought to a close by the usual question, "Have you anything to ask?" Oberkampf replied that his nephew, Widmer, was very desirous to visit the manufactories of England. The Continental system was strictly applied at that moment, and no one could visit England without a passport signed by the Emperor's own hand. Napoleon replied with some impatience, "What can he see there? What can he learn? Well, well, I will send him a passport." A few days afterwards the desired document was received.

In the midst of this honorable but laborious prosperity, Oberkampf did not escape the trials and afflictions of life. Illness and death had visited his family and his friends, taking from him his child in its early years and his devoted friends in their old age. In 1810 he lost Ludwig Rohrdorf, the last of his early associates around the printing-table of Jouy. He, like the rest, had shared in the prosperity of the factory, and left a fair property. Being unmarried, his heirs, who resided in Switzerland, proved their unlimited confidence in the probity of Oberkampf by requesting him to liquidate the succession without process at law.

The sturdy Oberkampf himself did not appear to feel the fatigues of advancing age. He had long wished to free himself from dependence upon the manufactories of printing-cloths, and to convert the bale of raw cotton into pieces of printed calicoes within his own works. His son-in-law, Mr. Louis Feray, being fully competent to direct a mill, Oberkampf established one at Essonne, and another at Corbeil for his brother Fritz, both for the manufacture of printing-cloths. His brother preferred to retire from commerce; Oberkampf received back the mill, and maintained it in activity.

The fall of Napoleon in 1814, and the invasion of the Allied armies, suspended work at Jouy. For the first time the manufactory was closed. A recommencement of activity was arrested by the return of Napoleon from Elba in 1815, when Jouy was once more occupied by foreign troops. Many farms with their buildings had been destroyed, and every one was anxious for the safety of the manufactory; for, although work had again ceased, yet

the building had never before been so crowded with occupants. All the poor families of the outskirts, who had the most to fear, were permitted to bring their furniture and worldly goods to the manufactory, and there they found protection and support.

The buildings escaped destruction, and, when peace returned, active operations were again commenced. But anxiety, distress, and severe labor could no longer be borne with impunity by Oberkampf at his advanced age. He became feeble, and his health began to fail, when a severe cold brought on a fever which proved fatal. He expired on the 4th of October, 1815, and ended an honorable and useful life of seventy-seven years, surrounded by his family and by his numerous friends. A son and three daughters (all married) survived their parent.

The manufactory was continued six years longer by the son, Emile Oberkampf, and by the nephew, S. Widmer. Upon the death of Widmer, Emile Oberkampf associated with him a new partner, to whom he was soon obliged by ill-health to cede the paternal establishment. The prosperity of the manufactory seemed, however, to be attached to the name and family of Oberkampf; for, when separated from them, it languished and declined. It was converted into a joint-stock company, but without success, and a few years afterward was discontinued, and the property sold. The principal building alone now remains.

The decline of the manufactory at Jouy does not in any way indicate the decline of calico-printing in France, for the impulse given by Oberkampf has been fully sustained by the great progress continually made. One examines with surprise the wonderful printing of Mulhouse, upon the gossamer, airy tissue of muslin, which one would think incapable of bearing the rich colors and designs with which it is impregnated. The town of Mulhouse is now the seat of the perfection of calico-printing, but Rouen and many other towns can well boast of their productions.

The family of Oberkampf did not desert the humble village of Jouy. They retained the dwelling-house, and constantly visited the village and the families of the old workmen, who long experienced their active and generous charity.

The small building called the House by the Stone Bridge, in which Oberkampf printed the first piece of calico at Jouy, was offered for sale, and the daughters of Oberkampf hastened to purchase it. They enlarged and improved it, and converted it into an asylum for young children. All the children of the village were here collected for the day, and received the care and the instruction their age required. They were provided with meals, and even those living at a distance were brought to the asylum in an omnibus, and carried home at night. Assuredly this was a noble monument of gratitude and charity to the memory of their father.

We need not add that his name will never be forgotten in the village of Jouy. The principal street bears the name of Oberkampf, and the patriarchs of the village recall with pride the splendors of the times of the great factory.

MAYDENVALLEY, SPINSTERLAND.

"AND what do you study in your school?" I asked the blue-eyed little stranger whom I had lifted into my lap as a defence against woman's claim to my seat in a street car.

"Jography, 'rithmitic, readin', and spellin'."

She could spell "rhinoceros," but not "hippopotamus," and could multiply twelve by three, but not by one with success. In "jography" my examination was more thorough. It commenced as we were crossing the Back Bay, in full view of the Mill-Dam, the Dome of the State-House, and Bunker Hill Monument.

"Can you tell me where East Cambridge is?"

"We don't learn such things at our school."

"How is Boston bounded?"

"We don't study that kind," half contemptuously.

"Where is the Atlantic Ocean?"

"East of Asia; no, — it 's west of Africa."

The little scholar had not been taught home geography, but she knew where the Red Sea was, knew there was no Blue Sea anywhere, and could tell more than it is worth while to know about the Cape of Good Hope. I expressed my surprise that a body only nine years old should be so wise, adding that I should like to go to her school.

"Why don't you, then?"

"Could I go into your class?"

"No, you would have to go into the infant class."

I was saved from further mortification by our arrival at the end of the route. As I made my bow to my learned friend, I fell to wondering how many children of a larger growth know where Spinsterland is, and how many of the travellers who pass through Maydenvalley in the course of the summer acquaint themselves with its name, its residents, or its magical properties.

Yet Spinsterland comprises 62,116 square miles, and has a population of over three millions, of whom considerably less than half are males. It is bounded to the west by a river and lake; to the north and northeast by a forest still traversed by moose, Indians, trout-brooks, and lumbermen; and to the east and south by the ocean. Its principal products are rocks, ice, machinery, and the fabrics of machinery. The farmer can rarely extort a reward for his industry from an unwilling soil; but he raises all the vegetables and coarser cereals required for home consumption. Along the coast reside a hardy race, who furnish America with its Friday dinner and Spinsterland with its Sunday breakfast also. In ancient times, a considerable foreign commerce was carried on; but a city, once the centre of the India trade, now imports little but peanuts; another, which used to have direct steam communication with Europe, has lived to see its harbor filling up, and those of its wharves, which are not frequented by coasting-vessels, grass-grown. The mariners of a third, who during the Golden Age of Spinsterland supplied a large part of the world with oil, still bring from distant seas the flexible bones within which many of the inhabitants pass their days.

The government of Spinsterland is in pretension and form republican, but in fact aristocratic, the majority of the adults being denied the right of suffrage. Members of the disfranchised class usually, however, spend at their pleasure the earnings of the minority, and often teach voters their duties. They might have the ballot, as many believe, if they should insist upon having it, but they seem to prefer the pleasure of power to its burdens and responsibilities. They may be distinguished from their self-styled lords and masters by superior tact, a more flowing costume,

and a singular fashion of wearing other people's hair superimposed upon their own.

Notwithstanding the marked disproportion between the sexes, polygamy is frowned upon by the laws and by public opinion. Years ago the ruler of one province proposed to export several thousand women to the distant land of Celibaton; but the suggestion was coolly received, and has not been acted upon, although all the world knows that the voyage would surely end in the harbor of Matrimony. It must not be inferred, however, that the people of Spinsterland are averse to marriage. Every proper inducement, on the contrary, is held out to young men; and woe be to him who, having plighted his troth, withdraws it! He is mulcted in heavy damages by an indignant jury, and would be stripped of his property if tried by twelve women.

In the cities of Spinsterland, a sort of Vanity Fair is held on several evenings of each week during the winter, at which unmarried persons are exposed to public competition; the mother usually defraying the expenses of the day on which her daughter "comes out," as it is technically termed. Dancing, dress, music, flowers, champagne, splendor for the eyes, soft words for the ears, delight in the display of one's taste or in the exercise of one's faculty of pleasing, unite with love of excitement to attract young people to the gay booths of pleasure. But while some go to the Rialto, that they may see the pretty things exposed to view, or may chat with their friends, most mount the steps in order to cross the Grand Canal.

Yet a growing disinclination to marriage has, of late, manifested itself among the young men of Spinsterland, which has never been satisfactorily explained, and which has thus far, except in isolated instances, resisted efforts to overcome it. Under these adverse circumstances, sensible women are abandoning an unequal contest with the decrees of fate and the whims of mankind, and are asking themselves whether a solitary life need be miserable. They recall Queen Elizabeth, Rosa Bonheur, Florence Nightingale, Harriet Martineau, Frederika Bremer. They bethink them of nuns, vowed to the service of the Virgin Mary; of Sisters of Charity, going about to do good; of nurses in whom sick and wounded soldiers have found tender reminiscences of home; of teachers, who break the bread of a higher life; of the Cousin Grace of the family circle in which their childhood was passed; of the irreparably single-women, known to them in after life, — the good souls who visit the poor and the sorrowing, into whose patient ear the lover whispers his story or the maiden her hopes, the favorite aunt, the skilful housekeeper, the sure to be present when wanted, and the sure to be absent when not wanted. cultivated, but not learned; quiet, yet not unapt at conversation; and with a smile that transfigures features upon which Time has set his mark. They bethink them, too, of marriage as it is depicted by keen observers like Thackeray or Balzac, of the grief of dispelled illusions, of the misery of being obliged to live with a stranger, of the base deceptions necessary to keep up appearances, of shattered health and ruined fortune, of all the chances that a number in the great lottery will not draw a prize. The sight of a pretty child may, sometimes, cause a woman's longing; but they will close their hearts with the thought that the bliss of maternity is not always unalloyed. Aching for love as they may, they dread its counterfeits, and prefer the clear, steady light of friendship to the flicker of passion or the will-o'-the-wisp of a fancy. They will marry, if the true lover comes: but they will await his coming in the seclusion of maidenly reserve; not spending their days in looking even privily from the window for him, but seeking in single life such opportunities for happiness and for usefulness as a cheerful and active nature can find there.

In the winter such women go into society perhaps, and dance and talk, and use their weapons of defence and offence; but they rarely find a man

worthy of their steel, and they welcome the summer as a release from the fret and burden of fashionable life. In June they prepare for a long estivation, and on the first warm day take the wings of a railroad, and fly to the sea or the mountains. The traveller in July will find bevies of them in the most lovely spots he visits. He will see them coming into the morning out of farm-houses or rural hotels, with roses in their cheeks and smiles interpreting their words. He will meet them in the afternoon, two by two, in country wagons, or by twenties loading down a vehicle drawn by four horses. Should he climb up to Princeville, he may trace upon the village green below the meeting-house the lines of ten or twelve games of croquet, in which every player is a spinster save one, whose black coat spots the picture, as a bare twig juts from a cloud of apple-blossoms. And if a happy chance leads him within the gates of Maydenvalley, and gives him the eyes to see what is there, he will enjoy a spectacle such as can be found nowhere outside of Spinsterland.

"I have been to all the places most praised by travellers," said one whose manners at thirty-three — shall I guess? — proved more in favor of single-blessedness than St. Paul's logic; "but I find only two whose charms can never fly, as George Herbert has it, — Rome and Maydenvalley. At Rome I had to drink of the fountain of Trevi to insure my return; but one full draught of the air of this valley is an amulet against the temptation to spend my summers elsewhere." The visitor in Maydenvalley may complain of his small chamber, of sour bread, stringy meat, inefficient service, a thousand and one discomforts known to boarders with people who live, like the mosquitoes of their groves, upon visitors; but these petty annoyances are forgotten as he watches the shadows chasing each other over Beam Mountain, the rosy cloud that lingers upon Mount Ironington, the curves of the river Proway, or the elms grouped in the intervale through which it flows. He will never tire of wandering in that intervale; for every moment will show him a new picture, and every cloud will change the aspect of familiar objects, — a little earth and water are susceptible of so many combinations. Rising, for the first time in his life, perhaps, with the sun, he will catch Nature coming from the embrace of Night more fresh and rosy than ever; or, rambling in the pine woods, five hours later, he may surprise her asleep under a tree, and dreaming that the sun has pushed aside the branches to get near her. Days of soft rain will hide the mountains, but their drop-curtain has a peculiar beauty, and its folds are caught, as it gradually lifts, upon crag and peak, until, at length, the tops of Beam and Ironington show him clear sunshine above the fog clinging to their sides. Then will come days during which his petty I goes from him "like an ache," and he becomes a part of the mountain wind in his hair; and other days, when the eastern breeze is as salt as if the sea had come sixty miles to look upon a lovelier valley than northern tides can enter.

Maydenvalley is walled from the world by mountains rising from one to six thousand feet above the level of the sea, and is some six miles long, and at no point more than three miles in width. The northern half alone is inhabited, the southern half being covered with forests, except in the river-bottoms, where a few farmers live in neat white houses that look down on broad acres of grass and corn. These are all situated upon the western side of the Proway, and have little communication with the eastern side, — there being no bridge across the river. About three miles from the northern extremity of the valley stands the first and one of the pleasantest of the spinster homes, where the wit and beauty of Maydenvalley once focalized. For here lived the most brilliant woman whom young Spinsterland remembers, — she whose sayings are still repeated, though her voice has for years been

silent; who was called heartless, because her quick wit flashed from among the flowers of her speech, pinning butterflies, piercing conventionalities, and warding off questions that might have gone too deep; who recalled Undine, sometimes as she was before she had found her soul, and sometimes as she was afterwards. We think of her as of a longing, lonely soul, who might have loved, — how intensely! — but who never did love; who might have sacrificed herself to an idol, had she had one, but who caused the sacrifice of others; to whom everybody told her story, and who confided to more than one all she could put into words — but not the inner truth — about herself; a less learned, less thoughtful, less sentimental, but more brilliant and far more beautiful Margaret Fuller, exercising, like her, a fascination upon both men and women, and keeping the best part of her womanhood out of sight almost always, but out of reach never. With her dwelt in the same little house several radiant beings, who still visit the haunts where they learned to love her, and still account Maydenvalley the most delightful place in the world. Fairy feet follow the path traced by her, along the bank that crumbles fifty feet down to the intervale, to the rustic seat from which the eye takes in at a glance the ranges of mountains from Shockarua to Shearkarge, the sweep of the meadows wearing June green in August, the drooping elms, the flashing river, and the pines darkening the ledges above it.

Following the road to the north, you are hardly out of sight of this house before the sharp peak of Shockarua disappears behind Beam Mountain. Soon the village of North Proway begins, and thenceforward every rod of the route blossoms with memories. Here is O'Miller's House, with its broad veranda, and its beautifully shaded croquet-ground; here Sunset Hill, with the tree under which Shampreigh made his latest sketches, as the droppings from his easel testify, with the rock at the summit, every lichen in whose crevices has witnessed a flirtation; here the road is crossed by Artists' Brook, up which memory runs to the wild ravine, enlivened by cascades, and softened by the moss on its rocks or hanging from the trees over it; here are the circulating library, the photograph saloon, the country stores, the cross-road leading to the shop of the mender of umbrellas and of watches, and to the bridle-path up Shearkarge, the frequent Spinster cottages from the Elms to the North Proway House, from bluff John Whitaker's cottage, — known for its kind host, its clean linen, its comely little waiter, and the store opposite, where women in impossible bonnets come in wagons of the last century to buy their groceries, and whence, in the absence of customers, the nasal sound of psalm-singing emerges, — to Parquetteman's Hotel at the upper extremity of the valley.

Last summer, when a spirit in my feet led me — who knows how? — to Maydenvalley, it contained, in addition to the five or six hundred permanent residents, who supplied the rest of the population with food and shelter, not less than a thousand spinsters, and perhaps a hundred and fifty other persons. In some houses the proportion of women to men was as sixty to one; to others only "old maids" — as the brides of quietness are irreverently called — were admitted; and in none did the men form a respectable minority. Not only the towns of Spinsterland, but the banks of the Hudson, the Schuylkill, the Ohio, and the Mississippi contributed their contingents to the Amazonian army of occupation, which foraged for health and pleasure to the remotest points. There were few walkers, but not one denied herself the afternoon drive; few readers, but many who carried a volume of poetry into the grove, for "I must have something in my hands." Almost all were fond of music, and some sang or played well, — and of conversation, and some knew the last word of coquetry; but every one found, in nature, books, music, or society exactly fitting her mood. Every

one was strengthened, refined, elevated, in some way rendered better or happier, by the influences of Maydenvalley. Not a spinster but found, next winter, the flowers from the Proway meadows the sweetest that were pressed between the leaves of her memory. These happy souls were of every age and temperament, from tranquil Charity, whose hair in some lights showed lines of gray, and for whom the angels long since rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre where her sorrows were buried, to Eugenia, whose history is yet to be composed.

Born to wealth and position, Eugenia makes no display. Educated at the best schools in Spinsterland, — and women find better teachers nowhere, — she thinks herself ignorant. Looking at life through a clear atmosphere, she laments her occasional inability to agree with received opinions. The favorite poets of her young-lady friends do not attract her; but she finds something to like in the Brownings, in Keats, and in Emerson. She understands the thought of the best music, and possesses the rare accomplishment of not playing upon the piano. She is so well governed by a conscience that the ruler's presence is never perceived. Delicate as a harebell, her nature, like that flower, is rooted in eternal rock, and can resist all winds. Her eye has caught the harebell's hue, and is as pellucid as the water of Diana's Baths, near which we dismounted.

Diana's Baths — Dinah's Baths the country people call them — belong to a slender stream that descends from Beam Mountain to the Proway, — jumping from rock to rock or slipping down gently; stopping under the shadow of every tree; lifting a shining face, before taking another leap, toward Shearkarge and the first Adder Mountain; and hollowing the rock into deep baths in which the clear water is never quiet. What a place to rest in after a gallop! The smooth granite for a seat, the moss for a carpet, the brook for society that does not intrude!

"How beautiful!" exclaimed Eugenia, as the evening sun emerged from a cloud, and threw the long shadow of an elm upon the emerald intervale, hundreds of feet below us.

"Beautiful indeed!" I answered, glancing at the tremulous eyelids of my companion, and at the faint flush called into her cheek by her sensibility to natural beauty.

It is not easy to talk sentiment on horseback, for the intelligent quadrupeds overhear what is said, and one catches only the spoken portions of the conversation, — usually the least significant portions. Besides, Eugenia would gallop, merrily laughing at every hint that she should slacken her pace, and defying me to keep up with her. So we galloped by the home of the teacher of the village school, and through the wood of little pines, hardly noticing the yellow carpet made by their needles, which we had admired on our way to the Baths. Eugenia did not draw rein till we had reached the steep bank at the ford of the Proway.

"Will you cross the Rubicon with me?" I asked.

"This is the Proway. We are not in Italy, and you are not Cæsar. You may follow me." And she rode into the water.

"We have had a pleasant ride," said she, as I assisted her to dismount.

"We" inspired hope. How little inspires hope when the heart is made up!

Eugenia was away when I called next day, — a piece of formal politeness I performed, though the etiquette of Maydenvalley dispenses with it. I did not see her again until we met at a picnic on Horn Mountain.

Nine ladies and one gentleman beside myself formed the party, which filled a stout mountain wagon, with as little spring to it as a Spinsterland year. Up and up we rode, with an occasional sharp descent, — by farmhouses with the front door and blinds closed, after the fashion of Spinsterland, but with the back doorway framing a sharp-faced woman, with red arms akimbo; by barns, which opened a broad side upon the road; by fields of

wheat, not inferior to that harvested in our Western Egypt; through fragrant pine forests; between rows of raspberry-bushes untouched by men or bears. Here and there a wild rose retained the summer; here and there, as we ascended, a blazing branch announced the autumn. Distant brooks murmured and distant sheep-bells tinkled. A colt escorted us to the limits of his pasture, and bade us farewell with both hind heels. Half a dozen cows in another enclosure regarded us demurely, and in a moment resumed their milk-making. At every turn, a glance backwards gave a new view of Maydenvalley, or a glance forwards, a new aspect to the mountain we were approaching. Out of the high-road at last, and through the fields to a tenantless house and a hospitable barn, where the road ended. Out of the wagon and among the sugar-maples, the inanimate portion of the picnic carried upon the back of the animate portion; up a narrow path, half a mile up to the summit, — to a prospect twenty-five miles in radius, to air that fed the blood with fire, to eager appetites.

There we

"Ate and drank, and saw God also."

There we served to one another the lightest of light conversation, and floated puns with laughter. Our granite dinner-table was screened from the sun, and in the shadiest corner Eugenia sat. Her thoughts were not with the company, for her eyes had the expression which made our visit to Diana's Baths memorable for me. Clear and pure as ever, they were unfathomable as the sky above us; and it seemed no less impossible to find a thought of me in them than in that sky. I could only venture to offer her, as we came down the mountain, a few wild-flowers and the brightest branch from the brightest maple, and to draw dreams from her gentle good-night.

There was little satisfaction in visiting Eugenia at her boarding-house. In Maydenvalley private parlors are unknown, and though *tête-à-têtes* may not be equally unknown, I was rarely able to secure one with Eugenia, partly because of the abiding generosity of her nature, — "I like Eugenia," remarked Maria; "she is n't stingy with her young men," — and partly because she was under the charge of an unmarried aunt, who never found a pretext for going out of the room. I ought not to harbor ill-will against the good old lady, for she was a friend of my father, and it was through her that I made the acquaintance of Eugenia; but my gratitude to a bridge that takes me over a river is never excessive, particularly when it is so ungainly a structure as was Aunt Susan. Sometimes, however, when her gold eye-glasses and her ear-trumpet were not upon duty, she was an aid to conversation, — the click of her knitting-needles forming an accompaniment to what was said. I should thank her, too, for the glimpses she enabled me to get of the true heart which beat under the girlishness of Eugenia. Nothing could surpass her devotion to this aged relative, who seemed to live upon the sunshine of her presence. She followed her counsels, yielded to her whims, gave up darling plans for her sake, answered her sudden words gently, read to her by the hour in a voice necessarily pitched so high as to mar its sweetness, and smoothed her white hair with a daughter's hand. If she took any reward, it was in teasing Aunt Susan about the old days when she too was a girl.

"Every woman," I happened to observe, not thinking of Aunt Susan at all, "has, at least, one opportunity to marry, they say."

"I never had any," broke in the old lady, straightening herself up.

"Why, aunt!" exclaimed Eugenia, with a twinkle in her eye.

"No, Jenny, I never did."

"But, aunt, father has told me over and over again, how pretty you were when —

"Tut, tut, child! don't be silly. Besides, it is n't the prettiest that get the most offers. Perhaps I was n't enough of a fool to please the men."

"But father says," went on Eugenia, leaving the high-road of argument for the short cut of statement direct, — "father says that you used to have lots of attention."

"Nonsense, girl; but no man of them all ever said, 'Marry me'; though — Do you really care to go on that wild-goose chase up Beam Mountain to-morrow?"

"Ever and ever so much, dear aunt. They say the view is the finest in North Proway; and there 'll be five gentlemen to take care of three ladies, and Mrs. Osbaldistone will matronize us, and I'll wear my thickest shoes and that mountain dress you think so unbecoming."

"Why, Eugenia, how you talk!" cried Aunt Susan. "It 's the only sensible costume in Proway."

But, Eugenia remembered, with a blush which did not escape me, that it was not her aunt who had pretended to criticise her convenient dress.

THE LAND OF PAOLI.

THE Leghorn steamer slid smoothly over the glassy Tyrrhene strait, and some time during the night came to anchor in the harbor of Bastia. I sat up in my berth at sunrise, and looked out the bull's eye to catch my first near glimpse of Corsican scenery; but, instead of that, a pair of questioning eyes, set in a brown, weather-beaten face, met my own. It was a boatman waiting on the gangway, determined to secure the only fare which the steamer had brought that morning. Such persistence always succeeds, and in this case justly; for when we were landed upon the quay, shortly afterwards, the man took the proffered coin with thanks, and asked for no more.

Tall, massive houses surrounded the little circular port. An old bastion on the left, — perhaps that from which the place originally took its name, — a church in front, and suburban villas and gardens on the shoulders of the steep mountain in the rear, made a certain impression of pride and stateliness, notwithstanding the cramped situation of the city. The Corsican coast is here very bold and abrupt, and the first advantage of defence interferes with the present necessity of growth.

At that early hour few persons were stirring in the streets. A languid officer permitted us to pass the *douane* and sanitary line; a large-limbed boy from the mountains became a porter for the nonce; and a waiter, not fully awake, admitted us into the Hôtel d'Europe, a building with more space than cleanliness, more antiquated furniture than comfort. It resembled a dismantled palace, — huge, echoing, dusty. The only tenants we saw then, or later, were the waiter aforesaid, who had not yet learned the ordinary wants of a traveller, and a hideous old woman, who twice a day deposited certain oily and indescribable dishes upon a table in a room which deserved the name of *manger*, in the English sense of the word.

However, I did not propose to remain long in Bastia; Corte, the old capital of Paoli, in the heart of the island, was my destination. After ascertaining that a diligence left for the latter place at noon, we devoted an hour or two to Bastia. The breadth and grandeur of the principal streets, the spacious new *place* with a statue of Napoleon in a Roman toga, the ample harbor in process of construction to the northward, and the fine coast-views from the upper part of the city, were matters of surprise. The place has grown rapidly within the past fifteen years, and now contains twenty-five thousand inhabitants. Its geographical situation is

good. The dagger-shaped Cape Corso, rich with fruit and vines, extends forty miles to the northward; westward, beyond the mountains, lie the fortunate lands of Nebbio and the Balagna, while the coast southward has no other harbor for a distance of seventy or eighty miles. The rocky island of Capraja, once a menace of the Genoese, rises over the sea in the direction of Leghorn; directly eastward, and nearer, is Elba, and far to the southeast, faintly seen, Monte Cristo, — the three representing mediæval and modern history and romance, and repeating the triple interest which clings around the name of Corsica.

The growth of Bastia seems to have produced but little effect, as yet, in the character of the inhabitants. They have rather the primitive air of mountaineers; one looks in vain for the keenness, sharpness, and, alas! the dishonesty, of an Italian seaport town. Since the time of Seneca, who, soured by exile, reported of them, —

> "Prima est ulcisci lex, altera vivere raptu,
> Tertia mentiri, quarta negare Deos," —

the Corsicans have not been held in good repute. Yet our first experience of them was by no means unprepossessing. We entered a bookstore, to get a map of the island. While I was examining it, an old gentleman, with the Legion of Honor in his button-hole, rose from his seat, took the sheet from my hands, and said: "What 's this? what 's this?" After satisfying his curiosity, he handed it back to me, and began a running fire of questions: "Your first visit to Corsica? You are English? Do you speak Italian? your wife also? Do you like Bastia? does she also? How long will you stay? Will she accompany you?" &c. I answered with equal rapidity, as there was nothing obtrusive in the old man's manner. The questions soon came to an end, and then followed a chapter of information and advice, which was very welcome.

The same naïve curiosity met us at every turn. Even the rough boy who acted as porter plied me with questions, yet was just as ready to answer as to ask. I learned much more about his situation and prospects than was really necessary, but the sum of all showed that he was a fellow determined to push his way in the world. Self-confidence is a common Corsican trait, which Napoleon only shared with his fellow-islanders. The other men of his time who were either born upon Corsica or lived there for a while — Pozzo di Borgo, Bernadotte, Massena, Murat, Sebastiani — seem to have caught the infection of this energetic, self-reliant spirit.

In Bastia there is neither art nor architecture. It is a well-built, well-regulated, bustling place, and has risen in latter years quite as much from the growth of Italian commerce as from the favor of the French government. From the quantity of small coasting craft in the harbor, I should judge that its trade is principally with the neighboring shores. In the two book-shops I found many devotional works and Renucci's History, but only one copy of the *Storiche Corse*, which I was glad to secure.

When the hour of departure came, we found the inquisitive old gentleman at the diligence office. He was our companion in the *coupé*, and apparently a personage of some note, as at least a score of friends came to bid him adieu. To each of these he announced in turn: "These are my travelling companions, — an American gentleman and his wife. They speak French and Italian; they have never been in Corsica before; they are going to Corte; they travel for pleasure and information." Then there were reciprocal salutations and remarks; and if the postilion had not finally given the signal to take our places, we should soon have been on speaking terms with half Bastia.

The road ran due south, along the base of the mountains. As we passed the luxuriant garden-suburbs, our companion pointed out the dusky glitter of the orange-trees, and exclaimed: "You see what the Corsican soil produces.

But this is nothing to the Balagna. There you will find the finest olive culture of the Mediterranean. I was prefect of the Balagna in 1836, and in that year the exportation of oil amounted to six millions of francs, while an equal quantity was kept for consumption in the island."

Brown old villages nestled high up in the ravines on our right; but on the left the plain stretched far away to the salt lake of Biguglia, the waters of which sparkled between the clumps of poplars and elms studding the meadows. The beds of the mountain streams were already nearly dry, and the summer malaria was beginning to gather on the low fields through which they wandered. A few peasants were cutting and tedding hay here and there, or lazily hauling it homewards. Many of the fields were given up to myrtle and other wild and fragrant shrubs; but there were far too few workers abroad for even the partial cultivation.

Beyond the lake of Biguglia, and near the mouth of the Golo River, is the site of Mariana, founded by Marius. Except a scattering of hewn stones, there are no remains of the Roman town; but the walls of a church and chapel of the Middle Ages are still to be seen. The only other Roman colony on Corsica — Aleria, at the mouth of the Tavignano — was a restoration of the more ancient Alalia, which tradition ascribes to the Phoceans. Notwithstanding the nearness of the island to the Italian coast, and its complete subjection to the Empire, its resources were imperfectly developed by the Romans, and the accounts of it given by the ancient writers are few and contradictory. Strabo says of the people: "Those who inhabit the mountains live from plunder, and are more untamable than wild beasts. When the Roman commanders undertake an expedition against the island, and possess themselves of the strongholds, they bring back to Rome many slaves; and then one sees with astonishment the savage animal nature of the people. For they either take their own lives violently, or tire out their masters by their stubbornness and stupidity; whence, no matter how cheaply they are purchased, it is always a bad bargain in the end."

Here we have the key to that fierce, indomitable spirit of independence which made the Genoese occupation one long story of warfare; which produced such heroes as Sambucuccio, Sampieri, and Paoli; and which exalted Corsica, in the last century, to be the embodiment of the democratic ideas of Europe, and the marvellous forerunner of the American Republic. Verily, Nature is "careful of the type." After the Romans, the Vandals possessed Corsica; then the Byzantine Greeks; then, in succession, the Tuscan Barons, the Pisans, and the Genoese, — yet scarcely one of the political forms planted among them took root in the character of the islanders. The origin of the Corsican Republic lies back of all our history; it was a natural growth, which came to light after the suppression of two thousand years.

As we approached the gorge through which the Golo breaks its way to the sea, the town of Borgo, crowning a mountain summit, recalled to memory the last Corsican victory, when Clement Paoli, on the 1st of October, 1768, defeated and drove back to Bastia a French force much greater than his own. Clement, the brooding monk in his cloister, the fiery leader of desperate battle, is even a nobler figure than his brother Pascal in the story of those days.

We changed horses at an inn under the mountain of Borgo, and then entered the valley of the Golo, leaving the main road, which creeps onward to Bonifacio through lonely and malarious lands. The scenery now assumed a new aspect. No more the blue Tyrrhene Sea, with its dreams of islands; a valley wilder than any infolded among the Appenines opened before us. Slopes covered with chestnut groves rose on either side; slant ravines mounted between steep escarpments of rock; a village or two, on the nearer heights, had the appearance of

refuge and defence, rather than of quiet habitation, and the brown summits in the distance held out no promise of softer scenes beyond.

Our companion, the prefect, pointed to the chestnut groves. "There," said he, "is the main support of our people in the winter. Our Corsican name for it is 'the bread-tree.' The nuts are ground, and the cakes of chestnut-flour, baked on the hearth, and eaten while fresh, are really delicious. We could not live without the chestnut and the olive."

The steep upper slopes of the mountains were covered with the *macchia*, — a word of special significance on the island. It is equivalent to "jungle" or "chaparral"; but the Corsican *macchia* has a character and a use of its own. Fancy an interminable thicket of myrtle, arbutus, wild laurel, lentisk, box, and heather, eight to twelve feet in height, interlaced with powerful and luxuriant vines, and with an undergrowth of rosemary, lavender, and sage. Between the rigid, stubby stems the wild boar can scarcely make his way; thorns and dagger-like branches meet above, — yet the richest balm breathes from this impenetrable wilderness. When the people say of a man, "he has taken to the macchia," every one understands that he has committed a murder. Formerly, those who indulged in the fierce luxury of the *vendetta* sometimes made their home for years in the thickets, communicating privately, from time to time, with their families. But there is now no scent of blood lurking under that of the myrtle and lavender. Napoleon, who neglected Corsica during his years of empire (in fact, he seemed to dislike all mention of the island), remembered the odors of the macchia upon St. Helena.

Our second station was at a sawmill beside the river. Here the prefect left us, saying: "I am going to La Porta, in the country of Morosaglia. It is a beautiful place, and you must come and see it. I have a ride of three hours, on horseback across the mountains, to get there."

His place in the *coupé* was taken by a young physician bound for Pontenuovo, further up the valley. I was struck by the singular loneliness of the country, as we advanced further into the interior. Neither in the grain-fields below, nor the olive-orchards above, was any laborer to be seen. Mile after mile passed by, and the diligence was alone on the highway. "The valley of the Golo is so unhealthy," said the physician, "that the people only come down to their fields at the time for ploughing, sowing, and reaping. If a man from the mountains spends a single night below here, he is likely to have an attack of fever."

"But the Golo is a rapid mountain stream," I remarked; "there are no marshes in the valley, and the air seems to me pure and bracing. Would not the country become healthy through more thorough cultivation?"

"I can only explain it," he answered, "by the constant variation of temperature. During the day there is a close heat, such as we feel now, while at night the air becomes suddenly chill and damp. As to agriculture, it don't seem to be the natural business of the Corsican. He will range the mountains all day, with a gun on his shoulder, but he hates work in the fields. Most of the harvesting on the eastern coast of the island, and in the Balagna, is done by the Lucchese peasants, who come over from the main-land every year. Were it not for them, the grain would rot where it stands."

This man's statement may have been exaggerated, but further observation convinced me that there was truth in it. Yet the people are naturally active and of a lively temperament, and their repugnance to labor is only one of the many consequences of the vendetta. When Paoli suppressed the custom with an iron hand, industry revived in Corsica; and now that the French government has succeeded in doing the same thing, the waste and pestilent lands will no doubt be gradually reclaimed.

The annals of the Corsican vendetta are truly something terrible. Filippini

(armed to the teeth and protected by a stone wall, as he wrote) and other native historians estimate the number of murders from revenge in the three and a half centuries preceding the year 1729 at three hundred and thirty-three thousand, and the number of persons wounded in family feuds at an equal figure! Three times the population of the island killed or wounded in three hundred and fifty years! Gregorovius says: "If this island of Corsica could vomit back all the blood of battle and vendetta which it has drunk during the past ages, its cities and towns would be overwhelmed, its population drowned, and the sea be incarnadined as far as Genoa. Verily, here the red Death planted his kingdom." France has at last, by two simple, practical measures, stayed the deluge. First, the population was disarmed; then the bandits and blood-outlaws were formed into a body of *Voltigeurs Corses*, who, knowing all the hiding-places in the macchia, easily track the fugitives. A few executions tamed the thirst for blood, and within the past ten years the vendetta has ceased to exist.

While we were discussing these matters with the physician, the diligence rolled steadily onwards, up the valley of the Golo. With every mile the scenery became wilder, browner, and more lonely. There were no longer villages on the hill-summits, and the few farm-houses perched beside the chestnut-orchards appeared to be untenanted. As the road crossed by a lofty stone arch to the southern bank of the river, the physician said: "This is Pontenuovo, and it is just a hundred years to-day since the battle was fought." He was mistaken; the battle of Pontenuovo, fatal to Paoli and to the independence of Corsica, took place on the 9th of May, 1769. It was the end of a struggle all the more heroic because it was hopeless from the start. The stony slopes on either side of the bridge are holy ground; for the Corsicans did not fight in vain. A stronger people beyond the sea took up the torch as it fell from their hands, and fed it with fresh oil. History (as it has hitherto been written) deals only with events, not with popular sympathies and enthusiasms; and we can therefore scarcely guess how profoundly the heart of the world was stirred by the name of Corsica, between the years 1755 and 1769. To Catharine of Russia as to Rousseau, to Alfieri as to Dr. Johnson, Paoli was one of the heroes of the century.

Beyond Pontenuovo the valley widens, and a level road carried us speedily to Ponte alla Leccia, at the junction of the Golo with its principal affluent the Tartaglia. *Pontaletch* and *Tartatch* are the Corsican words. Here the scenery assumes a grand Alpine character. High over the nearer mountains rose the broken summits of Monte Padro and Capo Bianco, the snow-filled ravines glittering between their dark pinnacles of rock. On the south, a by-road wandered away through the chestnut-woods to Morosaglia; villages with picturesque belfries overlooked the valley, and the savage macchia gave place to orchards of olive. Yet the character of the scenery was sombre, almost melancholy. Though the myrtle flowered snowily among the rocks, and the woodbine hung from the banks, and the river filled the air with the incessant mellow sound of its motion, these cheerful features lost their wonted effect beside the sternness and solitude of the mountains.

Towards the end of this stage the road left the Golo, and ascended a narrow lateral valley to the village of Omessa, where we changed horses. Still following the stream to its sources, we reached a spur from the central chain, and slowly climbed its sides to a higher region, — a land of rocks and green pasture-slopes, from the level of which a wide sweep of mountains was visible. The summit of the pass was at least two thousand feet above the sea. On attaining it, a new and surprising vista opened to the southward, into the very heart of the island. The valley before us dropped in many windings into that of the Tavignano, the second river of

Corsica, which we overlooked for an extent of thirty miles. Eastward the mountains sank into hills of gentle undulation, robed with orchards and vineyards, and crowned with villages; westward they towered into dark, forbidding ranges, and the snows of the great central peaks of Monte Rotondo and Monte d' Oro, nearly ten thousand feet in height, stood gray against the sunset. Generally, the landscapes of an island have a diminished, contracted character; but here the vales were as amply spread, the mountains as grandly planted, as if a continent lay behind them.

For two leagues the road descended, following the bays and forelands of the hills. The diligence sped downward so rapidly that before it was quite dusk we saw the houses and high rock fortress of Corte before us. A broad avenue of sycamores, up and down which groups of people were strolling, led into the town. We were set down at a hotel of primitive fashion, where we took quarters for the night, leaving the diligence, which would have carried us to Ajaccio by the next morning. Several French officials had possession of the best rooms, so that we were but indifferently lodged; but the mountain trout on the dinner-table were excellent, and the wine of Corte was equal to that of Tuscany.

While the moon, risen over the eastern mountains, steeps the valley in misty silver, and a breeze from the Alpine heights deliciously tempers the air, let us briefly recall that wonderful episode of Corsican history of which Pascal Paoli is the principal figure. My interest in the name dates from the earliest recollections of childhood. Near my birthplace there is an inn and cluster of houses named Paoli, — or, as the people pronounce it, Peŏli. Here twenty-three American soldiers were murdered in cold blood by the British troops, in September, 1777. Wayne's battle-cry at the storming of Stony Point was, "Remember Paoli!" The old tavern-sign was the half-length portrait of an officer (in a red coat, I think), whom, I was told, was "General Paoli," but I knew nothing further of him, until, some years later, I stumbled on Boswell's work; my principal authority, however, is a recent volume,* and the collection of Paoli's letters published by Tommaseo.

It is unnecessary to review the long struggle of the Corsicans to shake off the yoke of Genoa; I need only allude to the fact. Pascal, born in 1724 or 1725, was the son of Hyacinth Paoli, who was chosen one of the chiefs of the people in 1734, and in connection with the other chiefs, Ceccaldi and Giaffori, carried on the war for independence with the greatest bravery and resolution, but with little success, for two years. In March, 1736, when the Corsicans were reduced to the last extremity, the Westphalian adventurer, Theodore von Neuhoff, suddenly made his appearance. The story of this man, who came ashore in a caftan of scarlet silk, Turkish trowsers, yellow shoes, a Spanish hat and feather, and a sceptre in his right hand, and coolly announced to the people that he had come to be their king, is so fantastic as to be scarcely credible; but we cannot dwell upon it. His supplies of money and munitions of war, and still more his magnificent promises, beguiled those sturdy republicans into accepting the cheat of a crown. The fellow was not without ability, and but for a silly vanity, which led him to ape the state and show of other European courts, might have kept his place. His reign of eight months was the cause of Genoa calling in the aid of France; and, after three years of varying fortunes, the Corsicans were obliged to submit to the conditions imposed upon them by the French commander, Maillebois.

Hyacinth Paoli went into exile, and found a refuge at the court of Naples with his son Pascal. The latter was carefully educated in the school of Genovesi, the first Italian political-economist of the last century, and then entered the army, where he distinguished

* *Histoire de Pascal Paoli.* Par M. Bartolli. Largentiere. 1866.

himself during campaigns in Sicily and Calabria. Thus sixteen years passed away.

The Corsicans, meanwhile, had continued their struggle, under the leadership of Giaffori, another of the many heroes of the island. When, in 1753, he was assassinated, the whole population met together to celebrate his obsequies, and renewed the oath of resistance to death against the Genoese rule. Five chiefs (one of whom was Clement Paoli, Pascal's elder brother) were chosen to organize a provisional government and carry on the war. But at the end of two years it was found prudent to adopt a more practical system, and to give the direction of affairs into the hands of a single competent man. It was no doubt Clement Paoli who first suggested his brother's name. The military experience of the latter gave him the confidence of the people, and their unanimous voice called him to be their leader.

In April, 1755, Pascal Paoli, then thirty years old, landed at Aleria, the very spot where King Theodore had made his theatrical entry into Corsica nineteen years before. Unlike him, Paoli came alone, poor, bringing only his noble presence, his cultivated intelligence, and his fame as a soldier, to the help of his countrymen. "It was a singular problem," says one of the historians of Corsica; "it was a new experiment in history, and how it might succeed at a time when similar experiments failed in the most civilized lands would be to Europe an evidence that the rude simplicity of nature is more capable of adapting itself to democratic liberty than the refined corruption of culture can possibly be."

Paoli, at first reluctant to accept so important a post, finally yielded to the solicitations of the people, and on the 15th of July was solemnly invested with the Presidency of Corsica. His first step shows at once his judgment and his boldness. He declared that the vendetta must instantly cease; whoever committed blood-revenge was to be branded with infamy, and given up to the headsman. He traversed the island, persuading hostile families to bury their feuds, and relentlessly enforced the new law, although one of his relatives was the first victim. But he was not allowed to enter upon his government without resistance. Matra, one of the Corsican chiefs, was ambitious of Paoli's place, and for a year the island was disturbed with civil war. Matra claimed and received assistance from Genoa, and Paoli, defeated and besieged in the monastery of Bozio, was almost in the hands of his rival, when reinforcements appeared, headed by Clement and by Carnoni, a blood-enemy of the Paolis, forced by his noble mother to forswear the family enmity, and deliver instead of slay. Matra was killed, and thenceforth Paoli was the undisputed chief of Corsica.

It was not difficult for the people, once united, to withstand the weakened power of Genoa. That republic possessed only Bastia, Ajaccio, and Calvi; the garrisoning of which fortresses, by a treaty with France in 1756, was transferred to the latter power, in order to prevent them from falling into the hands of the Corsicans. The French proclaimed a neutrality which Paoli perforce was obliged to respect. He therefore directed his attention to the thorough political organization of the island, the development of its resources, and the proper education of its people. He had found the country in a lamentable condition when he returned from his exile. The greater part of the people had relapsed into semi-barbarism in the long course of war; agriculture was neglected, laws had fallen into disuse, the vendetta raged everywhere, and the only element from which order and industry could be evolved was the passionate thirst for independence, which had only been increased by defeat and suffering.

Paoli made the completest use of this element, bending it to all the purposes of government, and his success was truly astonishing. The new seaport of Isola Rossa was built in order to meet the necessity of immediate com-

merce; manufactories of all kinds, even powder-mills, were established; orchards of chestnut, olive, and orange trees were planted, the culture of maize introduced, and plans made for draining the marshes and covering the island with a network of substantial highways. An educational system far in advance of the time was adopted. All children received at least the rudiments of education, and in the year 1765 the University of Corsica was founded at Corte. One provision of its charter was the education of poor scholars, who showed more than average capacity, at the public expense.

Paoli was obliged to base his scheme of government on the existing forms. He retained the old provincial and municipal divisions, with their magistrates and elders, making only such changes as were necessary to bind the scattered local jurisdictions into one consistent whole, to which he gave a *national* power and character. He declared the people to be the sole source of law and authority; that his office was a trust from their hands, and to be exercised according to their will and for their general good; and that the central government must be a house of glass, allowing each citizen to watch over its action. "Secrecy and mystery in governments," he said, "not only made a people mistrustful, but favored the growth of an absolute irresponsible power."

All citizens above the age of twenty-five years were entitled to the right of suffrage. Each community elected its own magistrates, but the voters were obliged to swear before the officials already in power, that they would nominate only the worthiest and most capable men as their successors. These local elections were held annually, but the magistrates were not eligible to immediate re-election. A representative from each thousand of the population was elected to the General Assembly, which in its turn chose a Supreme Executive Council of nine members, — one from each province of the island. The latter were required to be thirty-five years of age, and to have served as governors of their respective provinces. A majority of two thirds gave the decisions of the General Assembly the force of law; but the Council, in certain cases, had the right of veto, and the question was then referred for final decision to the next Assembly. Paoli was President of the Council and General-in-Chief of the army. Both he and the members of the Council, however, were responsible to the nation, and liable to impeachment, removal, and punishment by the General Assembly.

Paoli, while enforcing a general militia system, took the strongest ground against the establishment of a standing army. "In a free land," he said, "every citizen must be a soldier, and ready to arm at any moment in defence of his rights. But standing armies have always served Despotism rather than Liberty." He only gave way that a limited number should be enrolled to garrison the fortified places. As soon as the people were sufficiently organized to resist the attempts which Genoa made from time to time to recover her lost dominion, he devoted his energies wholly to the material development of the island. The Assembly, at his suggestion, appointed two Commissioners of Agriculture for each province. The vendetta was completely suppressed; with order and security came a new prosperity, and the cities held by the *neutral* French began to stir with desires to come under Paoli's paternal rule.

The resemblance in certain forms as in the general spirit and character of the Constitution of the Corsican Republic to that of the United States, which was framed more than thirty years afterwards, is very evident. Indeed, we may say that the latter is simply an adaptation of the same political principles to the circumstances of a more advanced race and a broader field of action. But if we justly venerate the courage which won our independence and the wisdom which gave us our institutions, how shall we sufficiently honor the man and the handful of half-

barbarous people who so splendidly anticipated the same great work! Is there anything nobler in history than this Corsican episode? No wonder that the sluggish soul of Europe, then beginning to stir with the presentiment of coming changes, was kindled and thrilled as not for centuries before. What effect the example of Corsica had upon the American Colonies is something which we cannot now measure. I like to think, however, that the country tavern-sign of "General Paoli," put up *before* the Revolution, signified more than the mere admiration of the landlord for a foreign hero.

At the end of ten years the Genoese Senate became convinced that the recovery of Corsica was hopeless; and when Paoli succeeded in creating a small fleet, under the command of Perez, Knight of Malta, they saw their Mediterranean commerce threatened with destruction. In the year 1767 the island of Capraja was captured by the Corsicans; then Genoa set the example which Austria has recently followed in the case of Venetia. A treaty was signed at Versailles on the 15th of May, 1768, between the French Minister, the Duke de Choiseul, and the Genoese Ambassador, whereby Genoa transferred to France all her right and title to the island of Corsica. This was a death-blow to the Republic; but the people armed and organized, determined to resist to the end. The splendid victory at Borgo gave them hope. They asked and expected the assistance of England; but when did England ever help a weak and struggling people? The battle of Pontenuovo, on the 9th of May, 1769, sealed the fate of the island. A month afterwards Paoli went into exile with three hundred of his countrymen. Among those who fled, after the battle, to the wild Alpine fastnesses of Monte Rotondo, was his secretary, Carlo Bonaparte, and the latter's wife, Letitia Ramolino, then seven months *enceinte* with the boy who afterwards made Genoa and France suffer the blood-revenge of Corsica. Living in caves and forests, drenched with rain, and almost washed away by the mountain torrents, Letitia bore her burden to Ajaccio, and Napoleon Bonaparte was one of the first Corsicans who were born Frenchmen.

Paoli's journey through Italy and Germany to England was a march of triumph. On reaching London he was received by the king in private audience; all parties joined in rendering him honor. A pension of two thousand pounds a year was granted to him (the greater part of which he divided among his fellow-exiles), and he took up his residence in the country from which he still hoped the liberation of Corsica. For twenty years we hear of him as a member of that society which included Burke, Reynolds, Johnson, Garrick, and Goldsmith; keeping clear of parties, yet, we may be sure, following with an interest he hardly dared betray the events of the American struggle.

But the French Revolution did not forget him. The Corsicans, in November, 1789, carried away by the republican movement in France, had voted that their island should be an integral part of the French nation. There was a general cry for Paoli, and in April, 1790, he reached Paris. Lafayette was his friend and guide; the National Assembly received him with every mark of respect; the club of the *Amis de la Constitution* seated him beside its President, — Robespierre; Louis XVI. gave him an audience, and he was styled by the enthusiastic populace "the Washington of Europe." At Marseilles he was met by a Corsican deputation, two of the members of which were Joseph and Napoleon Bonaparte, who sailed with him to their native island. On landing at Cape Corso, he knelt and kissed the earth, exclaiming, "O my country, I left thee enslaved, and I find thee free!" All the land rose to receive him; *Te Deums* were chanted in the churches, and the mountain villages were depopulated to swell his triumphal march. In September of the same year the representatives of the people elected him President of the

Council and General of the troops of the island.

Many things had been changed during his twenty years' absence, under the rule of France. It was not long before the people divided themselves into two parties, — one French and ultra-Republican; the other Corsican, working secretly for the independence of the island. The failure of the expedition against Sardinia was charged to Paoli, and he was summoned by the Convention to appear and answer the charges against him. Had he complied, his head would probably have fallen under the all-devouring guillotine: he refused, and his refusal brought the two Corsican parties into open collision. Paoli was charged with being ambitious, corrupt, and plotting to deliver Corsica to England. His most zealous defender was the young Napoleon Bonaparte, who wrote a fiery, indignant address, which I should like to quote. Among other things he says, "We owe *all* to him, — even the fortune of being a Republic!"

The story now becomes one of intrigue and deception, and its heroic atmosphere gradually vanishes. Pozzo di Borgo, the blood-enemy of Napoleon, alienated Paoli from the latter. A fresh, cunning, daring intellect, he acquired a mischievous influence over the gray-haired, simple-hearted patriot. That which Paoli's enemies charged against him came to pass; he asked the help of England, and in 1794 the people accepted the sovereignty of that nation, on condition of preserving their institutions, and being governed by a viceroy, who it was presumed would be none other than Pascal Paoli. The English fleet, under Admiral Hood, speedily took possession of Bastia, Calvi, Ajaccio, and the other seaports. But the English government, contemptuously ignoring Paoli's services and claims, sent out Sir Gilbert Elliott as viceroy; and he, jealous of Paoli's popularity, demanded the latter's recall to England. George III. wrote a command under the form of an invitation; and in 1795, Paoli — disappointed in all his hopes, disgusted with the treatment he had received, and recognizing the hopelessness of healing the new dissensions among the people — left Corsica for the last time. He returned to his former home in London, where he died in 1807, at the age of eighty-two years. What little property he had saved was left to found a school at Stretta, his native village; and another at Corte, for fifteen years his capital. Within a year after his departure the English were driven out of Corsica.

Paoli rejoiced, as a Corsican, at Napoleon's ascendency in France. He illuminated his house in London when the latter was declared Consul for life, yet he was never recalled. During his last days on St. Helena Napoleon regretted his neglect or jealousy of the old hero; his lame apology was, "I was so governed by political considerations, that it was impossible for me to obey my personal impulses!"

Our first object, on the morning after our arrival in Corte, was to visit the places with which Paoli's name is associated. The main street conducted us to the public square, where stands his bronze statue, with the inscription on the pedestal: "A PASCAL PAOLI LA CORSE RECONNAISSANTE." On one side of the square is the Palazza, or Hall of Government; and there they show you his room, the window-shutters of which still keep their lining of cork, as in the days of assassination, when he founded the Republic. Adjoining it is a chamber where the Executive Council met to deliberate. Paoli's school, which still flourishes, is his best monument.

High over the town rises the battered citadel, seated on a rock which on the western side falls several hundred feet sheer down to the Tavignano. The high houses of brown stone climb and cling to the eastern slope, rough masses of browner rock thrust out among them; and the place thus has an irregular pyramidal form, which is wonderfully picturesque. The citadel was last captured from the Genoese by Paoli's forerunner, Giaffori, in the year 1745. The Corsican cannon were be-

ginning to breach the walls, when the Genoese commander ordered Giaffori's son, who had been previously taken prisoner, to be suspended from the ramparts. For a moment — but only for a moment — Giaffori shuddered, and turned away his head; then he commanded the gunners, who had ceased firing, to renew the attack. The breach was effected, and the citadel taken by storm: the boy, unhurt amidst the terrible cannonade, was restored to his father.

We climbed towards the top of the rock by streets which resembled staircases. At last the path came to an end in some unsavory back-yards, if piles of shattered rock behind the houses can be so called. I asked a young fellow who was standing in a doorway, watching us, whether any view was to be had by going farther.

"Yes," said he, "but there is a better prospect from the other house, — yonder, where you see the old woman."

We clambered across the intervening rocks, and found the woman engaged in milking a cow, which a boy held by the horns. "Certainly," she said, when I repeated the question; "come into the house, and you shall look from the windows."

She led us through the kitchen into a bright, plainly furnished room, where four women were sewing. They all greeted us smilingly, rose, pushed away their chairs, and then opened the southern window. "Now look!" said the old woman.

We were dazzled by the brightness and beauty of the picture. The house was perched upon the outer angle of the rock, and the valley of the Tavignano, with the gorge through which its affluent, the Restonica, issues from the mountains, lay below us. Gardens, clumps of walnut and groves of chestnut trees, made the valley green; the dark hues of the mountains were softened to purple in the morning air, and the upper snows shone with a brilliancy which I have rarely seen among the Alps. The breeze came down to us with freshness on its wings, and the subdued voices of the twin rivers.

"Now the other window!" the women said.

It opened eastward. There were, first, the roofs of Corte, dropping away to the water-side; then a wide, bounteous valley, green, flecked with harvest-gold; then village-crowned hills, and, behind all, the misty outlines of mountains that slope to the eastern shore. It is a fair land, this Corsica, and the friendly women were delighted when I told them so.

The people looked at us with a natural curiosity as we descended the hill. Old women, invariably dressed in black, gossiped or spun at the doors, girls carried water on their heads from the fountains below, children tumbled about on the warm stones, and a young mother, beside her cradle, sang the Corsican lullaby: —

> "Ninni ninni, ninni nanna,
> Ninni ninni, ninni nolu,
> Allegrezza di la mamma,
> Addormentati, o figliolu!"

There is another Corsican cradle-song which has a singular resemblance to Tennyson's, yet it is quite unlikely that he ever saw it. One verse runs: —

> "A little pearl-laden ship, my darling,
> Thou carriest silken stores,
> And with the silken sails all set
> Com'st from the Indian shores,
> And wrought with the finest workmanship
> Are all thy golden oars.
> Sleep, my little one, sleep a little while,
> Ninni nanna, sleep!"

The green waters of the Tavignano, plunging and foaming down their rocky bed, freshened the warm summer air. Beyond the bridge a vein of the river, led underground, gushes forth as a profuse fountain under an arch of masonry; and here a number of people were collected to wash and to draw water. One of the girls, who gave us to drink, refused to accept a proffered coin, until a countryman who was looking on said, "You should take it, since the lady wishes it." A few paces farther a second bridge crosses the Restonica, which has its source in some small lakes near the summit of Monte Rotondo. Its volume of water appeared to me to be quite equal to that of the Tavignano.

The two rivers meet in a rocky glen a quarter of a mile below the town; and thither we wandered in the afternoon, through the shade of superb chestnut-trees. From this, as from every other point in the neighborhood, the views are charming. There is no threat of malaria in the pure mountain air; the trees are of richest foliage, the water is transparent beryl, and the pleasant, communicative people one meets impress one with a sense of their honest simplicity. We wandered around Corte, surrendering ourselves to the influences of the scenery and its associations, and entirely satisfied with both.

Towards evening we climbed the hill by an easier path, which brought us upon the crest of a ridge connecting the citadel-rock with the nearest mountains. Directly before us opened the gorge of the Tavignano, with a bridle-path notched along its almost precipitous sides. A man who had been sitting idly on a rock, with a pipe in his mouth, came up, and stood beside me. "Yonder," said he, pointing to the bridle-path, — "yonder is the road to the land of Niolo. If you follow that, you will come to a forest that is four hours long. The old General Arrighi — the Duke of Padua, you know — travelled it some years ago, and I was his guide. I see you are strangers; you ought to see the land of Niolo. It is not so rich as Corte here; but then the forests and the lakes, — ah, they are fine!"

Presently the man's wife joined us, and we sat down together, and gossiped for half an hour. They gave us the receipt for making *broccio*, a kind of Corsican curd, or junket, which we had tasted at the hotel, and found delicious. I also learned from them many details of the country life of the island. They, like all the Corsicans with whom I came in contact, were quite as ready to answer questions as to ask them. They are not so lively as the Italians, but more earnestly communicative, quick of apprehension, and gifted with a rude humor of their own. In Bastia I bought a volume of *Pruverbj Corse*, which contains more than three thousand proverbs peculiar to the island, many of them exceedingly witty and clever. I quote a single one as a specimen of the dialect: —

"Da gattivu calzu un ne piglià magliolu,
Male u babbu e pegghiu u figlioiu."

During our talk I asked the pair, "Do you still have the vendetta in this neighborhood?"

They both professed not to know what I meant by "vendetta," but I saw plainly enough that they understood the question. Finally the man said, rather impatiently, "There are a great many kinds of vendetta."

"I mean blood-revenge, — assassination, — murder."

His hesitation to speak about the matter disappeared as mysteriously as it came. (Was there, perhaps, a stain upon his own hand?) "O," he answered, "that is all at an end. I can remember when five persons were killed in a day in Corte, and when a man could not travel from here to Ajaccio without risking his life. But now we have neither murders nor robberies; all the roads are safe, the people live quietly, and the country everywhere is better than it was."

I noticed that the Corsicans are proud of the present Emperor on account of his parentage; but they have also some reason to be grateful to his government. He has done much to repair the neglect of his uncle. The work of Paoli has been performed over again; law and order prevail from the sea-shore to the highest herdsman's hut on Monte Rotondo; admirable roads traverse the island, schools have been established in all the villages, and the national spirit of the people is satisfied by having a semi-Corsican on the throne of France. I saw no evidence of discontent anywhere, nor need there be; for Europe has nearly reached the Corsican ideal of the last century, and the pride of the people may well repose for a while upon the annals of their heroic past.

It was a serious disappointment that

we were unable to visit Ajaccio and the Balagna. We could only fix the inspiring scenery of Corte in our memories, and so make its historical associations vital and enduring. There was no other direct way of returning to Bastia than the road by which we came; but it kept a fresh interest for us. The conductor of the diligence was one of the liveliest fellows living, and entertained us with innumerable stories; and at the station of Omessa we met with a character so original that I wish I could record every word he said.

The man looked more like a Yankee than any Italian I had seen for six months. He presented the conductor with what appeared to be a bank-note for one thousand francs; but it proved to be issued by the "Bank of Content," and entitled the holder to live a thousand years. Happiness was the president, and Temperance the cashier.

"I am a director of the bank," said the disseminator of the notes, addressing the passengers and a group of countrymen, "and I can put you all in the way of being stockholders. But you must first bring testimonials. Four are required, — one religious, one medical, one legal, and one domestic. What must they be? Listen, and I will tell. Religious, — from a priest, vouching for four things: that you have never been baptized, never preached, don't believe in the Pope, and are not afraid of the Devil. Medical, — from a doctor, that you have had the measles, that your teeth are sound, that you are not flatulent, and that he has never given you medicine. Legal, — from a lawyer, that you have never been accused of theft, that you mind your own business, and that you have never employed him. Domestic, — from your wife, that you don't lift the lids of the kitchen pots, walk in your sleep, or lose the keyhole of your door! There! can any one of you bring me these certificates?"

The auditors, who had roared with laughter during the speech, became suddenly grave, — which emboldened the man to ply them with other and sharper questions. Our departure cut short the scene; but I heard the conductor laughing on his box for a league farther.

At Ponte alla Leccia we breakfasted on trout, and, speeding down the grand and lonely valley of the Golo, reached Bastia towards evening. As we steamed out of the little harbor the next day we took the words of our friend Gregorovius, and made them ours: —

"Year after year, thy slopes of olives hoar
Give oil, thy vineyards still their bounty pour!
Thy maize on golden meadows ripen well,
And let the sun thy curse of blood dispel,
Till down each vale and on each mountain-side
The stains of thy heroic blood be dried!
Thy sons be like their fathers, strong and sure,
Thy daughters as thy mountain rivers pure,
And still thy granite crags between them stand
And all corruptions of the older land.
Fair isle, farewell! thy virtues shall not sleep;
Thy fathers' valor shall their children keep,
That ne'er this taunt to thee the stranger cast, —
Thy heroes were but fables of the Past!"

THE HARVESTER.

MY harvest strews the white sea-sand;
The storm-wind is my scythe and flail;
Though skies be dark, and wild the strand,
My harvests never fail.

I roam at large in greener fields,
Where clover-beds are smoothly mown,
And learn my bitter fruitage yields
A glory all its own.

I need not pray fair wind and showers,
Nor long for white or purple bloom;
The tempest brings me varied flowers,
Torn from the deep sea's womb.

Dark is their hue to others' eye,
And shattered is their plumy head;
I only know for life they die,
And live for others, dead.

KENTUCKY'S GHOST.

TRUE? Every syllable.

That was a very fair yarn of yours, Tom Brown, very fair for a landsman, but I 'll bet you a doughnut I can beat it; and all on the square too, as I say, — which is more, if I don't mistake, than you could take oath to. Not to say that I never stretched my yarn a little on the fo'castle in my younger days, like the rest of 'em; but what with living under roofs so long past, and a call from the parson regular in strawberry time, and having to do the flogging consequent on the inakkeracies of statement follering on the growing up of six boys, a man learns to trim his words a little, Tom, and no mistake. It 's very much as it is with the talk of the sea growing strange to you from hearing nothing but lubbers who don't know a mizzen-mast from a church-steeple.

It was somewhere about twenty years ago last October, if I recollect fair, that we were laying in for that particular trip to Madagascar. I 've done that little voyage to Madagascar when the sea was like so much burning oil, and the sky like so much burning brass, and the fo'castle as nigh a hell as ever fo'castle was in a calm; I 've done it when we came sneaking into port with nigh about every spar gone and pumps going night and day; and I 've done it with a drunken captain, on starvation rations, — duff that a dog on land would n't have touched and two teaspoonfuls of water to the day, — but someways or other, of all the times we headed for the East Shore I don't seem to remember any quite as distinct as this.

We cleared from Long Wharf in the ship Madonna, — which they tell me

means, My Lady, and a pretty name it was; it was apt to give me that gentle kind of feeling when I spoke it, which is surprising when you consider what a dull old hull she was, never logging over ten knots, and oncertain at that. It may have been because of Moll's coming down once in a while in the days that we lay at dock, bringing the boy with her, and sitting up on deck in a little white apron, knitting. She was a very good-looking woman, was my wife in those days, and I felt proud of her, — natural, with the lads looking on.

"Molly," I used to say, sometimes, — "Molly Madonna!"

"Nonsense!" says she, giving a clack to her needles, — pleased enough though, I warrant you, and turning a very pretty pink about the cheeks for a four-years' wife. Seeing as how she was always a lady to me, and a true one, and a gentle, though she was n't much at manners or book-learning, and though I never gave her a silk gown in her life, she was quite content, you see, and so was I.

I used to speak my thought about the name sometimes, when the lads were n't particularly noisy, but they laughed at me mostly. I was rough enough and bad enough in those days; as rough as the rest, and as bad as the rest, I suppose, but yet I seemed to have my notions a little different from the others. "Jake's poetry," they called 'em.

We were loading for the East Shore trade, as I said, did n't I? There is n't much of the genuine, old-fashioned trade left in these days, except the whiskey branch, which will be brisk, I take it, till the Malagasy carry the prohibitory law by a large majority in both houses. We had a little whiskey in the hold, I remember, that trip, with a good stock of knives, red flannel, hand-saws, nails, and cotton. We were hoping to be at home again within the year. We were well provisioned, and Dodd, — he was the cook, — Dodd made about as fair coffee as you 're likely to find in the galley of a trader. As for our officers, when I say the less said of them the better, it ain't so much that I mean to be disrespectful as that I mean to put it tenderly. Officers in the merchant service, especially if it happens to be the African service, are brutal men quite as often as they ain't. At least, that 's my experience; and when some of your great ship-owners argue the case with me, — as I 'm free to say they have done before now, — I say, "That 's *my* experience, sir," which is all I 've got to say; brutal men, and about as fit for their positions as if they 'd been imported for the purpose a little indirect from Davy Jones's Locker. Though they do say that the flogging is pretty much done away with in these days, which makes a difference.

Sometimes on a sunshiny afternoon, when the muddy water showed a little muddier than usual, on account of the clouds being the color of silver, and all the air the color of gold, when the oily barrels were knocking about on the wharves, and the smells were strong from the fish-houses, and the men shouted and the mates swore, and our baby ran about deck a-play with everybody, — he was a cunning little chap with red stockings and bare knees, and the lads took quite a shine to him, — "Jake," his mother would say, with a little sigh, — low, so that the captain never heard, — "think if it was *him* gone away for a year in company the like of that!"

Then she would drop her shining needles, and call the little fellow back sharp, and catch him up into her arms.

Go into the keeping-room there, Tom, and ask her all about it. Bless you! she remembers those days at dock better than I do. She could tell you to this hour the color of my shirt, and how long my hair was, and what I ate, and how I looked, and what I said. I did n't generally swear so thick when she was about.

Well; we weighed, along the last of the month, in pretty good spirits. The Madonna was as stanch and seaworthy as any eight-hundred-tonner in the harbor, if she was clumsy; we turned in, some sixteen of us or thereabouts, into

the fo'castle, — a jolly set, mostly old messmates, and well content with one another; and the breeze was stiff from the west, with a fair sky.

The night before we were off, Molly and I took a walk upon the wharves after supper. I carried the baby. A boy, sitting on some boxes, pulled my sleeve as we went by, and asked me, pointing to the Madonna, if I would tell him the name of the ship.

"Find out for yourself," said I, not over-pleased to be interrupted.

"Don't be cross to him," says Molly. The baby threw a kiss at the boy, and Molly smiled at him through the dark. I don't suppose I should ever have remembered the lubber from that day to this, except that I liked the looks of Molly smiling at him through the dark.

My wife and I said good by the next morning in a little sheltered place among the lumber on the wharf; she was one of your women who never like to do their crying before folks.

She climbed on the pile of lumber and sat down, a little flushed and quivery, to watch us off. I remember seeing her there with the baby till we were well down the channel. I remember noticing the bay as it grew cleaner, and thinking that I would break off swearing; and I remember cursing Bob Smart like a pirate within an hour.

The breeze held steadier than we 'd looked for, and we 'd made a good offing and discharged the pilot by nightfall. Mr. Whitmarsh — he was the mate — was aft with the captain. The boys were singing a little; the smell of the coffee was coming up, hot and homelike, from the galley. I was up in the maintop, I forget what for, when all at once there came a cry and a shout; and, when I touched deck, I saw a crowd around the fore-hatch.

"What 's all this noise for?" says Mr. Whitmarsh, coming up and scowling.

"A stow-away, sir! A boy stowed away!" said Bob, catching the officer's tone quick enough. Bob always tested the wind well, when a storm was brewing. He jerked the poor fellow out of the hold, and pushed him along to the mate's feet.

I say "poor fellow," and you 'd never wonder why if you 'd seen as much of stowing away as I have.

I 'd as lief see a son of mine in a Carolina slave-gang as to see him lead the life of a stow-away. What with the officers from feeling that they 've been taken in, and the men, who catch their cue from their superiors, and the spite of the lawful boy who hired in the proper way, he don't have what you may call a tender time.

This chap was a little fellow, slight for his years, which might have been fifteen, I take it. He was palish, with a jerk of thin hair on his forehead. He was hungry, and homesick, and frightened. He looked about on all our faces, and then he cowered a little, and lay still just as Bob had thrown him.

"We—ell," says Whitmarsh, very slow, "if you don't repent your bargain before you go ashore, my fine fellow, —— me, if I 'm mate of the Madonna! and take that for your pains!"

Upon that he kicks the poor little lubber from quarter-deck to bowsprit, or nearly, and goes down to his supper. The men laugh a little, then they whistle a little, then they finish their song quite gay and well acquainted, with the coffee steaming away in the galley. Nobody has a word for the boy, — bless you, no!

I 'll venture he would n't have had a mouthful that night if it had not been for me; and I can't say as I should have bothered myself about him, if it had not come across me sudden, while he sat there rubbing his eyes quite violent, with his face to the west'ard (the sun was setting reddish), that I had seen the lad before; then I remembered walking on the wharves, and him on the box, and Molly saying softly that I was cross to him.

Seeing that my wife had smiled at him, and my baby thrown a kiss at him, it went against me, you see, not to

look after the little rascal a bit that night.

"But you 've got no business here, you know," said I; "nobody wants you."

"I wish I was ashore!" said he, — "I wish I was ashore!"

With that he begins to rub his eyes so very violent that I stopped. There was good stuff in him too; for he choked and winked at me, and did it all up about the sun on the water and a cold in the head as well as I could myself just about.

I don't know whether it was on account of being taken a little notice of that night, but the lad always kind of hung about me afterwards; chased me round with his eyes in a way he had, and did odd jobs for me without the asking.

One night before the first week was out, he hauled alongside of me on the windlass. I was trying a new pipe (and a very good one, too), so I did n't give him much notice for a while.

"You did this job up shrewd, Kent," said I, by and by; "how did you steer in?" — for it did not often happen that the Madonna got fairly out of port with a boy unbeknown in her hold.

"Watch was drunk; I crawled down ahind the whiskey. It was hot, you bet, and dark. I lay and thought how hungry I was," says he.

"Friends at home?" says I.

Upon that he gives me a nod, very short, and gets up and walks off whistling.

The first Sunday out, that chap did n't know any more what to do with himself than a lobster just put on to boil. Sunday 's cleaning day at sea, you know. The lads washed up, and sat round, little knots of them, mending their trousers. Bob got out his cards. Me and a few mates took it comfortable under the to'gallant fo'castle (I being on watch below), reeling off the stiffest yarns we had in tow. Kent looked on at euchre awhile, then listened to us awhile, then walked about oneasy.

By and by says Bob, "Look over there, — spry!" and there was Kent, sitting curled away in a heap under the stern of the long-boat. He had a book. Bob crawls behind and snatches it up, unbeknown, out of his hands; then he falls to laughing as if he would strangle, and gives the book a toss to me. It was a bit of Testament, black and old. There was writing on the yellow leaf, this way: —

"Kentucky Hodge.
"from his Affecshunate mother who prays, For you evry day, Amen."

The boy turned fust red, then white, and straightened up quite sudden, but he never said a word, only sat down again and let us laugh it out. I 've lost my reckoning if he ever heard the last of it. He told me one day how he came by the name, but I forget exactly. Something about an old fellow — uncle, I believe — as died in Kentucky, and the name was moniment-like, you see. He used to seem cut up a bit about it at first, for the lads took to it famously; but he got used to it in a week or two, and, seeing as they meant him no unkindness, took it quite cheery.

One other thing I noticed was that he never had the book about after that. He fell into our ways next Sunday more easy.

They don't take the Bible just the way you would, Tom, — as a general thing, sailors don't; though I will say that I never saw the man at sea who did n't give it the credit of being an uncommon good yarn.

But I tell you, Tom Brown, I felt sorry for that boy. It 's punishment bad enough for a little scamp like him leaving the honest shore, and folks to home that were a bit tender of him maybe, to rough it on a trader, learning how to slush down a back-stay, or tie reef-points with frozen fingers in a snow-squall.

But that 's not the worst of it, by no means. If ever there was a cold-blooded, cruel man, with a wicked eye and a fist like a mallet, it was Job Whitmarsh, taken at his best. And I believe, of all the trips I 've taken, him being mate of the Madonna, Kentucky found him at

his worst. Bradley — that 's the second mate — was none too gentle in his ways, you may be sure; but he never held a candle to Mr. Whitmarsh. He took a spite to the boy from the first, and he kept it on a steady strain to the last, right along, just about so.

I 've seen him beat that boy till the blood ran down in little pools on deck; then send him up, all wet and red, to clear the to'sail halliards; and when, what with the pain and faintness, he dizzied a little, and clung to the ratlines, half blind, he would have him down and flog him till the cap'n interfered, — which would happen occasionally on a fair day when he had taken just enough to be good-natured. He used to rack his brains for the words he slung at the boy working quiet enough beside him. It was odd, now, the talk he would get off. Bob Smart could n't any more come up to it than I could: we used to try sometimes, but we had to give in always. If curses had been a marketable article, Whitmarsh would have taken out his patent and made his fortune by inventing of them, new and ingenious. Then he used to kick the lad down the fo'castle ladder; he used to work him, sick or well, as he would n't have worked a dray-horse; he used to chase him all about deck at the rope's end; he used to mast-head him for hours on the stretch; he used to starve him out in the hold. It did n't come in my line to be over-tender, but I turned sick at heart, Tom, more times than one, looking on helpless, and me a great stout fellow.

I remember now — don't know as I 've thought of it for twenty years — a thing McCallum said one night; McCallum was Scotch, — an old fellow with gray hair; told the best yarns on the fo'castle always.

"Mark my words, shipmates," says he, "when Job Whitmarsh's time comes to go as straight to hell as Judas, that boy will bring his summons. Dead or alive, that boy will bring his summons."

One day I recollect especial that the lad was sick with fever on him, and took to his hammock. Whitmarsh drove him on deck, and ordered him aloft. I was standing near by, trimming the spanker. Kentucky staggered for'ard a little and sat down. There was a rope's-end there, knotted three times. The mate struck him.

"I 'm very weak, sir," says he.

He struck him again. He struck him twice more. The boy fell over a little, and lay where he fell.

I don't know what ailed me, but all of a sudden I seemed to be lying off Long Wharf, with the clouds the color of silver, and the air the color of gold, and Molly in a white apron with her shining needles, and the baby a-play in his red stockings about the deck.

"Think if it was him!" says she, or she seems to say, — "think if it was *him!*"

And the next I knew I 'd let slip my tongue in a jiffy, and given it to the mate that furious and onrespectful as I 'll wager Whitmarsh never got before. And the next I knew after that they had the irons on me.

"Sorry about that, eh?" said he, the day before they took 'em off.

"*No*, sir," says I. And I never was. Kentucky never forgot that. I had helped him occasional in the beginning, — learned him how to veer and haul a brace, let go or belay a sheet, — but let him alone generally speaking, and went about my own business. That week in irons I really believe the lad never forgot.

One time — it was on a Saturday night, and the mate had been oncommon furious that week — Kentucky turned on him, very pale and slow (I was up in the mizzen-top, and heard him quite distinct).

"Mr. Whitmarsh," says he, — "Mr. Whitmarsh," — he draws his breath in, — "Mr. Whitmarsh," — three times, — "you 've got the power and you know it, and so do the gentlemen who put you here; and I 'm only a stow-away boy, and things are all in a tangle, but *you 'll be sorry yet for every time you 've laid your hands on me!*"

He had n't a pleasant look about the eyes either, when he said it.

Fact was, that first month on the Madonna had done the lad no good. He had a surly, sullen way with him, some'at like what I 've seen about a chained dog. At the first, his talk had been clean as my baby's, and he would blush like any girl at Bob Smart's stories; but he got used to Bob, and pretty good, in time, at small swearing.

I don't think I should have noticed it so much if it had not been for seeming to see Molly, and the sun, and the knitting-needles, and the child upon the deck, and hearing of it over, "Think if it was *him!*" Sometimes on a Sunday night I used to think it was a pity. Not that I was any better than the rest, except so far as the married men are always steadier. Go through any crew the sea over, and it is the lads who have homes of their own and little children in 'em as keep the straightest.

Sometimes, too, I used to take a fancy that I could have listened to a word from a parson, or a good brisk psalm-tune, and taken it in very good part. A year is a long pull for twenty-five men to be becalmed with each other and the devil. I don't set up to be pious myself, but I 'm not a fool, and I know that if we 'd had so much as one officer aboard who feared God and kept his commandments, we should have been the better men for it. It 's very much with religion as it is with cayenne pepper, — if it 's there, you know it.

If you had your ships on the sea by the dozen, you 'd bethink you of that. Bless you, Tom! if you were in Rome you 'd do as the Romans do. You 'd have your ledgers, and your children, and your churches and Sunday schools, and freed niggers, and 'lections, and what not, and never stop to think whether the lads that sailed your ships across the world had souls, or not — and be a good sort of man too. That 's the way of the world. Take it easy, Tom, — take it easy.

Well, things went along just about so with us till we neared the Cape. It 's not a pretty place, the Cape, on a winter's voyage. I can't say as I ever was what you may call scar't after the first time rounding it, but it 's not a pretty place.

I don't seem to remember much about Kent along there till there come a Friday at the first of December. It was a still day, with a little haze, like white sand sifted across a sunbeam on a kitchen table. The lad was quiet-like all day, chasing me about with his eyes.

"Sick?" says I.

"No," says he.

"Whitmarsh drunk?" says I.

"No," says he.

A little after dark I was lying on a coil of ropes, napping it. The boys were having the Bay of Biscay quite lively, and I waked up on the jump in the choruses. Kent came up while they were telling

> "How she lay
> On that day
> In the *Bay* of BISCAY O!"

He was not singing. He sat down beside me, and first I thought I would n't trouble myself about him, and then I thought I would.

So I opens one eye at him encouraging. He crawls up a little closer to me. It was rather dark where we sat, with a great greenish shadow dropping from the mainsail. The wind was up a little, and the light at helm looked flickery and red.

"Jake," says he all at once, "where 's your mother?"

"In — heaven!" says I, all taken aback; and if ever I came nigh what you might call a little disrespect to your mother it was on that occasion, from being taken so aback.

"Oh!" said he. "Got any women-folks to home that miss you?" asks he, by and by.

Said I, "Should n't wonder."

After that he sits still a little with his elbows on his knees; then he speers at me sidewise awhile; then said he,

"I s'pose *I* 've got a mother to home. I ran away from her."

This, mind you, is the first time he has ever spoke about his folks since he came aboard.

"She was asleep down in the south chamber," says he. "I got out the window. There was one white shirt she 'd made for meetin' and such. I 've never worn it out here. I had n't the heart. It has a collar and some cuffs, you know. She had a headache making of it. She 's been follering me round all day, a sewing on that shirt. When I come in she would look up bright-like and smiling. Father 's dead. There ain't anybody but me. All day long she 's been follering of me round."

So then he gets up, and joins the lads, and tries to sing a little; but he comes back very still and sits down. We could see the flickery light upon the boys' faces, and on the rigging, and on the cap'n, who was damning the bo'sen a little aft.

"Jake," says he, quite low, "look here. I 've been thinking. Do you reckon there 's a chap here — just one, perhaps — who 's said his prayers since he came aboard?"

"*No!*" said I, quite short: for I 'd have bet my head on it.

I can remember, as if it was this morning, just how the question sounded, and the answer. I can't seem to put it into words how it came all over me. The wind was turning brisk, and we 'd just eased her with a few reefs; Bob Smart, out furling the flying jib, got soaked; me and the boy sitting silent, were spattered. I remember watching the curve of the great swells, mahogany color, with the tip of white, and thinking how like it was to a big creature hissing and foaming at the mouth, and thinking all at once something about Him holding of the sea in a balance, and not a word bespoke to beg his favor respectful since we weighed our anchor, and the cap'n yonder calling on Him just that minute to send the Madonna to the bottom, if the bo'sen had n't disobeyed his orders about the squaring of the after-yards.

"'From his Affecshunate mother who prays, For you evry day, Amen,'" whispers Kentucky, presently, very soft. "The book 's tore up. Mr. Whitmarsh wadded his old gun with it. But I remember."

Then said he: "It 's 'most bedtime to home. She 's setting in a little rocking-chair, — a green one. There 's a fire, and the dog. She sets all by herself."

Then he begins again: "She has to bring in her own wood now. There 's a gray ribbon on her cap. When she goes to meetin' she wears a gray bunnet. She 's drawed the curtains and the door is locked. But she thinks I 'll be coming home sorry some day, — I 'm sure she thinks I 'll be coming home sorry."

Just then there comes the order: "Port watch ahoy! Tumble up there lively!" so I turns out, and the lad turns in, and the night settles down a little black, and my hands and head are full. Next day it blows a clean, all but a bank of gray, very thin and still, — about the size of that cloud you see through the side window, Tom, — which lay just abeam of us.

The sea, I thought, looked like a great purple pin-cushion, with a mast or two stuck in on the horizon for the pins. "Jake's poetry," the boys said that was.

By noon that little gray bank had grown up thick, like a wall. By sundown the cap'n let his liquor alone, and kept the deck. By night we were in chop-seas, with a very ugly wind.

"Steer small, there!" cries Whitmarsh, growing hot about the face, — for we made a terribly crooked wake, with a broad sheer, and the old hull strained heavily, — "steer small there, I tell you! Mind your eye now, McCallum, with your foresail! Furl the royals! Send down the royals! Cheerily, men! Where 's that lubber Kent? Up with you, lively now!"

Kentucky sprang for'ard at the order, then stopped short. Anybody as knows a royal from an anchor would n't have blamed the lad. I 'll take oath

to 't it 's no play for an old tar, stout and full in size, sending down the royals in a gale like that; let alone a boy of fifteen year on his first voyage.

But the mate takes to swearing (it would have turned a parson faint to hear him), and Kent shoots away up, — the great mast swinging like a pendulum to and fro, and the reef-points snapping, and the blocks creaking, and the sails flapping to that extent as you would n't consider possible unless you 'd been before the mast yourself. It reminded me of evil birds I 've read of, that stun a man with their wings; strike *you* to the bottom, Tom, before you could say Jack Robinson.

Kent stuck bravely as far as the cross-trees. There he slipped and struggled and clung in the dark and noise awhile, then comes sliding down the back-stay.

"I 'm not afraid, sir," says he; "but I cannot do it."

For answer Whitmarsh takes to the rope's-end. So Kentucky is up again, and slips and struggles and clings again, and then lays down again.

At this the men begin to grumble a little, low.

"Will you kill the lad?" said I. I get a blow for my pains, that sends me off my feet none too easy; and when I rub the stars out of my eyes the boy is up again, and the mate behind him with the rope. Whitmarsh stopped when he 'd gone far enough. The lad climbed on. Once he looked back. He never opened his lips; he just looked back. If I 've seen him once since, in my thinking, I 've seen him twenty times, — up in the shadow of the great gray wings, a looking back.

After that there was only a cry, and a splash, and the Madonna racing along with the gale twelve knots. If it had been the whole crew overboard, she could never have stopped for them that night.

"Well," said the cap'n, "you 've done it now."

Whitmarsh turns his back.

By and by, when the wind fell, and the hurry was over, and I had the time to think a steady thought, being in the morning watch, I seemed to see the old lady in the gray bunnet setting by the fire. And the dog. And the green rocking-chair. And the front door, with the boy walking in on a sunny afternoon to take her by surprise.

Then I remember leaning over to look down, and wondering if the lad were thinking of it too, and what had happened to him now, these two hours back, and just about where he was, and how he liked his new quarters, and many other strange and curious things.

And while I sat there thinking, the Sunday-morning stars cut through the clouds, and the solemn Sunday-morning light began to break upon the sea.

We had a quiet run of it, after that, into port, where we lay about a couple of months or so, trading off for a fair stock of palm-oil, ivory, and hides. The days were hot and purple and still. We had n't what you might call a blow, if I recollect accurate, till we rounded the Cape again, heading for home.

We were rounding that Cape again, heading for home, when that happened which you may believe me or not, as you take the notion, Tom; though why a man who can swallow Daniel and the lion's den, or take down t' other chap who lived three days comfortable into the inside of a whale, should make faces at what I 've got to tell I can't see.

It was just about the spot that we lost the boy that we fell upon the worst gale of the trip. It struck us quite sudden. Whitmarsh was a little high. He was n't apt to be drunk in a gale, if it gave him warning sufficient.

Well, you see, there must be somebody to furl the main-royal again, and he pitched onto McCallum. McCallum had n't his beat for fighting out the royal in a blow.

So he piled away lively, up to the to'-sail yard. There, all of a sudden, he stopped. Next we knew he was down like heat-lightning.

His face had gone very white.

"What 's to pay with *you?*" roared Whitmarsh.

Said McCallum, "*There 's somebody up there, sir.*"

Screamed Whitmarsh, "You 're gone an idiot!"

Said McCallum, very quiet and distinct: "There 's somebody up there, sir. I saw him quite plain. He saw me. I called up. He called down; says he, '*Don't you come up!*' and hang me if I 'll stir a step for you or any other man to-night!"

I never saw the face of any man alive go the turn that mate's face went. If he would n't have relished knocking the Scotchman dead before his eyes, I 've lost my guess. Can't say what he would have done to the old fellow, if there 'd been any time to lose.

He 'd the sense left to see there was n't overmuch, so he orders out Bob Smart direct.

Bob goes up steady, with a quid in his cheek and a cool eye. Half-way amid to'-sail and to'-gallant he stops, and down he comes, spinning.

"Be drowned if there ain't!" said he. "He 's sitting square upon the yard. I never see the boy Kentucky, if he is n't sitting on that yard. '*Don't you come up!*' he cries out, —'*don't you come up!*'"

"Bob 's drunk, and McCallum 's a fool!" said Jim Welch, standing by. So Welch wolunteers up, and takes Jaloffe with him. They were a couple of the coolest hands aboard, — Welch and Jaloffe. So up they goes, and down they comes like the rest, by the back-stays, by the run.

"He beckoned of me back!" says Welch. "He hollered not to come up! not to come up!"

After that there was n't a man of us would stir aloft, not for love nor money.

Well, Whitmarsh he stamped, and he swore, and he knocked us about furious; but we sat and looked at one another's eyes, and never stirred. Something cold, like a frost-bite, seemed to crawl along from man to man, looking into one another's eyes.

"I 'll shame ye all, then, for a set of cowardly lubbers!" cries the mate; and what with the anger and the drink he was as good as his word, and up the ratlines in a twinkle.

In a flash we were after him, — he was our officer, you see, and we felt ashamed, — me at the head, and the lads following after.

I got to the futtock shrouds, and there I stopped, for I saw him myself, — a palish boy, with a jerk of thin hair on his forehead; I 'd have known him anywhere in this world or t' other. I saw him just as distinct as I see you, Tom Brown, sitting on that yard quite steady with the royal flapping like to flap him off.

I reckon I 've had as much experience fore and aft, in the course of fifteen years aboard, as any man that ever tied a reef-point in a nor'easter; but I never saw a sight like that, not before nor since.

I won't say that I did n't wish myself well on deck; but I will say that I stuck to the shrouds, and looked on steady.

Whitmarsh, swearing that that royal should be furled, went on and went up.

It was after that I heard the voice. It came straight from the figure of the boy upon the upper yard.

But this time it says, "*Come up! Come up!*" And then, a little louder, "*Come up! Come up! Come up!*" So he goes up, and next I knew there was a cry, — and next a splash, — and then I saw the royal flapping from the empty yard, and the mate was gone, and the boy.

Job Whitmarsh was never seen again, alow or aloft, that night or ever after.

I was telling the tale to our parson this summer, — he 's a fair-minded chap, the parson, in spite of a little natural leaning to strawberries, which I always take in very good part, — and he turned it about in his mind some time.

"If it was the boy," says he, — "and I can't say as I see any reason especial why it should n't have been, — I 've been wondering what his spiritooal condition was. A soul in hell," — the parson believes in hell, I take it, because he

can't help himself; but he has that solemn, tender way of preaching it as makes you feel he would n't have so much as a chicken get there if he could help it, — "a lost soul," says the parson (I don't know as I get the words exact), — "a soul that has gone and been and got there of its own free will and choosing would be as like as not to haul another soul alongside if he could. Then again, if the mate's time had come, you see, and his chances were over, why, that 's the will of the Lord, and it 's hell for him whichever side of death he is, and nobody's fault but hisn; and the boy might be in the good place, and do the errand all the same. That 's just about it, Brown," says he. "A man goes his own gait, and, if he won't go to heaven, he *won't*, and the good God himself can't help it. He throws the shining gates all open wide, and he never shut them on any poor fellow as would have entered in, and he never, never will."

Which I thought was sensible of the parson, and very prettily put.

There 's Molly frying flapjacks now, and flapjacks won't wait for no man, you know, no more than time and tide, else I should have talked till midnight, very like, to tell the time we made on that trip home, and how green the harbor looked a sailing up, and of Molly and the baby coming down to meet me in a little boat that danced about (for we cast a little down the channel), and how she climbed up a laughing and a crying all to once, about my neck, and how the boy had grown, and how when he ran about the deck (the little shaver had his first pair of boots on that very afternoon) I bethought me of the other time, and of Molly's words, and of the lad we 'd left behind us in the purple days.

Just as we were hauling up, I says to my wife: "Who 's that old lady setting there upon the lumber, with a gray bunnet, and a gray ribbon on her cap?"

For there was an old lady there, and I saw the sun all about her, and all on the blazing yellow boards, and I grew a little dazed and dazzled.

"I don't know," said Molly, catching onto me a little close. "She comes there every day. They say she sits and watches for her lad as ran away."

So then I seemed to know, as well as ever I knew afterwards, who it was. And I thought of the dog. And the green rocking-chair. And the book that Whitmarsh wadded his old gun with. And the front door, with the boy a walking in.

So we three went up the wharf, — Molly and the baby and me, — and sat down beside her on the yellow boards. I can't remember rightly what I said, but I remember her sitting silent in the sunshine till I had told her all there was to tell.

"*Don't* cry!" says Molly, when I got through, — which it was the more surprising of Molly, considering as she was doing the crying all to herself. The old lady never cried, you see. She sat with her eyes wide open under her gray bunnet, and her lips a moving. After a while I made it out what it was she said: "The only son — of his mother — and she —"

By and by she gets up, and goes her ways, and Molly and I walk home together, with our little boy between us.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

If, Yes, and Perhaps. Four Possibilities and Six Exaggerations, with some Bits of Fact. By EDWARD E. HALE. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

IT is one of the sad offices of criticism oftentimes to say self-evident things, to discover obvious facts, to enforce undisputed opinions. We had an idea of referring to Mr. Hale as a most charming writer, with a gift of invention so original that it might almost be pronounced novel, and a *verve* and spirit that we do not know exactly where to match; but it has occurred to us that this can scarcely be a secret to the readers of the Atlantic; and we own that we should be very glad to let his little book speak for itself, except that we do not allow any one but the Reviewer to repeat himself in these pages, from which Mr. Hale has taken some of the best things in the present volume. Our readers need only to be reminded of "My Double, and how he undid me," "The Man without a Country," "The Last of the Florida," to be able to form a just notion of the quality of this collection, which includes papers from various sources, and of such remote dates as 1842, 1851, and 1852; and he need only look over the earliest of these — "The South American Editor" — in order to see how real a gift is Mr. Hale's extraordinary power of utilizing the improbable, and of turning exaggeration to the best and pleasantest account. The charm in his things is — as nearly as we can get at it — that the characters, in no matter what absurdity of attitude or situation they find themselves, always act in the most probable manner; the plot is as bizarre or grotesque as you like, but the people are all true to nature, and are exactly our friends and neighbors, or what our friends and neighbors would be if they were a little livelier. The Rev. Frederick Ingham and his man Dennis, so wildly fantastic in their relation to each other, are never anything but New England clergyman and Irishman in themselves; Philip Nolan, amidst all the sad impossibilities of his fate, was so veritable a man, that many have claimed to know his history apart from Mr. Hale's narrative. You have granted the author's preposterous premises almost before he asks you, and thereafter he has you quite at his disposal; you are to laugh or sigh as he bids you, and not to concern yourself with the probable or improbable. Perhaps his peculiar gift is most skilfully employed in that lovely love-story, "The Children of the Public," in which every incident appears the most likely thing that could have happened — in the circumstances. Carter is so truly and thoroughly an honest-hearted young adventurer, come to New York to attend the distribution of Mr. Burrham's cyclopædias, and Fausta — cast upon his poverty and ignorance by the theft of her trunk and all her money, and the address of the lady she is come to visit — is so sweetly and naturally trustful of him and fate, that it does not seem in the least strange that they should dine and sup together for six cents, should while away their time on the streets, in hotel parlors, and public libraries till night, and should sleep at the public charge, — she in a church-pew, and he in a station-house, — or should next day both draw prizes in Mr. Burrham's gift enterprise, and get married shortly. You do not perceive till the end that these events belong, perhaps, to the range of fact, but not to that of probability; and the interest of the pretty love-story is so artfully thrown over all, that you do not understand at first what a lesson in modern civilization you have been taking. On the whole, though this paper lacks the daring and delightful humor of "My Double, and how he undid me," we are inclined to rank it first among those in the book, which is rating it very high. In some of the others, the conception being not so happy, the art is less, and the artifice is more: in "The Skeleton in the Closet" the construction is felt almost unpleasantly, — even the humor of it does not save it from being a little *scadente*. "A Piece of Possible History," in which Homer and David are brought together, and "The Old and the New, Face to Face," in which Paul and Seneca are confronted, are not strongly wrought; but "Christmas Waits in Boston" is a very charming bit of cheerful and ingenious suggestion and invention.

Mr. Hale, indeed, after Dr. Holmes, is

the writer the most deeply imbued with local colors and flavors. His experience, no less than his taste, is such as to make him know Boston character to the core, and his people are nearly always Bostonian. It is quite the same whether they live in Richmond or Naguadavick; and this peculiarity, of which the author is doubtless as perfectly conscious as any other, enhances the unique and delightful ideality of all the sketches.

Familiar Quotations: being an Attempt to Trace to their Source Passages and Phrases in Common Use. By JOHN BARTLETT. Fifth Edition. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

WE think this book may be accurately described as the book with which it is the easiest thing in the world to find fault. Every man has some passage of some author which, from long repetition and frequent quotation, he has come to consider a phrase in common use, and for him it is sufficient condemnation of Mr. Bartlett's work not to find in it that line from The Columbiad, or whatever. Besides, the field of literature being so vast, it might well happen that phrases really in common use have been now and then omitted from the collection, which, being vainly sought there, appear the only quotations worth remembering. We confess that we imagine this case, and that we have not tried to think of any one familiar quotation with the purpose of convicting Mr. Bartlett of its omission. He has had the help of Mr. Rezin A. Wright of New York, in editing the present edition, and has greatly enlarged it since the last issue of the work in 1863, through the researches of others interested in its completeness. He and his assistants must of course be the judges of the degree of use in which a quotation becomes familiar. Completeness, which in this compilation is the great *desideratum*, can only be attained by frequent revision and addition; but the editors of the book might do much to effect it by inviting contribution from every one who considers himself the proprietor or repository of a familiar quotation. A good deal of trash would thus be got together, but it would be worth going over.

In the mean time, the book is a peculiarly entertaining as well as useful one, and has much of the strange fascination belonging to unabridged dictionaries, which, we maintain, are more agreeable reading than most modern romances and poems constructed from them. If there is a certain pleasant novelty in seeing for the first time a familiar quotation in the circumstances where its creator placed it, there is also something interesting in looking on a famous passage, hitherto known with the context, as a quotation. It is a very trifling enjoyment, but it is well not to reject any sort of small delight; and the pursuit of this may lead one to some comparative observation of the amount of quotation from different authors in Mr. Bartlett's ingenious volume. The passages are arranged chronologically, beginning with Chaucer and ending with Lowell, and including familiar quotations from a few un-English sources, though these are exceptional. Naturally, Shakespeare has the largest place, — a hundred and eighteen pages; next to him is Milton, then Byron, then Pope, then Wordsworth, then Dryden, then Cowper, then Goldsmith. Humanity has given the first of these his great vogue in parlance; but moods, sentiments, and conditions have had much to do with the familiarity of the others in quotation, and it is curious to find Milton and Wordsworth just holding their own against Pope and Byron. Cowper, Goldsmith, and Dryden are almost equally quoted, though the latter is probably far less read; and Butler has furnished many weapons to those who never penetrated to his armory of wit, — or museum of armor as it has now well-nigh become.

Tennyson is first among quotation-bearing authors of our own time, and first after him is Longfellow, — neither being quoted at his best. We suppose it was in despair of representing Charles Dickens with any sort of adequacy that he was given only one page in this book. It is certain that he, more than any living author, — perhaps more than Shakespeare himself, — has supplied current phrases and expressions. He has, indeed, become so habitually quoted, that his phraseology has modified that of the whole English-speaking world, and his sayings are in every mouth; a book of "Familiar Quotations," conscious and unconscious, could be gathered from his romances alone.

The usefulness of Mr. Bartlett's volume is greatly enhanced by the very complete index of subjects, and by the appendix, containing proverbial sayings and expressions, as well as the most-quoted passages from the Bible and Prayer-Book.

The Ever-victorious Army: a History of the Chinese Campaign under Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, and of the Suppression of the Taiping Rebellion. By ANDREW WILSON. Blackwood and Sons: Edinburgh. 1868.

THE Taiping rebellion, which was imagined to be opening China to Christianity, and which promised at one time to revolutionize the empire, grew out of the contact with foreigners and the loss of Imperial prestige by collisions with England. The distress of the rebels hurled their armies upon the neighborhood of the European settlements, and compelled the English and French to fence them out from the neighborhood of Shanghai by force of arms. Before the American adventurer, Ward, had organized the little army which, under Gordon, gave the finishing stroke to the civil war, the Taipings had proved their incapacity to hold their conquests, or to substitute a better government for that which they would overthrow. Great bands of marauders had swept over the Flowery Land, and marked their progress in the night by the glare of burning villages, in the day by the smoke of consuming towns. When the pretender died, at the capture of Nanking, he must have felt that he had changed busy cities into heaps of ruin, fruitful fields into utter wilderness. The success of the Europeanized army led by Colonel Gordon, after the fall of General Ward at the capture of Tseki, was due to its compactness, alertness, and enterprise, — its steamers and its artillery, — its taking the initiative everywhere, — and the intuitive perception of its commanding officer. This remarkable man was no adventurer, but a regular officer of engineers, perfectly calm, thoroughly in earnest, and so absolutely disinterested, that he was discharged at his own request from the service poorer than when he entered. His genius multiplied his three thousand men tenfold without a commissariat; under a scorching sun, he burst through vast lines of fortification, utterly routed a relieving army of immense numbers, forced his steamers through every impediment; and displayed such gallantry to the resisting, and such mercy to the vanquished, such neglect of personal advantage, and such singular regard to the interests of the Imperial government, that the very highest honors the Chinese can bestow were heaped upon him.

No doubt this Taiping rebellion has worked for the development of China, and led remotely to the liberal measures by which it is now entering into commercial and fraternal relations with the rest of the world. It is a sad reality, however, that the multiplication of free ports does not affect the tea question favorably at first. Since the opening of the Chinese ports tea has deteriorated in quality and expanded in price; so that the third rates fifteen years ago were equal to the first quality now. The quantity demanded by commerce has doubled; the old trees have been plucked too freely, and the same kind is not only one half dearer than ever before, but is raised by the intense competition to a higher rate at times in China than in London. Still, this must be only temporary; trade inevitably finds a healthy level; and increase of international intercourse ameliorates the condition of the world at large.

The Opium-Habit, with Suggestions as to the Remedy. New York: Harper and Brothers.

NOTHING from this book appears more certain than that if the burnt child does dread the fire, he cannot keep out of it. It is the unburnt child who shuns it; and reform is for the most part confined to those who have not gone astray. In other words, the chief, if not the sole use of the book, which recounts in many experiences, and in the moving language of its victims, the horrible effects of the opium habit, is to terrify from its formation, not to persuade to its relinquishment. Yet even here the good to be done is of limited degree, if we are to believe, as the compilation teaches, that in most if not in all cases the opium habit is formed upon the physician's prescription; that the drug is rarely or never taken in the first or even second place for the delight it gives, but for the relief it affords from intense physical pain. The remedy seems to lie in the substitution of some other alleviative for opium, or in strict warning from the physician to his patient that he must never prescribe opium for himself. It is of course possible that, with the habit of deceit and self-deceit which opium-eating creates in its victims, they romance the beginning of their ruin, and that they take the drug more for pleasure than they allow in their confessions. Southey suspected this of Coleridge. But whatever is the cause of the opium habit, the effect is ineffably tragic, no doubt. This book, where

so many dreadful facts are grouped, is to be read with thrilling nerves, and the excitement is not to be allayed even by Mr. Ludlow's "What shall they do to be saved?" though if anything could soothe the reader, that gentleman's gift of making truth appear stronger than fiction would do it. There is very much in his letter, which ends the book, sketching the outlines of an opium-cure to be operated in an opium-eater's asylum, which must strike every one as very sensible; but every one is not a judge of this part of the business. Inveterate opium-eaters generally cannot be cured; their attempts at reformation end in death, if persevered in beyond the capacity to resume the habit, which if resumed duly kills. Among the cases here presented at less or greater length there is one "Successful Attempt to abandon Opium" and one "Morphine Habit overcome." In the first, the patient succeeded in breaking the habit by gradual reduction of his potion of laudanum, after De Quincey's method; in the second, the drug seems to have been abruptly and totally relinquished. But in the one case, the writer addresses himself almost entirely to those who have only briefly and moderately indulged their fatal appetite, and, in giving advice for their cure, confesses that the best advice is never to begin the habit; in the other case, the cure is of but two months' standing.

John Ward's Governess. A Novel. By ANNIE L. MCGREGOR. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

FROM the life of a young gentleman, who marries an Italian singer of great beauty and unsettled principles, and survives her elopement and death, with two young children and a poor opinion of women, no surprising event is to be expected by the veteran novel-reader, and one understands almost from the title-page that John Ward's Governess will become John Ward's second wife. Incidents and most characters bear proof of evolution from inner consciousness, rather than experience of the world, in this little book; yet we see how it could have been made so much worse than it is that we are half inclined to praise it. At least one character is almost well done, — the excellent, tender-hearted, loving, over-anxious elderly sister. She does annoy and bore her brother in a natural way; if she sometimes also bores the reader, we must concede so much to art, and suffer in patience. We mean to say something better than this, namely, that the character shows a real feeling for human nature, and gives us the hope that if the author would turn her attention to human nature as she sees it about her, and eschew it as she finds it in fiction, she could do something, after a while, that we should all read with pleasure. Even in this book there are great negative merits; the people are all in a pretty fair state of physical health; none, that we recollect, has any unpleasant personal blemish or defect; and we are legitimately asked to be interested in the fortunes of men and women whose individuality is not eked out by entire social disability or desperate pecuniary circumstances. This is a great step, a very great step, in the right direction.

Smoking and Drinking. By JAMES PARTON. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

MR. PARTON, who always carries interest with him, has here the help of facts which carry conviction with them. We do not see how any one but a smoker could hold out against the arguments proving the unremunerative nature of his habit; and teetotalers, we think, must own that wine-bibbing is entirely bad, in spite of the fact that the one element of wine which makes it wine is of an indeterminable character, and *may* be so generous and wholesome as to counterbalance all its other evil properties. In fact, we have a faint hope that these admirable essays may persuade some user of alcohol and tobacco to abandon them; or if not that, then warn those whom it is not too late to warn never to indulge in these harmful pleasures. But it is a good deal to hope for even faintly. Mr. Parton does not, apparently, hold out a strong inducement of reform to a wicked world when he tells it that its bottle "enables us to violate the laws of nature without immediate suffering and speedy destruction." With vantage-ground like this given him, it would seem that the sinner must be greatly tempted to continue in his sin. Grant a misdoer time, and eternity is always an infinite way off. Nevertheless, we like Mr. Parton's candid fashion of treating these matters, which brings into their popular consideration something of the impartiality of science. The world is too old to be frightened into goodness and wisdom, and

must be approached as if it could be persuaded to give up what would probably result in evil. The strongest of all arguments against slavery was that it was in spirit compatible with all possible crimes.

Even if what Mr. Parton writes did not always make a vivid impression, we think the readers of the Atlantic could scarcely have forgotten the three essays, "Does it Pay to Smoke?" "Will the Coming Man drink Wine?" and "Inebriate Asylums and a Visit to One," which form this volume. We need not comment upon the excellent manner in which good material is utilized in them, or advert again to their author's well-known gift of making all his facts entertaining. But we can speak of the very sensible and felicitous Preface to their republication, near the close of which he strikes the key-note of all successful protest against vice. When the Devil suggests that perhaps evil-doing does n't hurt much, it is the triumphant answer of reason, that, if you refrain from a possible evil, you are not only absolutely safe, but more a man through your self-denial. "During those seven months," says our author of one who had given up tobacco for that length of time, "he was a man. He could claim fellowship with all the noble millions of our race who have waged a secret warfare with Desire all the days of their lives. . . . . It is surprising what a new interest is given to life by denying ourselves one vicious indulgence. What luxury so luxurious as self-denial! . . . . The cigar and bottle are often replaced by something not sensual."

A Personal History of Ulysses S. Grant, Illustrated by Twenty-six Engravings; Eight Fac-similes of Letters from Grant, Lincoln, Sheridan, Buckner, Lee, &c., &c., and Six Maps. With a Portrait and Sketch of Schuyler Colfax. By ALBERT D. RICHARDSON, Author of "Field, Dungeon, and Escape," and "Beyond the Mississippi." Hartford: American Publishing Company. [Published by subscription.]

WE cannot find, from an examination of Mr. Richardson's book, that a Personal History of General Grant differs from most other histories of him, except in being a great deal more entertaining. To be sure, there is an effort made throughout to fix the reader's attention upon General Grant's character rather than his performance; but the two are not to be separated, and the only perceptible result is the accumulation of anecdote. A larger proportion of the work is given to the record of his life anterior to the Rebellion than is usual in biographies of our matter-of-fact hero; but he is not more studied here than in his subsequent history. In fact, we get no fresh impressions of the man from his personal historian, except that the most and the worst has been made of those early lapses from sobriety, of which we hear less and less now every day. Commonly Mr. Richardson is frank enough in the treatment of all points in Grant's career, and we cannot suspect him of uncandor when he describes him as peculiarly susceptible to a little wine; but we are loath to be reminded in that way of the great public character whose innocent habits rendered him such an easy victim, and we prefer to believe that Grant's temperance is a virtue, — that he may once have yielded to drink as other men do, and reformed as other men do. It appears to us that Lincoln set this whole affair right in the answer which Mr. Richardson says he made to a "persistent grumbler," demanding Grant's removal. "For what reason?" asked the President, "Because he drinks so much whiskey." "Ah, yes!" (thoughtfully). "By the way, can you tell me where he gets his whiskey? He has given us about all our successes; and if his whiskey does it, I should like to send a barrel of the same brand to every general in the field." We cheerfully accept Grant upon this method of valuation; and if the habit of taking strong waters breeds so much good sense, energy, modesty, and correct principle in prospective Presidents, we hope the coming man of the people will always drink wine — to excess.

A very interesting part of Mr. Richardson's work is that describing General Grant's boyhood, and the state of society in which he grew up. Here, however, the field of anecdote has been pretty well gleaned, and Mr. Richardson achieves new effects rather by the carefulness with which he gives circumstances and conditions than with novelty of material. We get a clear idea of Grant's home-life, and the local influences which went to form his character. Among the latter, a lack of local appreciation was doubtless useful to him. A boy from whom not much is expected has already a fair start in the world, and Grant always had the assistance of a good deal of neighborly doubt. His first advance in life

gave dissatisfaction to the neighbors, and when it became known that he was appointed to West Point, one of them said to his father: "So Hamer has made Ulyss a cadet?" "Yes." "I am astonished that he did n't appoint some one with intellect enough to do credit to the district." Improving snubs have attended many steps of Grant's life, civil and military; but nothing has soured him, and he is so far from "a good hater," that he probably cherishes enmity against no man alive. He is in fact a good forgiver, — as good a forgiver as Lincoln himself, who could have said nothing better than Grant did when the insolent Rebel officers at Vicksburg failed to offer him a chair, during the visit he made them after their surrender: "Well, if Pemberton can stand it, under the circumstances, I can." Here is the large allowance for human nature so eminently characteristic of Lincoln; and in some of the other stories Mr. Richardson gives there are touches of humor which remind us of Lincoln's peculiar pleasantry.

At Vicksburg, "a young Rebel officer, an aid of Bowen's, was brought in prisoner. He rode a beautiful horse, with a quilted saddle and costly trappings. He answered a few questions, and then manifested the assurance of his class: —

"PRISONER. — 'General Grant, this horse and saddle don't belong to the Confederate government, but are my private property, presented by my father. I should be glad if I might retain them.'

"GRANT. — 'I have got three or four horses, which are also my private property, meandering about the Confederacy. I 'll make an exchange with you. We 'll keep yours, and when you find one of mine, just take it in his place!'"

There are notices of nearly all of Grant's associates and many of his contemporaries in this personal history, and, on the whole, it might have been called a history of the war with no great presumption. Necessarily, perhaps, in making a book for strictly popular sale, a big one is desirable, and bigness is the greatness that comes of "stuffing out with straw." We must not conceal that the present work is considerably padded, not only with irrelevant narrative, but with any little story of Frederick the Great, or Napoleon, or Daniel Webster, or anybody, or any little quotation that happens to take Mr. Richardson's passing fancy. Yet it is an entertaining book; it is a valuable book in so far as the writer is eye and ear witness of many things Grant did and said, and has his material at first-hand. We readily conceive of its outliving the political campaign.

Modern Women and what is said of them. A Reprint of a Series of Articles in the Saturday Review. With an Introduction by MRS. LUCIA GILBERT CALHOUN. New York: J. S. Redfield.

THE general impression received from these varying and very unequal essays is that the Girl of the Period is entirely worthy of the Critic of the Period. In him the fine elements of satire are as degenerate as those of dressing and pleasing in her; extravagance, coarseness, and commonness characterize them both; and if the girl has taken her costume and manners from Anonyma, it appears that the critic has formed his ideas and opinions upon the same authority. We give a passage from a paper entitled "Costume and its Morals," which is offered as a sketch of fashionable life, and which will illustrate our meaning very well: —

"A white or spotted veil is thrown over the visage, in order that the adjuncts that properly belong to the theatre may not be immediately detected in the glare of daylight; and thus, with diaphanous tinted face, large painted eyes, and stereotyped smile, the lady goes forth looking much more as if she had stepped out of the green-room of a theatre, or from a Haymarket saloon, than from an English home. But it is in evening costume that our women have reached the minimum of dress and the maximum of brass. We remember a venerable old lady whose ideas of decorum were such, that in her speech all above the foot was ankle, and all below the chin was chest; but now the female bosom is less the subject of a revelation than the feature of an exposition, and charms that were once reserved are now made the common property of every looker-on. A costume which has been described as consisting of a smock, a waistband, and a frill seems to exceed the bounds of honest liberality, and resembles most perhaps the attire mentioned by Rabelais, 'nothing before and nothing behind, with sleeves of the same.' Not very long ago two gentlemen were standing together at the Opera. 'Did you ever see anything like that?' inquired one, with a significant glance, directing the eyes of his companion to the

uncovered bust of a lady immediately below. 'Not since I was weaned,' was the suggestive reply. We are not aware whether the speaker was consciously or unconsciously reproducing a well-known archiepiscopal *mot*."

We imagine the late Miss Menken, if she had taken to satire instead of serious poetry, treating the same subject in exactly this manner, — a little more decently, perhaps; and we are not unjust to very many papers in this collection in offering the quoted passages as characteristic. It is not, of course, to be supposed that they depict any but the most exceptional phases of English society; and if anything is to be argued from the notoriety these essays from the *Saturday Review* have attained, it is an intellectual, not a moral decay. It is very sad to reflect that the ideas of brilliancy in our generation are derived from sarcasms like the following: —

"There is a certain melancholy in tracing further the career of the Fading Flower. We long to arrest it at each of these picturesque stages, as we long to arrest the sunset in its lovelier moments of violet and gold. But the sunset dies into the gray of eve, and woman sets with the same fatal persistency. The evanescent tints fade into the gray. Woman becomes hard, angular, colorless. Her floating sentiment, so graceful in its mobility, curdles into opinions. Her conversation, so charmingly impalpable, solidifies into discussion. Her character, like her face, becomes rigid and osseous. She intrenches herself in the 'ologies. She works pinafores for New-Zealanders in the May Meetings, and appears in wondrous bonnets at the Church Congress. She adores Mr. Kingsley because he is earnest, and groans over the triviality of the literature of the day. She takes up the grievances of her sex, and badgers the puzzled overseer who has omitted to place her name on the register. She pronounces old men fogies, and young men intolerable. She throws out dark hints of her intention to compose a great work which shall settle everything. Then she bursts into poetry, and pens poems of so fiery a passion that her family are in consternation lest she should elope with the half-pay officer who meets her by moonlight on the pier. Then she plunges into science, and cuts her hair short to be in proper trim for Professor Huxley's lectures."

It strikes us that the ideas and sarcasms here are of about equal value with the Girl of the Periods' pinchbeck gauds and ornaments, and that the satirist has not even the poor advantage of displaying them at first-hand. We have all seen this dreary, dreary stuff before; it is inexpressibly cheap and poor.

We have already hinted a distinction between the two classes of essays in this book, which are apparently by several hands. Those studying modern women's minds, as "Woman's Heroines," "Interference," "Plain Girls," "Ambitious Minds," "Pretty Preachers," etc., are much better than the pictures of women's manners. But there is throughout the book an air of brutality and of savage excess as far from true satire as from truth; and the dull, industrious pounding of denunciation in the worse papers, unrelieved by any flash of humor or wit, is to the last degree tedious.

The Story of the Kearsarge and Alabama. San Francisco: Henry Payot & Co.

THE author, who has been induced to publish this narrative of the famous combat between the Kearsarge and the Alabama, by the want that existed of a popular, detailed, and yet concise account of the affair, may congratulate himself on having exactly met this want. We have read his clear, full, brief history of an action already so familiar with fresh interest and fresh intelligence. With no feeble-minded impulses to be dramatic or picturesque, he is graphic in the best way, and brings the whole occurrence before his reader with the simplicity of a sensible man, and the quiet power of an artist. We think we could have read even a duller narrative with pleasure in the exquisite print which the publishers have given his little book, and which is noticeable as characteristic of the California press.